CHINA FROM WITHIN

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China From Within

Rev. Ting Li Mei—Celebrated Chinese Evangelist and Student Leader.
Secretary of Chinese Student Volunteer Movement

DEC 6 1917

Students' Lectures on Missions
Princeton Theological Seminary, 1914–1915

China From Within

Impressions and Experiences

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Introduction by
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ILLUSTRATED

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To My Honoured Teacher

Woodrow Wilson

President of the United States

whose prompt recognition of the Chinese Republic and whose spirit of justice and fair play towards the Chinese have won the respect and gratitude of the people of that great land, causing them to look upon the name "American" as synonymous with "Friend," this book is by special permission respectfully dedicated.

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Introduction

THE student lectureship on missions at Princeton Seminary was established in 1892 to provide an annual course of lectures on some topic connected with foreign missions of practical importance to those looking forward to missionary work. Rev. James S. Dennis, D. D., an honoured alumnus of the Seminary, generously aided in securing the endowment for this lectureship and gave the first course which was published under the title, "Foreign Missions After a Century." He subsequently delivered a course which became the basis of his monumental work "Christian Missions and Social Progress." Dr. Dennis set a high standard for this lectureship, which has been continued for twenty-five years, and which has not only given instruction to a large body of students, but has contributed to missionary libraries books of the greatest value, embodying the experiences and conclusions of eminent church leaders. In selecting Dr. Charles E. Scott, of China, to serve as the missionary lecturer for the year 1914–15, the Committee was in line with the well-established precedents of excellence. Dr. Scott's services in China as a successful evangelist, as a well-equipped teacher, administrator and church builder; his broad experience and thorough study of present day conditions entitled him to speak with authority on the subjects he selected. The course of lectures as delivered attracted large audiences and was followed with eager attention and evident profit. It was clearly demonstrated that Dr. Scott had not only discovered

China's greatest needs and hopes, but had himself, as a missionary, been applying the only remedy therefor—the remedy which can heal, redeem and uplift and which is found in the power of the Gospel. It is the experienced evangelist who best knows any country "from within." The present volume will serve as a useful handbook for those who contemplate mission service in the Orient and will be serviceable to all who are interested in the problems of world evangelization. Dr. Scott's book is replete with valuable information, is charged with the spirit of apostolic enthusiasm and carries with it the tonic of a lofty and wide-reaching outlook.

J. Ross Stevenson, D. D.

Princeton, N. J.

Preface

WHILE on furlough in the United States I was surprised to find that there are many even in the Christian Church who deny the usefulness of Missions in China, and therefore their right to be. This course of lectures is not intended to be an argument for that right or usefulness. Rather it is an humble testimony by a student on the field to the ability and achievements of the Chinese; to the lostness of China out of Christ; and to our Lord's sufficiency even for China, the vastest single prize on this planet for continued mastery over which Satan contends.

Though venturing to make no claim to erudition in things Chinese, and though hard-pressed with itinerating engagements in the American churches, yet I was glad to accede to the request of a committee of my revered professors to give the Princeton Theological Seminary Mission Lectures for 1914–1915.

I am deeply conscious of the inadequacy of these lectures. But my prayer is that they may increase interest in the great "land of Sinim" of which Isaiah prophesied so gloriously—particularly among the future ministers of the Gospel for whom they were originally prepared, but also among the larger constituency that may chance to read them.

My thanks are due to Professor Benjamin B. Warfield, D. D., of Princeton Seminary, for his assistance in preparing the manuscript for the press and for seeing it through the press.

I wish also to thank Professor John D. Davis, D. D., chairman of the committee on the lectureship, for encouraging me to undertake the task, and also President J. Ross Stevenson, D. D., for kindly preparing an Introduction to this volume; as well as several religious and missionary journals and magazines, particularly *The Sunday School Times* and *The Missionary Review of the World*, for courteously permitting me to use paragraphs and short articles which have appeared in their pages and are now incorporated in these lectures.

I regret that the publication of the lectures has been somewhat delayed. One of the results is that certain adjustments require to be made. These concern not only allusions to contemporary events, which are no longer exactly contemporary; but also descriptions of conditions, some of which, in these rapidly moving times, have been modified. The distance between China and America has made it impracticable for the author to make these adjustments for his readers. He can only ask them benevolently to bear in mind that they are sometimes reading history when the forms of statement are thrown into the present tense. If they will kindly remember that, the lectures, I trust, will not have suffered from the passage of time. All description of living things becomes history as soon as it is made, in any event.

C. E. S.

Tsingtau, North China, 1917.

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I

The Land and the People

A Study of Some Historical Facts

I

THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE

"AND He made of one every nation of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, having determined their appointed seasons, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek God" (Acts 17 : 26, 27). With this summary of the divine philosophy of history in mind, the story of China becomes one of absorbing interest. If it be true of nations, to adopt Dr. Weymouth's translation, that God has fixed "a time for their rise and fall, and the limits of their settlements," or, according to Dean Alford, that God has "prescribed to each nation its space to dwell and its time of endurance," the history of that nation which comprises nearly one quarter of the human race, and whose "time of endurance" has exceeded that of any other Empire, and which to-day is "rousing itself from the torpor of ages and under the influence of new and powerful revolutionary forces," cannot but be of commanding interest and importance.

"Even the discovery of the American continent and its islands, and the organization of society and government upon them, grand and important as these events have been, were but conditional, preliminary, and ancillary to the more sublime result now in act of consummation—*the reunion of the two civilizations* which, parting on the plains of Asia four thousand years ago, and travelling ever afterwards in opposite directions around the world, now meet again on the coasts and islands of the

Pacific Ocean. Certainly no mere human event of equal dignity and importance has ever occurred upon the earth." This profound reflection was enunciated by Lincoln's great secretary, William H. Seward. And the chief factor on the western side of the Pacific in this fateful reunion is China.

Mr. Seward's words embody the deliberate verdict of a galaxy of men, clear-eyed and far-visioned—American statesmen like Clay, Benton, Webster; European publicists like DeTocqueville and Viscount Bryce; foreign generals like Chinese Gordon, Lords Wolseley and Roberts; Asiatic administrators like Kitchener, Sir Robert Hart, Lord Curzon and Dr. Morrison; veteran missionaries like Martin, Mateer, and Hayes; diplomats like Count Cassini, J. W. Foster, Wells Williams, and Anson Burlingame; expert government advisers like Adams of Michigan, and Schurmann of Cornell; naval strategists like Mahan, Von Tirpitz, and Lord Beresford. They believe that China is the coming land of towering importance. This unanimity of conviction, possessing all classes of investigators, is one of the surprises that confronts the student of Far Eastern Politics. In a world where, and at this particular time when, its leaders are so wofully at odds as to policies; when rulers differ so hopelessly in their view-point as to the fate of neighbour nations; this singular accord of opinion as to the future greatness of China is truly remarkable.

Napoleon, who usually thought in world-terms, foresaw this day, saying: "A lion is asleep. Do not wake him. When China is aroused she will change the face of the world." The Kings and Kaisers and Czars, their courts and cabinets and chancelleries, have long understood this, and only too well. Accordingly they have concentrated upon China their most searching investigation, careful balancing of high probabilities, and astutest

machinations. Some of the craftiest schemes of dynastic glory and national aggrandizement that ever came out of Europe have been at the expense of China. Why? Because they realize that, as Lord Beresford says: "Whoever shall find a way to dominate China, either through commerce or conquest of arms, will be able to master the world even more effectively than did Rome in her day."

And while *the* reason for the present world-war is the unwillingness of Christendom to accept the law of Christ as the rule of life, another reason that forms one of the main backgrounds for it is the English and German competition that had become ever keener and more tense, for trade and political influence in China, most potential of markets and the exploiter's paradise. And after the Entente and Central Powers have settled scores, many believe that Russia and Japan, even though now allies, will continue the rivalry for this great prize, until one beats down the other.

The powers all realize that China is to bulk increasingly immensely in the world's affairs—and, from their view-point, bulk menacingly. Having seized ten-twelfths of Africa, and practically all the islands of the seas, and having subjugated or vassalized Asia, vastest of continents (except Japan and China, out of the latter of which huge slices have been gouged), they cannot view with equanimity the Coming of the Yellow Man. It does not harmonize with the selfish and sedulously cultivated and ostentatiously assumed sense of racial superiority of the white man, which assumption will have to be eradicated by his "eating much bitterness" (as the Chinese would say); for that assumption is a gratuitous and insulting reflection on the character, history, and ability of the great races of the East.

And yet, despite all asseverations of white superiority,

this huge, inchoate thing looming out of the East excites apprehension. Men are in no wise certain that their position is one of security, of primacy, in the face of the Asiatic breaking the barriers of his age-long isolation. Hence for decades their policy of feverish preparation; this carving of territory while they dare; this binding by European Liliputians of the Asiatic Gulliver before he fully rouses.

And those familiar with the new spirit that now seethes in the Orient can conceive of how Europe, when it has decimated itself with this sanguinary war among its own members, may be faced with a vaster, more deadly one, arising from the East. There is wrath, intense and brooding, at the outrages perpetrated by Europe upon it. There is fierce resentment against the white man's arrogance, so brutally displayed. There is an exultant realization that, given modern arms and training, it need no longer cringe before the relentless Western powers. It has beaten them "many times, scores of times," as Professor A. B. Hart of Harvard reminds us. And the whole East, as symbolized in China, has lifted up its head in the presence of the new and terrible castigations, that, within a decade, the Japanese have visited upon the two foremost military powers of the world.

There are certain mountain-peak events that stand out and up above the levels of history, even as the Himalayas tower over the plains of Asia. Among them are the departure of Israel from Egypt; the culture of Greece stamping itself upon the Mediterranean civilizations; and Rome's march, over her roads and with her law, to the confines of Europe. A fourth is the emergence of China from her seclusion. Day by day China bulks larger on the horizon of the Church Universal and of all Governments. And whether her shadow is to loom portentous or auspicious for the nations is the anxious ques-

tion of leaders everywhere. It is a subject so insistent and paramount that it bids fair in the future to outrank, as an international political issue, the rivalry of Briton and Teuton, of Russia and Japan.

China is the burning question of current history—irrepressible, fascinating and mysterious. Like Banquo's ghost, it "will not down." The impossibility of relegating it to second place is that it interpenetrates the great questions of foreign policy that concern the leading nations of the world. With the discernment of committal to Truth, John Hay saw this, and, prophet-like, he spoke. To that truly good and great friend of China, that champion of international justice and fair play, to whom armed Europe listened, and whom Roosevelt called America's ablest Secretary of State, is accredited the prescient pronouncement: "The storm centre of world politics, despite all eddies, has swept steadily eastward —past the Holy Roman Empire, the Balkans and Constantinople; past the Persian Gulf and India; onward to China, where it will remain; and whoever understands China—socially, economically, politically, intellectually, religiously—has a key to world history for the next five centuries." And Professor Reinsch, now American Minister to Peking and long student of the Far East, felt justified more than a decade ago in writing in his "Welt-Politik" (p. 89): "A careful consideration of the powers engaged in the Chinese struggle, their politics and tendencies, is of the greatest necessity, is of the most absorbing interest. As a result of the emergence of China from her seclusion a drama is about to be enacted, the like of which the world has never seen. It dwarfs even the conquests of Alexander; and, compared with this titanic struggle, the exploits of Napoleon seem a passing diversion—and all previous meetings between the Orient and Occident are the merest frontier skirmishes." In

this opinion he is supported by the testimony of modern experts, witnesses out of every nation—a notable company of diplomats, merchants, bankers, editors, teachers, journalists, manufacturers, missionaries who have long resided in China and long studied the Far East.

If monarchical Europe is interested in China, much more should democratic America be, especially since the establishing of the Republic. The new administration at Washington voiced that interest almost as soon as it assumed authority. President Wilson, in a State Document given to the world March 22, 1913, said: "The Government of the United States is not only willing but earnestly desirous of aiding the great Chinese people in every way that is consistent with their untrammelled development and its own immemorial principles. The awakening of the people of China to a consciousness of their possibilities under free government is the most significant if not the most momentous event of our generation." And that good interest has been incontrovertibly voiced by the United States in its early recognition of the Chinese Republic, and in its withdrawal from the Sextuple Loan unfairly conceived and callously carried out. Note the two reasons given by the head of the American Nation for interest in China.

First, the Government of the strongest Republic in the world recognizes qualities of worth in the Chinese which make it desire to do everything suggested by good judgment and brotherliness to help the youngest and largest Republic in the world.

Second, President Wilson is deeply impressed with the fact of the Chinese coming into "a consciousness of their possibilities under free government." Like other discerning students of China, he intimates that the Chinese have never been moribund. In fact they have always been very much alive. And this movement of theirs is not a

rising from the dead, but rather "an awakening," an awakening accompanied by a right-about-face and "a transfer of attention" from the past, in custom and life, to the present; from the theoretical to the practical; from themselves to the world—a change in conception as to what constitutes national greatness.

Many experts qualified to pass judgment are certain that the "Rudder of Asia" ultimately will not be Japan. In confirmation of this belief, rooted among those who know the Far East, stand certain basic considerations, inherent in China and the Chinese—their history, their land, and their race-traits. These are calculated to win for the young Republic and its people the interest and respect of every man alive to momentous affairs of world-wide significance.

China is the oldest of existing States, the only one that has witnessed the rise and eclipse of the ancient empires of the Valleys of the Nile and Euphrates. "She was a great monarchy ages before the foundation of the Eternal City, and she was the most powerful Organization in the world (though the West knew it not) during the centuries of Rome's decay;" and she has witnessed the earliest feeble beginnings of all existing Governments—and she is still with us. "From the obscurity of China's Golden Age, nearly 3000 B. C., when, her classics tell us, 'all men were good and doors required no bars,' we trace her story through the stirring times when valour in war pushed her conquests eastward to Japan and westward subdued the warlike Ghorkas;" on down to the very days of the last great woman ruler who seated and unseated sovereigns at pleasure, and who finally placed a baby emperor, the last, on the world's greatest throne. It is indeed something to have seen Egypt emerge, Babylon fall, Nineveh destroyed and Greece crumble. And the world to-day is being forced to consider the

significance of this unique, unbroken life from hoary antiquity. Of ancient contemporaries all have long since vanished into mournful oblivion, save only the Jews; and they as a race have lost their language, their land and national existence, while the Chinese still possess theirs.

Not only is China's longevity unique; but the quality and nature of the culture of this long life is also unique and interest-compelling. The high state of civilization to which the Chinese had attained, its solidity and diversity, when the West was still weltering in savagery, may well afford food for thought. When the early inhabitants of Ireland, clad in coats of blue paint, were eating raw fish, refined Chinese poets were composing exquisite odes, still extant, on "The Brevity of Life." When our Scotch ancestors dwelt in caves and gnawed flesh off the bones of wild animals, China was filled with a vast network of walled cities, administrative centres of empire. These cities were ruled in accord with written and codified laws, were seats of learning where youths were prepared for public office through civil service examinations. When the early dwellers in England were dragging captives of war into the dark recesses of their oak groves, and, with fearful Druidic rites, were offering them up to their bloodthirsty gods, Chinese emperors were offering prayers of singular purity and majesty to Shang Ti, Lord of Heaven, the One True God.

When the Goths were sallying forth on fierce forays in the gloom of primeval forests, and observing generally the law of tooth and ravin, Chinese rulers were extending the study of the classics, encouraging agriculture and fathering the people. And when our Norse ancestors (who conceived of their Heaven, Valhalla, as a huge slaughter house) were with battle axes splitting open the heads of their enemies and drinking their blood hot from

their skulls—tearing each other like dragons of the prime —then Chinese students, seated in great libraries, were studying their own ancient history, Chinese literati were writing essays flawless in form, Chinese philosophers were moralizing on the Princely Manner of Man ; and an army of Chinese scholars in quiet cloisters were, at the command of a great emperor, making a cyclopedia of human knowledge that filled hundreds of tomes.

Long before our Teutonic fathers, clad in skins of wild beasts, and wielding stone axes and sliding on their shields down the snow-clad slopes of the Italian Alps to loot and plunder and ravish and decimate fair Italy, ruthlessly destroying the choicest that she had gathered of the ancient civilization of Greece and Rome—ages before that, princely Chinese merchants, dressed in flowing robes of brocaded silk and satins of fine texture and delicate shades, were sending their caravans across Asia westward to trade with ancient Rome. And in their palaces were costly cloisonné, with a bewildering variety of potteries and porcelains ; also precious inlaid and lacquered furniture and exquisitely delicate paintings ; and their gardens were full of exotic plants, trees and shrubbery, with many varieties of flowers. To acquire samples of this ancient art, great collectors, like Morgan and Frick, and Government Museums, are glad now to pay large sums.

When Moses led the Israelites through the Wilderness, Chinese laws and literature and religious knowledge excelled that of Egypt. A hundred years before the North Wind rippled over the harp of David, Wung Wang, an Emperor of China, composed classics which are committed to memory to this day by every advanced scholar of the land. When Homer was composing and singing the Iliad, China's blind minstrels were celebrating her ancient heroes, whose tombs had already been with them through thirteen centuries. Her literature was fully de-

veloped before England was invaded by the Norman conquerors.

Even in far-off West China a vast and elaborate civilization had been developed. Though isolated for a thousand years, with Thibet shutting it off on one side and the Yangtse gorges disputing the way from the east, the trade from Europe nevertheless once passed that way. It was the "land of Sinim" known to the Romans, the China knit with the Roman West by the great land route over the highlands of central Asia before ever a European keel had plowed the Yellow Sea.

And what China's great and ancient walled cities have been and may become is hinted at in the following facts. A seventeen-year-old boy from Venice, Marco Polo by name, entered China in 1270 A. D., by way of Chengtu, the capital of Szechuan. He called it "a rich and noble city." It was two hundred miles from Thibet, as near to the Bay of Bengal as to the China Sea, which is nearly two thousand miles to the eastward. But he found paved streets there, in a day when Paris was a swamp and London a mud-hole. This far inland city of half a million, nearly as remote from the Yellow Sea to the north as St. Paul is from the Gulf of Mexico, and cut off moreover by the terrible rapids and whirlpools in the gorges of the Yangtse River, has recently and with astonishing avidity appropriated a vast deal of Western culture. Seven days on a houseboat through the Yangtse gorges and fourteen days in a sedan chair brings one over the century-old stone-paved road from Wan Hsien into the beautifully located and beautifully built Chengtu, exceptionally clean and boasting a fine city-water system and electric lights; streets well paved and adequately policed, full of impressive Government buildings and modern schools.

To the world's progress the Chinese early contributed their share, though they still have much more to give.

It is appalling to think what the world would be without paper. The Chinese made it during the period of the Minor Prophets. More appalling still is it to think what the world would be without the printed page. The Chinese invented the art of printing five hundred years before Caxton was born (1421–1491). They were making books in large numbers centuries before Dr. Faustus (1485–1540) played with his wooden blocks; indeed before the English language was in existence. Admiral Mahan used to say that oceans were the principal means of uniting races and disseminating culture. In view of that statement it is significant that the Chinese invented the mariner's compass, necessary precursor of steam and electricity; and when the forebears of the British Admiralty, in willow-woven canoes, were hugging the shoreline of Albion, the Chinese, by the use of this instrument, were, in big junks, putting straight out to the open sea. Gunpowder, which has revolutionized all military and naval science, was first compounded by the Chinese and used before the coming of the Prince of Peace; and they invented firearms as early as the reign of England's First Edward (1239–1307) and were using them effectively long before the last great Mohammedan conqueror, in 1453, shot down the gates and walls of Byzantium.

They developed and raised to a high standard silk and tea and cotton culture, vastly utilizing them. They were pioneers in the manufacture of exquisite and dainty art-works in porcelain and silk and brass, enamel and glazed ware, which have made not only her own, but the wares of Korea and Japan, who learned from her, famous the world over. The Great Wall and the Grand Canal are striking evidences of the engineering skill and practical enterprise of the ancient Chinese. The former was built to keep out the Mongol and Tartar hordes of the North; the latter to bind the capital with the whole realm

by a cheap and safe inland route along which the tribute could be forwarded. The Wall ran along the crest of the mountains for 1,728 miles. The Canal ran through the Continent from Peking to Canton. More men laboured at one time in the construction of these vast works than can be mustered in each of many other nations. The Great Wall, General Grant said, dwarfed any other building feat upon the planet. It contains enough material to build a barrier six feet high and a yard wide around the globe at the Equator. The Grand Canal is the first of its kind in the magnitude and difficulties of the undertaking. And the point of interest in each for the modern world is that ever since their construction they have been monumental suggestors to man both of defense and of inland water traffic.

"The principles of what is now being taught in the West as scientific agriculture lie in the 'Chow Ceremonial' (a book written 3,000 years ago), which discusses the methods of transforming soil, silk culture, cotton selections, utilization of waste, etc." "Ages ago, as to-day, the Chinese were the most skillful agriculturalists and irrigators and cooks. They dug salt wells 8,000 feet deep centuries before Solomon was born. They had civil service examinations for office ages before Abraham received the blessing from Melchisedek."

They have many rivers in West China but few floods. Twenty-one centuries ago a son of Szechuan built a movable dam across the river Min, which absolutely controls the flood waters and diverts them to irrigation. That dam is one of the engineering wonders of the world. In vast sections, as in Szechuan Province, not a drop of water goes to waste. Every river which flows into the Chengtu Plain from the snowy highlands of Thibet is skillfully caught and harnessed to the work of irrigation. These terraced puddy fields are hundreds of years old.

They never are allowed to fall into disrepair. The irrigation system of West China is an example of engineering skill comparable to the Dykes of Holland. The richness of the soil, the warmth of the climate, the abundance of water and the indefatigable industry of the people, combine to give West China several crops a year.

In this day and age of senseless extravagance in the Western World, the lesson of frugality, which the Chinese can teach, ought not to pass unnoticed. It is a real contribution to modern civilization. Frugality is an age-long Chinese virtue—nothing can go to waste. The Chinese use four hundred and seventy-eight different plants for food. They have to; because in Szechuan, with only the area of France, they have twice the population.

One of the roots of this world-war is the privileged military aristocracy of Europe. Had there not been this well-organized and highly developed and all-powerful militaristic caste on the Continent to-day, who can say that this conflict, as gigantic as excuseless, would have been "irrepressible"? In China Shih Huang Ti, a great ruler who preceded the Hsia, Shang, Chow, Tsin, Han, Tang, Sung, Yuan, Ming and Tsing Dynasties—one of which alone had thirty-five sovereigns—this Emperor, seeing the evil of such feudalism, parent of the system existing in Europe to-day, abolished it. In Europe to-day there are classes of privilege into which a man cannot break. That condition has not obtained in China for centuries. According to her ancient system, the veriest peasant boy was eligible, through dint of hard study, and by passing the graded examinations, for the most coveted viceroyship of the land.

It is interesting to see this fact set forth from the viewpoint of a talented Chinese leader. He says: "Since the fall of feudalism with the destruction of the Chou

Empire, the people of China have remained essentially a free democracy—where all good and talented men are equal in every respect. Every man, whatever his rank in society or his wealth or his poverty, had always the same opportunities and could, by his abilities, rise to the highest rung of the social ladder. Not only have there been no caste distinctions, but also no class barriers. In this respect, we Chinese have a social order, as regards its humanity and democratic spirit, perhaps equal if not superior to that of the most developed and free country in the West. For these reasons, the officers under the successive empires of the past had always been obliged to govern through the local social headmen of the provincial communities, whose rights were further attended to by special guilds and societies."

The whole weight of China's ancient system has been against war. Its people are not only the most enduring, but most peaceful of all ages. Though it has fought and conquered many times, it has never looked upon itself as a land and a race of warriors. Whereas the scholar, as the framer of the ideals of the nation, was put highest in the social scale; and the farmer, as the honourable producer of the means of life, was put second; the soldier-class, alone in China of all nations, ancient or modern, was put lowest—his trade being that of destruction. Who can estimate the weight of China for world-peace, when she shall speak with the might of hundreds of millions of enlightened citizens trained against the thought of war as the conventional way of settling international disputes? Is it worth nothing to the world to-day—this age-long custom of the Chinese with regard to differences of opinion? Their method is to secure a middleman, and talk it out, each side conceding something in order to a settlement that obviates mutilation and destruction of the temples of the Eternal Spirit.

Given China's institutions and traditions, with her consequent attitude towards the repulsiveness of butchering men as a method of determining opposing view-points, it is not strange that the authorities of the Republic did what may have seemed to the world at large an incongruous thing. The Government of a heathen nation issued a call for its officials to meet with Chinese Christians—for what? To pray for "Christian" Europe reeking in its men-shambles; to pray that its war, conceived in iniquity, and the most gigantic of history, might cease; and that peace might once more prevail upon the earth! This episode deserves more than passing notice. It is the second time that the officials of the Chinese Republic have called upon the Christian churches in the land for a season of special prayer. On April 27, 1913, prayer was sought for China; to-day it is for those suffering from the terrible war in Europe. By the advice or invitation of President Yuan Shi Kai, Sunday, October 18, 1914, was set aside as such a day of prayer for Europe, and representatives of the Republic were present at many of the services in every section of the land. In Amoy, for instance, there were present the Taotai Wang Shou Chen; the Su-beng Magistrate, Lai Ju Lin; also Hsin Kuei Fang, the second in command of the Amoy Forts; Wang Ch'en Chang, Chief of Police; and Chen Ugen Tao, Diplomatic Officer of Amoy. The Taotai spoke in part as follows:

"We meet here this afternoon to pray for peace, and I am exceedingly glad to have a part in these exercises. As I see it there is not a man that does not desire happiness—not a man that does not desire to see peace reigning everywhere throughout the world. This war, the result of militarism, has torn the world to pieces. The President of the United States tried his best to act as peacemaker, but adverse forces were too strong. And

now, man having reached the limit of his resources, we come to pray *for help from Heaven.*

"The Book of Odes tells us that the great God rules all under Heaven, and with splendid power influences the nations of the world for peace. The Historical Classic says: 'Heaven pities the people and most certainly hears their cry in time of need.' Heaven does not want strife, and will assuredly understand your purpose. Washington was a man of prayer and in the time of the Revolution a portion of every day was spent in prayer. Lincoln also, during the civil war in America, spent much time in prayer, and at such a time as the present we do well to remember his words and manner of prayer. He did not pray especially for the success of his own armies—not that his soldiers might prove victorious,—but that war might cease and the world be at peace.

"Recently President Wilson called for a day of universal prayer in behalf of the struggle in Europe; we are thus but following his example in meeting here this afternoon to pray that war may cease and universal peace be established throughout the entire world. And so to-day unitedly and with one voice in unison with this whole nation, we lift our hearts in prayer. God is not afar off. He is at all times near—in reciprocal relation—and so will hear and bestow peace in answer to prayer—prayer of unbounded, unlimited power."

Much has been said about Confucianism being adopted as the religion of the Republic; but such spectacles seem far from proving it. However, it is to be remembered that the leaders who speak thus are but as a drop in the pond, compared with the vast masses who grovel in superstition.

The citizens of democracies and republics are usually against war *per se.* And men in monarchies who are

masters of themselves, not subject as henchmen to the sudden caprice and irresponsible mandate of an overlord living by pillage and violence, have also been against that method of settling disputes. Such men are apt to possess their own hard-earned and carefully kept property. And such small landholders are the vast mass of Chinese folk. At first sight it is an astonishing fact that, in the most ancient and despotic of empires, the Chinese have long been a democratic people. The world hardly realizes that theirs has been a nominal absolutism, an autocracy not like the Russian or Prussian but superimposed as an extraneous thing—superimposed because the people have long determined how much they would tolerate in rulers and what taxes they would pay —which fact the officials have known only too well, carefully observing the limit. The Republican form of government, *i. e.*, rule by chosen representatives, appeals instinctively to the Chinese.

How this can be so, contrary to the Western conception of the Celestial, is explained by a distinguished Southern Chinaman, Lun Boon Kang, in his English lecture, "The Spirit of Independence," delivered in January, 1913.

"Despite appearances to the contrary, the Chinese have for two thousand years maintained, under every disadvantage and discouragement, a spirit of personal and communal independence, which compares favourably even with the so-called liberty in the freest states of the West. What though a despot sat on the dragon throne—theoretically with autocratic powers, neither Imperial nor provincial authorities could touch the rights and privileges of the people in their towns, villages or homes.

"Historically we may trace the formation of this national character to the warring times at the end of the

great Chou Dynasty—which succumbed to the meteoric genius of the T'sin Emperor. The period of the Han restored the Confucian principles which T'sin Shih. hwangti endeavoured to obliterate in Chinese writing by the infamous burning of books. During the subsequent rise and fall of the ruling power in successive periods, the Confucian precepts concerning the rights of the people have never been disputed—the Emperors of each successive dynasty having undertaken to conform to ancient usages, and to be the protectors of the liberties of the people. In fact, from the founder of the Han, down to the last regent of the Ching, each Chinese ruler had always admitted that he was only the servant of the people—whose sufferings were due to his misgovernment, and whose prosperity was his greatest joy. This had ever been the theoretical profession, although in actual practice both Emperors and their officers often acted regardless of their duties or their promises. The people, however, submitted to an Imperial régime from age to age, because their domestic and provisional rights were never tampered with."

In further elucidation of this political phenomenon, he adds: "So long as democracy was merely contented to suffer the Imperial Government to remain as the cheapest and easiest way of maintaining the national life, on condition that the liberties of the people were not encroached upon, the Ch'ing Government continued apparently to exercise almost despotic powers. But foreign nations soon learned that Peking could not influence provincial centres, and that treaties made with the Central Government remained ineffective until the people could be coerced by force to observe them. But the preaching of the principles of Republicanism gave the democracy of China a definite policy, a common aim, and a satisfactory means of solving the Manchu difficulty as well as

maintaining the integrity of the immense national territory. After fifteen years of indefatigable labours, Dr. Sun Yat Sen succeeded in founding foci of republican thinkers all over the world where Chinese had colonized, as well as in every provincial city throughout the Ch'ing Empire. He thus incurred the implacable hatred of the Manchus, and it seems miraculous he ever lived to be the first president of the first true republic of Asia, if we take into consideration the enormous prize for his head offered by the Manchu court, the number of assassins paid to trace his footsteps, and the attempt to kidnap him even in London. The fact that he could move safely in dense centres of Chinese population during all this time, visiting China herself surreptitiously in these years, is the most solid proof of the democratic ideas of the people."

Thus a flood of light is thrown on the fact that when our ancestors in the black forests of Germany as yet knew nothing of the Witenagemote, that council of elders elected by freemen (the boasted beginning of our town-meetings and of Anglo-Saxon freedom)—ages ago, the Chinese, inherent and instinctive democrats, were, as unto this day, governing their villages by the system of ruling elders chosen from responsible families. Indeed Professor Giles, in his "Civilization of China," affirms that, "China, aside from all considerations of the form of its government, has for centuries been, and still intrinsically is, by virtue of the nature of its village organization, the greatest republic the world has ever seen." And Dr. A. H. Smith is not alone in believing that in consonance with this system: "It is very possible that China will become the greatest structure, politically as well as socially, ever erected on the face of the earth."

China lies in what Gladstone called "the zones of power," in which the most masterful races have operated. Extending from the eighteenth parallel of latitude north-

ward to the fifty-fourth (as if from Guatemala to Labrador) this country has every variety of climate from the semi-arctic of the highlands to the semi-tropical heat of the Malay Peninsula. Exclusive of Western Turkestan, Anam, Cochin China, Formosa and Korea—all recently filched away before China began to rouse to the animus of foreigners—"the term, taken in its widest sense," says Professor Giles, "includes Mongolia, Manchuria, Eastern Turkestan, Thibet and the Eighteen Provinces, the whole equivalent to some five million square miles; *i. e.*, considerably more than twice the size of the United States, forty-seven times that of Great Britain, forty times that of Germany or France, one-tenth of the habitable globe, one and one-half the size of Europe. The Eighteen Provinces proper occupy not quite two-fifths of the whole, covering 1,532,420 square miles, about as large as that part of the United States lying east of the Mississippi River. Their chief landmarks are Peking, the capital of the north; Canton, the great commercial centre in the south; Shanghai on the east, and the Thibetan frontier on the west. Of the Eighteen Provinces proper only five are smaller than England and Wales combined." The four additional outlying dominions, already ear-marked by England, Russia and Japan, are, as hinted above, larger than all the provinces combined.

When one reaches Shanghai from New York he is, in regard to time, just half-way to what is understood to be distinctly "West China." Lay China over North America, with Shanghai on New York and Canton on Mobile, then, roughly speaking, Chengtu, the capital of West China, would lie near Kansas City. Imagine the entire population of the United States and Canada crowded into Tennessee, Mississippi, Missouri, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Nebraska and Iowa. That is West China,

One of the Elegant New Palatial Hotels of Peking

an unknown land as yet, with a population of over one hundred million.

As over against this plethora of human beings congested in relatively small space, it is especially interesting now, when in Europe "manifest destiny" and "necessity for more territory" are deluging the world with blood—to consider the extensive unexplored sections of China, waiting for any possible overflow of population to develop them. No need for the Chinese to seek an East Africa or a Brazil, a Canada or an Australia. They are at their door. There are vast regions in Eastern Mongolia and a noble heritage in Manchuria which could easily support one hundred million people instead of less than twenty, as at present; while exporting much grain, beans and other food stuff as well. North of Harbin China possesses about 300,000 square miles of territory of which not one-tenth is under cultivation. East and northeast of Harbin lies a magnificent tract of land containing over 100,000 square miles of plains and hills, most of which might be cultivated.

The Eighteen Provinces have some six hundred million acres of splendid soil for agriculture. In this respect, as in natural resources and opportunities, experts agree that China is the only real rival of the United States in all the world.

Mr. E. S. Little, one of the most able and authoritative geographers of China, who has travelled for many years in all parts of the land charting its elevations and noting its agricultural and mining possibilities, returned September 23, 1913, from the Amur region, bringing a specially prepared map with him. He says that the revelation of the country and its possibilities came to him "as a shock." Here is one paragraph from his report:

"The bulk of the Chinese have probably never heard

of the province at all, and foreigners have had such a hazy impression of it that they were discouraged from any sort of investigation; yet actually it is of absorbing interest both politically and commercially. The river Amur is navigable for more than two thousand miles from the sea, and is fed by great numbers of smaller navigable arteries, the total length of water being estimated at 42,000 miles.

"The great plains are covered with a grass which could support millions of cattle, and the land could produce cereals in vast abundance. There are rich deposits of all kinds of metals and minerals—as vast as yet virgin. The forests are so extensive that one expert told me that eight to ten million fine trees could be cut out every year for hundreds of years without in any way destroying the existence or the usefulness of the forests. The rivers were so stocked that they promise rich harvests for any one working them."

This is typical of many other sections practically unknown to the outside world—new lands of China waiting to be discovered and settled by its own people. And this fact has practical bearing on this world cataclysm. Gladstone once propounded and proved a famous thesis: "No nation can remain permanently great that does not have an adequate physical basis of empire." For lack of it, European nations plead the necessity of their vast seizures all over the globe. For lack of it some of the parties to this war justify their participation in it, as well as their earlier engaging, each, in several other wars. China already has the physical basis.

China's natural resources are staggering in their vastness—practically untouched, unparallelled, incalculable. Professor N. S. Shaler in a notable article in *The International Quarterly* on "The Exhaustion of the World's Supply of Iron and Copper," lays down the thesis that

these are "the mainstays of our existing civilization." And of these two "iron is the prime metal of civilization." He shows that in Europe the iron fields "are beginning to be exhausted." Great Britain has practically consumed its store, which a century ago seemed ample. All American iron fields have been noted and marked out; no new discoveries need be expected. In China, however, coal and iron occur widely and *together*, a most valuable combination. Conditions of climate and labour are also favourable.

"China's combination of resources makes the struggle of England and Germany, of Japan and Russia, for ascendancy in China to take on world meaning; for on that control depends in large measure the economic mastery of the Pacific, on whose rim dwell over one-half the population of the globe."

And what are these mineral resources? He says: "The astonishing fact is that almost every province has a rich and varied store of civilization's necessities—immense deposits of coal, iron, limestone, copper, silver, tin, lead, zinc, gold, gypsum, alum, marbles, precious stones, platinum, nickel, natural gases, nitre, antimony, slates, quicksilver, petroleum, manganese, mercury, granites, salt." How abundant are these resources may be surmised from the fact that 419,000 square miles are already officially reckoned to be underlaid with coal. Into these mineral sections the Chinese Government is beginning to construct railroads, opening up "the largest and finest coal and iron mines thus far known to man."

"Baron Richofen, the German expert, after a laborious investigation of many years, submitted to the German Government a three-volume report of the coal and iron resources of China, showing that they are the richest in the world. He found coal in fifteen of the eighteen provinces examined by him; and reckoned that six hun-

dred billion tons of it are anthracite. And in the province of Shansi he reported enough coal to supply the human race at the present rate of consumption for several thousand years. Beside huge beds of bituminous coal, this province of 55,000 square miles is estimated to contain no less than 14,000 square miles of anthracite averaging twenty-one feet thick. Travellers in many places can see that coal outcropping on the roadside; whole villages are built directly upon it as a floor. Side by side with these supplies of coal, Baron Richofen found vast supplies of iron ore. The German Government was so amazed by the Baron's report that an expert commission was sent to China in 1897 to reëxamine his data, and this commission fully verified Baron Richofen's estimate" (Bishop J. W. Bashford). Incidentally these reports were factors in sending the Germans into Shantung.

Geologists report that the principal seam in Shansi is at a distance of one hundred and fifty to three hundred feet above the flinty limestone, and varies in thickness from twelve to thirty feet. The available anthracite in Shansi is estimated at 630,000 millions of tons, of the same quality as Pennsylvania anthracite; while the bituminous deposits of Shansi are still greater than its anthracite. The coal beds of Szechuan are also enormous, and the railway line being built from Canton to Hankow in the heart of China, some eight hundred and fifty miles, passes some of the richest coal and iron fields in the whole world. Yunnan, more than twice the size of England and Wales, whose boundaries are coterminous with the Burinan frontier for hundreds of miles, is one of the richest of all China in coal, gold, copper, salt and precious stones.

These provinces of Szechuan and Yunnan, together with Kweichow, constitute what is technically called

"West China." Though hoary with age, they, by all the indications of their potentialities, belong to the future. The people are there, the resources are there.

"West China" is recognized as the richest land in the world. After having fed one hundred million people merely by the intensive cultivation of truck-gardening for centuries, her fields, which lie in the latitude of Georgia and Florida, produce as prodigally as ever, two and three crops a year.

As for mines, no one dare prophesy their value. The mineral wealth of West China is practically untouched; but it is safe to say, on the authority of geological experts, that when the world's other stores of metal are exhausted, West China will still have enough for all of us.

Also innumerable cascades flash down the ravines of the extensive mountain chains, utilizable, as in the case of Niagara harnessed, for the production of the electric power that the industrial age demands. "Sooner or later," says Lord Ronaldshay, "the much needed working plan will be found; and, when this comes about, it is difficult to see what is to prevent China from becoming the greatest industrial country in the world. . . . And when China shall have been changed from being merely an agricultural nation, and have become also a manufacturing nation, through the well-nigh inexhaustible supplies of coal and iron, twin pillars of modern industry, who can measure her material power and greatness?"

Such physical resources naturally suggest and make inevitable wonderful commercial possibilities. Not only is there vast potential welfare in sight, but already there is great wealth in cash, circulating throughout China in the business done to-day. The world is somewhat deceived by appearances. Not seeing immense capital put into public enterprises and government undertakings, it imagines there is none available.

Foreigners should remember that the great merchant classes, only too painfully familiar with age-long fraudulent schemes of the officials, are shy of advancing money for large public works and undertakings. Bitter experience has taught them not to take kindly to smooth promoters of plans, even for government undertakings.

The country is possessed of many holes in the ground in which the fortunes of the gulled have been fruitlessly sunk; many highways, so-called only by the largest stretch of the imagination, on which zealous officials for ages have been collecting repair money which those highways have never seen. The Chinese have been forced to live in a realm of distrust and suspicion. But that does not prove that there is not money in the land for legitimate enterprise, legitimately carried on.

No student, informed on the subject, can doubt that China has the brain and the brawn vastly to increase her wealth. As yet, under the heathen conditions these physical and mental assets cannot be adequately applied to the development of the Creator's boundless gifts. As yet the people have not learned to trust each other. Thus as a race they do not take to large-scale commercial or industrial organization. "Each for himself is safer," they argue. Moreover, relatively little as yet goes into the Central Government projects, because each province is in itself a great government, needing much money both to meet its Revolutionary debts and to finance its reorganization schemes.

China's outfit for commercial supremacy, through lavish gifts of nature, is superb. The Yangtse River alone has in its system over twelve thousand miles of navigable waterways. They penetrate nearly one-half of China proper. "No country can compare with her for natural facilities of inland navigation." Being thus interlaced with a network of canals and rivers, business and cheap

transport are greatly facilitated. And it is unique in physical geography that Hankow, at the geographical heart of China, to which continental trunk railroad lines converge and to which more will converge, from all directions, can accommodate ocean liners at her piers, six hundred and eighty miles up the Yangtse from the sea.

Existing railroads are yielding thirty per cent. dividends; and communication, by rapidly extending telegraph, post-roads, railway, and newspaper, is opening up the entire country. For example, authorities advertise that Tsingtau, via Manchuria and Siberia, is only fourteen days from London, Peking only twelve; and great trunk lines are in planning and being built from east to west, and north to south, that will greatly cut into this record. Japan's railway in Manchuria and Russia's in Siberia will be left relatively high and dry when the new inter-continental traffic lines planned by the Chinese and other Governments are put into operation—lines shooting passengers across Asia into Southern and Central Europe in a period of six to eight days. Already immense quantities of pig iron are being shipped to America and sold at non-competable prices; and the iron works at Han Yang are exporting large consignments to Japan, Mexico and South America. Even now, from far up the Yangtse, Chinese pig iron is being sold on the Chicago market for less than it can be laid down there from Pittsburgh. And China is just beginning to accept modern inventions and to introduce labour-saving machinery.

Professor Reinsch thus voices the conviction of many publicists that vast industrial and commercial expansion is ahead: "When we picture to ourselves the eighteen provinces, many of which in their natural wealth surpass, by far, countries like Germany and France, there is little room for doubt that, when the industrial forces of

this region have once been set in motion, China will in truth become the 'Tsung Kwei' (Middle Kingdom, or Realm of the Centre). The coal and mineral wealth of China, taken in connection with the vast and highly trained, frugal and capable population, will, during the coming century, make the huge Republic the industrial centre of the world, and the Pacific the chief centre of commerce. This is possible in the case of China, because, unlike Japan, she is most abundantly provided with coal and iron in close proximity to each other, so that the distance and cost of transportation of raw material will be reduced to a minimum; and factories can be established in localities where fuel, material and labour exist in the greatest abundance."

Business under the Republic has been growing by leaps and bounds. Despite the Revolution, the *Customs Gazette* shows that China's custom receipts during the Revolution year, 1912, increased vastly over 1911.

Total Hai Kwan Taels for 1911,	7,402,667,422
" " " " " 1912,	11,274,948,422

And, despite the Rebellion of 1913, there was a steady increase in Custom Revenues also during 1914, till the outbreak of this world-war.

And why should there not be? China has potentialities to make trade—a hardy, thrifty, brainy folk; fertile soil, rich minerals, and navigable rivers. There are estimated now to be 600,000,000 acres of arable land, mostly in small plots, and so carefully cultivated by their peasant owners, that the country is one panorama of eye-gladdening fertility. China, because of her many kinds of fruits, vegetables and cereals, bids fair, when she begins to apply the latest scientific methods and agricultural machinery, to become the orchard and garden and granary of the world. With the seacoast

on her front studded with harbours, and fed into by a future network of railroads, highways, canals and rivers; and with labour cheaper than elsewhere; why should not China become the trade mistress of the world?

Europe has marvelled why the United States allowed the South American markets to pass, uncontended for, into the hands of England, Germany and Japan. It is much more marvellous why it did not strain every nerve to capture the trade of its nearest neighbour to the west. At last American chambers of commerce and business men's associations are beginning to investigate; and American oil, tobacco, cigarettes, liquors and sewing machines are especially being pushed into China. It is for business men everywhere to realize—and the sooner the better—that, as Dr. A. H. Smith says: "The theatre of commercial and political activity in this century has already shifted to the Pacific Ocean. . . . With her two thousand miles of coast line facing the Pacific; with a people equal to, if not superior to, the Anglo-Saxon in industry, economy and perseverance; with millions of cheap labourers and almost unlimited raw material; with improved methods of agriculture and the introduction of modern machinery in mining and manufacturing; with the expansion of navigation and the extension of railroads; with the establishment of a stable monetary system and commercial confidence; with the peopling and development of the vast hinterland of Manchuria, Mongolia, Thibet and Turkestan, is it not reasonable to suppose that, when the strongest race of the Orient is thoroughly awakened, the mastery of the Pacific commercially as well as politically will be in the hands of the Chinese?"

"American trade with China, under reciprocal treaty stipulations," says Dr. A. A. Fulton, "should reach five hundred million gold dollars yearly. This is a mild put-

ting of the case, when one remembers that an increased average annual income of only five shillings ($1.25) per head in China means a probable increased trade to the world at large, in China or out of it, of about £100,000,000."

Is it nothing, then, to the business men of the world that China has started on a path of great industrial development? If, up to the present, China has been able to sustain the vastest of all national populations largely by farming and by such crude manufacturing as can be carried on by hand—what of the future, when Chinese commerce, manufacture and business are developed, and have stretched out their tentacles to seize the trade of the world?

According to the recent Chinese Customs Census, the Chinese number four hundred and forty million, one-fourth the population of the globe, and three-fourths the people of the Pacific basin. To Lord Balfour, preaching imperialism, is attributed the political axiom: "For a state to enjoy permanent political greatness, not only must it have an adequate physical basis of empire, it must also have a numerous and virile population." . . . What this means can be realized as one reviews the struggles of Athens, Sparta and Thebes for the hegomony of the Grecian States; of Florence, Venice and Pisa, to dominate the kingdoms and City Republics of Mediæval Italy; of Holland to maintain her fight against Britain for sea supremacy . . . and all finally losing, for lack of men. And within only the last few months Montenegro, as intrepid as tiny, had the will, single-handed, to throw down the gauntlet to the great powers of Europe, when they in united puissance blockaded her one lone harbour. And to-day the cry of her gallant king, as of many another ruler, is: "Oh, if I only had the men!"

The Rev. W. M. Hayes, D. D., is one of China's ablest sinelogues, educators and missionary statesmen. Dwelling in the land for thirty years, he concisely puts the situation in these words: "Population is to a nation what cells are to a battery—the electro-motive power depends on it. And China has the cells." For example, Szechuan Province alone has nearly seventy million people; and Shantung about forty millions, with an average of six hundred and eighty-three people to the square mile; in sections, 2,150 to the square mile. The Chinese are numerous enough to equal the warring nations of Europe, plus several neutrals.

Population of Warring Europe and that of interested Neutrals, compared with that of China.

England,	34,045,290	
Scotland,	4,760,904	
Ireland,	4,390,215	
Wales,	2,025,202	
Canada,	7,900,000	
Australia,	6,200,000	
New Zealand,	1,039,417	
Fiji Islands,	130,981	
British South Africa,	5,317,604	
Egypt,	9,821,100	
Isle of Man and Channel Is.,	148,915	75,779,628
France,	35,631,509	
Algeria,	5,600,000	
Morocco,	5,000,000	
Madagascar,	2,505,000	
French Congo,	8,000,000	
		46,736,509
Montenegro,	230,000	
		230,000
Servia,	2,911,701	
		2,911,701

Portugal, . . .	5,400,000	
Port. Africa, . . .	8,000,000	
		13,400,000
Russian Poland, . .	4,000,000	
		4,000,000
Belgium, . . .	7,423,784	
" Congo, . .	8,000,000	
		15,423,784
Germany, . . .	64,925,993	
" East Africa, .	10,380,000	
" West Africa, .	212,900	
		75,518,893
Austria, . . .	49,458,421	
		49,458,421
Turkey in Europe, .	1,891,000	
" " Asia, . .	17,683,000	
		19,574,000
Roumania, . . .	7,230,418	
		7,230,418
Denmark, . . .	2,775,076	
Norway, . . .	2,391,782	
Sweden, . . .	5,604,182	
Holland, . . .	6,114,302	
Switzerland, . . .	3,781,430	
Spain, ...	19,588,688	
Italy, ...	35,238,997	
Greece, ...	2,733,000	
Persia, ...	10,000,000	
		88,227,457
		398,490,811

All these combined do not approximate China.

To count the Chinese, one a second for eight hours a day, would require over thirty-eight years. If they held hands (allowing a distance of four feet each) they would stretch far beyond the moon (250,000 miles); again,

holding hands they would stretch more than twelve times around the earth at the equator.

Such vast numbers the mind fails to grasp. However, an illustration used by Professor Giles of Cambridge University may serve to vivify the idea of China's multitudes: "If the Chinese people were to file one by one past a given point, the interesting procession would never come to an end. Before the last man of those living had gone by, another and a new generation would have grown up to take its place, and so the procession would pass on forever."

The Cheng Tu Plain of Szechuan Province is the most thickly populated spot in the world, with the exception of the county of London. While the average population a square mile for Iowa is thirty-nine, for the Eighteen Provinces it is two hundred and eighty; for the Cheng Tu Plain it is seven hundred—all of them living off the land.

And yet China is not over-populated. The total average density of population to the square mile of Japan (with a population of 67,143,798) is two hundred and eighty-one; that of the United Kingdom (with a population of 45,221,611) is three hundred and eighty-one; of Belgium (the densest population of Europe—with 7,432,784, before its decimation by Germany) six hundred and fifty-four to the square mile; while that of China, including dependencies, is only ninety-seven.

The commercial attaché at the United States Legation at Peking, Mr. Julian Arnold, writes: "About ninety-five per cent. of the population of China is confined to one-third of the area of the country, with a density of 200 to the square mile. Five per cent. of the population inhabits sixty-five per cent. of the area, with a density of ten to the square mile. Lack of transportation facilities and inadequate means of protection account for the sparse-

ness of settlement in the outlying dependencies. About forty per cent. of China's population is in the provinces south of the Yangtse River, with a density of 230 to the square mile. This territory has twice the area of the original thirteen states of the American Union and four times the population.

"In the outlying dependencies constituting sixty-five per cent. of the total area of China, the density of population is less than that of the Middle West of the United States."

This is not the occasion to enlarge in detail upon the race traits of the Chinese; but some of them deserve here more than passing notice.

First, their homogeniety is a powerful factor in their past and future greatness. Nowhere within the provinces is there any such conjunction of mutually hostile states and clashing racial animosities and bitter religious antipathies as have made the rule of India a serious and uncertain problem for England's solution. The developing pride and joy of the Chinese, as sung everywhere by school children of New China, is that they are four hundred and forty million "Han Yin" (men of Han), and conscious of their united destiny. For centuries land-locked and sea-locked—frozen steppes on the north, highest of all mountains to the west and southwest, and the widest of oceans in front—they have in some ways been more peculiarly "shut up" than the Jews in preparation for their great mission.

Their language, a written one, peculiar among the languages of the earth, but common to all Han Yin, together with customs and religions, uniform in the main, plus their isolation for ages from surrounding nations, have made them practically a unit. "A patriarchal government, based intellectually upon a common literature that heretofore has been the stepping stone to official

employment, has welded them together as by bands of iron; so that to-day they present a united front to the West."

Another remarkable trait of the Chinese, matched only in America, is their power of assimilation. Though now homogeneous, they have long been in the melting pot, and have come out of it in remarkable racial strength.

Can all this be for other than a mighty purpose of God? Notable ancient states and peoples, such as those of Egypt and Persia, have come into subjection to younger races; or, like the Picts, Celts and Angles, have lost their pristine individuality; or like the Slavs and Balkan peoples, have been vastly changed by race mixture and by the interplay of other civilizations upon them; or like the Hittites, Assyrians, and Aztecs, have been written on the melancholy roll of history, dead. But China stands China to-day. The ancient Roman State moved with the irresistible majesty of a glacier, crushing all before it. Chinese race-history reminds one of the tides. The motion of a baby hand can deflect their waters—a little and for a time. But they sweep on in resistless mobility, swallowing all in their path. Rome, though conferring the proud gift of citizenship upon many of its conquered peoples, never could make a Parthian or a Carthaginian a Roman. Jews are fighting in all the armies of Europe; but they are neither Russians nor Austrians nor Germans nor French nor Poles nor English. No other race ever made the Jew dwelling in its midst an integral part of the stream of its national life. But the Chinese have amalgamated that company of the Dispersion who wandered into their midst and settled in the region of Kai Feng Fu.

The Mohammedans are supposed to be the hardest religious nut in the world to crack. What nation, from the days of the Byzantine Empire, has been able to curb

their stubborn fanaticism? Italy and France in North Africa rule them and the Balkan States in Europe smash them, but cannot mix with them in a peace that is born of equality; Austria can do little with her Mohammedan subjects, but must cater to them on every hand—build their mosques, organize them into special regiments, give them distinctive dress and extra pay and peculiar food. Russia, who like an anaconda has gormandized scores of weaker peoples, is equally impotent to mould the Mohammedans in its midst. England the supreme colonizer and past-master in the art of handling subject races—what mass-movement of her Mohammedans has she ever been able so to direct as to make these wild hordes take on the characteristics of English men? But China has absorbed her Mohammedans—millions of them—and they have become Chinese. Usurpers and conquerors, like Ghenghis Khan and his Mongols in the thirteenth century, and the Manchus in the seventeenth, have had to conform to the customs, language, religions, laws, literature and government of the conquered—and thereby lose their identity as the price of keeping place and power even for a season.

As the Chinese proverb puts the situation: "China is a sea that salts all waters that flow into it." Its history shows that "the conqueror has always suffered one of two fates—he has been forced to retreat or he has been quickly assimilated."

As their power of assimilation in part explains their homogeniety, so their marvellous adaptability to all conditions—of climate, of work, of environment—may in part explain their powers of assimilation.

"The Chinaman," as Bishop Fowler says, "crosses all seas, burrows into all continents. He excels the Saxon in ability to toil in all climates; he matches the Russian in enduring Arctic storms; he surpasses the

Negro in labouring in the tropics. He is the one cosmopolitan, at home everywhere, as if he owned the world. Silent, gentle, submissive, industrious, economical, temperate, all-enduring—he thrives everywhere. On mountains, in the deserts, on the plains, on the islands. As the serpent, with his one ability to crawl, competes in all realms—without fins swims with the fish, without hands climbs with the monkey, without feet runs with the panther—so the Chinaman, with his supreme gift of adaptability, competes successfully with the sailor on the sea, with the frontiersman in the wilderness, with the miner in the earth, with the exile in his wanderings. He never asks for a fair chance, and never gets it. He takes a chance beneath the notice of anybody else's contempt, and succeeds. Once landed, he abides. The individual changes, but the kind continues. A human microbe, he multiplies. Many men, when they emigrate to other lands, are 'agin' the governments of the land to which they go. The Chinese, not being a politician, is not. All governments that let him alone suit him. He never breeds nor joins revolutions abroad. He is versatile; and all industries that have a possible margin attract him. He never boycotts any occupation. All occupations are good if they pay; and all occupations pay him. Not being ambitious, except for more cash, all social orders that give return for service are equally satisfactory to him. He, of all men, is pleasing to the greatest variety of women. He marries through the widest range of races. Like a mongoose he can run through any passageway. Though fond of a palace, he can live in a hut; though fond of space, he can live in a sewer-pipe;—and be at home anywhere. As gravity draws all rivers along the lines of least resistance, so his instinct for gain, plus his discernment, draws him along lines where there is the least waste of energy. Now that

which, par excellence, makes a man a colonizer is adaptability; and the Chinese is the supreme colonizer. He stands unrivalled in this. All countries are his—from frozen Siberia to torrid India, Burmah and Africa, even to its southernmost gold mines; also all the Americas, from Alaska to the Horn, including the Caribbees, Porto Rico, Cuba, Hawaii and Philippines. All islands of the sea are his. He has the largest colonies, here and there, on the earth, even larger than the British colony at Buenos Ayres. In the Malay Straits, he far outnumbers all the Malays. In Siam he is three million strong, nearly one-third the entire population of that kingdom. But for the fact that he could not vote in America, and that the politicians oppose him in the selfish interest of many none the worthier (*who are allowed to vote*), he might have been to-day ten million strong under our flag. It took all the venom of local prejudice, all the chicanery of labour leaders, all the congressional corruption that violated our solemn treaty obligations, all the might of the Federal Government, to check this silent, creeping, unresisting, though ever on-pressing tide."

The Chinese race is one to be reckoned with. Whoever belittles it does not understand the lessons of history; he who condescends towards it is not wise.

II

Racial Traits

A Study of Some Modern Achievements

II

RACIAL TRAITS

WHILE Americans see three generations born, many of the Chinese see four. The significance of this can only be understood in the light of the fact that medical missionary reports show that from sixty to eighty per cent. of all babies born die in infancy and childhood—heathen ignorance and superstition as immediately producing causes. Naturally those who survive are the fittest. Those who in the United States see the small, wiry, slight-built Chinese from the south coast of China, do not know the Chinese. From Central China northward they are a big-framed, powerful-statured race. Indeed the people of West China are the giants of the Orient. Whoever has witnessed a review of Yuan Shi Kai's foreign-trained troops, not to speak of having lived among and studied the peasant masses, has a new conception of the physical fitness of the Chinese. And with every passing year the physical conditions of this prolific race, under missionary and educational development, are improving, so that a larger percentage of its numbers can survive.

Professor Reinsch speaks as follows of this active, energetic race: "For ages there has been with them a survival of the hardiest. Trained from youth to subsist on meagre diet, to get along with little sleep, to work patiently from twelve to fourteen hours a day, these men scoff at difficulties and exertions which would within a year weary a European to death." Baron Von Richofen

has explored China more extensively than any one else, and has studied it scientifically and economically. He maintains that "in the struggle for existence the Chinese have the advantage over inhabitants of the tropics and over uncivilized races generally, of restless industry; over the people of Europe, the advantage of extreme thrift; and apparently over the other inhabitants on the earth, of being suited to any other climate." This toughness of physical fibre that manifests itself in the ability of a Chinaman to hang on and endure against hope suggests a famous saying in the Far East: "A Chinese can live longer on a cash piece (one-fiftieth of an American copper cent) than any other human; and when that is gone, he can live off the hole."

This age, and the governments thereof, being built on force, such a capacity for physical endurance cannot escape scrutiny, in face of the inevitable weighing of the fighting potentialities of every nation. Rumours from Russian sources credit the Chinese Government with a plan to develop a standing army of fifty million soldiers. If true, its significance is beyond words, and everybody will want to know about the possible soldier-qualities of the Chinese.

Putman Weale, in one of his volumes of epic scope on the Far East, says: "Whilst the ordinary man all over the world still pictures the Chinese soldier as the effete and worthless coolie, the fact is becoming more and more clear to European military agents in China that the Chinaman is not only not effete and worthless, but that he is being developed into the most formidable soldier on the Continent of Asia. Contemptuous of death, physically far superior to the Japanese, with an immense pride of race and a quickness and ingenuity which far eclipses that of all other Eastern races, it requires but good leaders and a careful selection from the great masses of men

available to evolve army corps which, conscious of their strength, will defy the best troops of Europe."[1] As to the bravery of the rank and file, men like General Gordon, Lord Roberts and Lord Beresford, who know a real soldier when they see him, unite in declaring, in the language of Admiral Dewey, that, "properly armed, sustained and led, the world affords no better material than the Chinese soldier."

To students of China, few things are more impressive than the recuperative powers of the nation.

Professor Legge, a conservative and authoritative British scholar of things Chinese, says: "Probably there is no country in the world which has drunk so much blood from its battles, sieges and massacres as China." And Dr. Ernest Faber, the erudite German sinologue, has written: "Rebellions in China have occurred on a large scale over fifty times in about two thousand years, and local rebellions over some province are almost yearly events—numberless. It is impossible to calculate how many hundreds of millions of human lives have been sacrificed during these rebellions."

Note that the Tai Ping rebellion was waged fourteen years to establish "The Great Peace Heaven Kingdom," with the result that the Manchu usurpers were seated the more firmly; and perhaps a hundred million lives, as suggested by Dr. A. H. Smith, were snuffed out in the process. That is to say, between 1850–1864 more Chinese perished, by forty millions, than the combined population of the France and Germany of that time.

The catastrophes of nature have also been appalling beyond belief. For many decades not a year has passed during which one or more provinces have not been decimated by drought or flood or famine or fever or pestilence or plague or piracy or brigandage; by local rebel-

[1] "Reshaping the Far East."

lions or by foreign wars,—never one of these disasters alone—and all the time by opium.

At the point of the bayonet in two wars opium was forced on the Chinese. To fend it off, they spent vast sums, fighting a powerful Christian nation. Then they paid vaster sums in indemnity as the price of their defeat. Then they paid into the coffers of the Indian Government the appallingly vast sum of eight hundred million pounds ($5,400,000,000 gold) for the privilege of being ruined physically, mentally, morally—and always under helpless protest. Mr. Towyn Jones was speaking, May 7, 1913, in the House of Commons against Britain longer forcing opium upon China (which had then interdicted the growth and sale of opium upon her soil). Seventy million gold dollars' worth of Indian opium was at that moment stored in Shanghai for forced Chinese consumption. Mr. Smith said: "Opium has destroyed a greater number of Chinese people than war, famine and pestilence together. Can what we in Britain label 'poison' be in China 'food'?" There was no reply. How could there be, in view of the fact that the British Parliament had twice declared the traffic "morally indefensible"; and that when the Empress Dowager in 1906 began her campaign to blot out the traffic, a register (ordered of all consumers of the drug) showed forty per cent. of the population to be opium users.

From the inception of modern relationships with the West the Chinese Government has been unjustly wrung for every sort of concession—political, economic, territorial. When stung to madness, the people have made savage retorts. And for these they have been punished mercilessly, brutally.

For example, the Boxer outbreak indemnity was an extra tidbit of some 67,500,000 pounds (almost $337,000,000 gold). How just it was may be judged from

this fact: Russia's share was 19,575,000 pounds, or twenty-nine per cent. of the whole. This claim embraced pay for 120,000 troops who were never concerned directly or indirectly with the suppression of the outbreak ; but who, while the other Powers and China were busy at the siege of Peking, were busy in Manchuria, stealing that vast domain by a process which Russia euphemistically styled "painless identification." We are told that Russia had seventy-five soldiers in the siege of Peking and seventy-five more marched to its relief.

Without referring to the drastic and amazing claims put in by the Powers in connection with the hypothetical losses that they affirmed their merchants might not have sustained had there been no rebellion against the Republic, China's foreign debt, contracted by the effete Manchu dynasty and wasted largely in their imperial excesses, mounted up to more than $700,000,000 gold. No other nation, either as a political entity or as a race, has ever paid such appalling tolls of blood and treasure, all so utterly without returns—and still survived its losses.

And yet the Chinese, though all their ancient contemporaries have passed into mournful oblivion, are today more numerous, more energetic and more prosperous than ever before in their history—the mystery of the nations. The situation was succinctly put by Mr. T. T. Meadows, a British Consul of "philosophic temper and of large knowledge of China," who, more than fifty years ago, published "The Chinese and their Rebellions," a book fruitful in suggestions as to the reason of their endurance. Seated on the pyramid of Cheops, he cogitated over this matter in the lines of Lowell :

> "There sits drear Egypt 'mid beleaguering sands
> Half woman and half beast,
> The burnt-out torch within her mouldering hands
> Which once lit all the East."

And then he wrote: "The Chinese have as much youth and vitality in them as the youngest of the young nations."

As England has long felt concern over the trade-mark "Made in Germany," so Russia has long feared the extraordinary business capacity of the Chinese, a capacity that can endanger the commercial supremacy of Europe. Any one who knows China knows that the Chinese are formidable competitors. As keen buyers and sellers, they are inherently careful students of market movements, of questions of supply and demand, of present and future market rates, and of how to take advantage of the same. "Watch a Chinese business man as he figures his accounts. Though his features are immobile, you soon realize that his gray matter is not. While his nimble fingers run up and down the balls of the abacus, he is listening to those around him, often giving orders to clerks or to carters and barrow-men and coolies in the yard, and all the while without raising his head or ceasing to calculate with his left hand and write with his right. Brain, mouth, eyes, hands—all working at once; yet few mistakes. Such characteristics impress the onlooker that here is a born trader." Indeed he must be, to work the puzzle of Chinese moneys—"most confused and intricate of all currencies." Yet he works it easily; and by manipulating the balls of his abacus he will reckon sums faster than the average foreigner can by means of the Arabic numerals.

A well-known New York banker, who for two years travelled all over China, studying its economical possibilities, says: "China not only has the greatest undeveloped resources known in the world, but she represents the largest aggregation of able traders, merchants and bankers." "The Chinaman is, par excellence, the business man of the Orient. He owns and manages great

steamship lines, banks, factories, mines, plantations, railroads, mercantile establishments, vast corporations, not only in his land;—not only in the English colony of Hong Kong, in Japan, in the Straits Settlements, in India, Burmah, and Siam; but in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and San Francisco." Little men may laugh at him; but none dare ignore him. While some sneer, he becomes a master. The hostility to and envy of the Chinaman is that born of jealousy. No wise man despises a powerful rival. Heretofore we have looked upon the Jew as the greatest trader in the world. In the Far East they say: "A Chinaman can skin a Jew out of his eye-teeth." And it is highly significant that, for decades, wherever the Hebrew and the Celestial have come into business competition, the latter, by his superior ability, has said to the former, as Savonarola to Lorenzo: "You must go, but I shall remain!" And the Jew has gone!

In a land where until recently calisthenics and athletics have been below par; and where the marks of a scholar were a slow gait, stooped shoulders, a narrow chest, long finger-nails and, possibly, a hectic cough; our Mission school boys, of the first generation out of heathenism, have attended the first meeting of the Far Eastern Olympic games at Manilla, and, competing against white men and Orientals of various races, have won. In the same way it has surprised Westerners to find boys out of squalid mud villages, the first generation out of heathenism, ranking with the best students in our universities and frequently capturing first places. Many a Chinese student, both in Europe and America, has been an honour man, despite the handicap of working in a strange language. When ex-President Elliott of Harvard was asked how the forty-seven Chinese students then in the University compared with the American students, he

answered: "I should have to search among hundreds of Americans to find their equals!" Probably most educators in the Far East would agree with Dr. A. A. Fulton, a missionary leader of thirty years' experience in China: "I will match Chinese children with the children of any other nation, both in their desire to learn and in their ability to reach a high standard."

In diplomatic discussion involving delicate controversies as well as in questions affecting international interests, the Chinese have proven themselves the equals of some of the best minds of European nations. For decades, in their political intercourse with the West, their only weapon was their finesse. What could better illustrate their diplomatic resourcefulness than the manner in which they handled the international Quadruple and Sextuple Loan Groups? Without the adventitious aids of international banking corporations and powerful armies, they, by the might of their own acumen, fended off the mercenary conditions of the forced loan from March 14, 1912, to December 12, 1912, holding up to the whole world the loan-shark trick therein, and causing honest men everywhere to blush at the odious conditions imposed, and finally bringing forces into play that defeated the loan as thus organized. And this, despite the fact that arrayed against them were the combined brains of many financial experts of Europe and America, backed by the reputation, wealth and power of six of the most powerful Governments whose "honour" was at stake to jam through the deal, and whose diplomatic representative schemed day and night to force the Chinese to swallow their Egyptianizing pill.

An American Y. M. C. A. Secretary to the Chinese, born and brought up in China, says: "As to China's scholars we are only beginning to realize that, with all the faults of her educational system, it has produced a

race of thinkers, the brainiest race in Asia, who combined the mental alertness of the Americans with the solid endurance of the German student. China's weakness in the past has not been due to a lack of intellectual vigour. Her people have been thinkers, as evinced by the practical good sense of scores of millions of peasants who are able to produce larger crops per acre probably than any people not trained in the most recently developed methods of scientific farming carried on with large capital. Not slumber, not intellectual inability to meet a situation, explains China's backwardness and seemingly arrested development, but isolation plus the pall of heathenism and a reactionary dynastic government. It does not prove that the Chinese are inadequately equipped mentally because they have not always thought in profitable directions. This is everywhere the penalty upon men for not living according to the light of revelation. But the Chinese are now beginning to think profitably; and no better evidence of their intellectual power profitably applied need be adduced than the marvellous rapidity with which they assimilate Western ideas. Five years before 1900 the ignorance of the ruling class was so crass, their pride so overweening and their self-satisfied aloofness so dense, that scores of millions not only did not know that Japan had beaten China, but did not even know that China had been at war. Five years after 1900 the ruling class had become so permeated with Western thought as to render improbable the recurrence of such storms as the cataclysm of 1900. Even Japan, with her almost magic power of transformation, has not been so quick as China to bring the rank and file of her educated leaders to appreciate the fundamental factors of progress."

Such a people may be counted upon to have a passion for learning. And to know how intense, one needs to

dwell in the land and note its many manifestations. Now that many from the leading classes—officials, literati and government students—believe that education, and in its Western variety, is the key to power, they want it. And the Christians, throughout the land, thinking of it as inseparably associated with "the Jesus Religion," also desire it, and to a point of sacrifice that the rich city gentry cannot appreciate. In many a little mud village of China many a peasant parent ekes out the meagre winter supply of soupy vegetable food by mixing in dried sweet-potato leaves—the same dried leaves that each householder feeds his pigs—and many a meal is omitted altogether—both by parents and by children,—in order to avail themselves of Mission school privileges, to pay the required tuition in a higher school, or their share of a Christian teacher's salary in a primary school established by the Mission in their own village.

In a world where might makes right, where conquerors and nations have long been obsessed with the efficacy of war to accomplish selfishly ambitious projects, and where the God of the heaviest battalions is zealously worshipped, few facts could be more creditable than this to such a virile and numerous race as the Chinese. It honours not war but peace; it glories not in the sword, but in the printed page; it magnifies not the conqueror, but the sage and his best thoughts. To all young nations, who would win a place in the sun by the methods of the mailed fist, there is food for thought also in this: "That probably the most distinguished characteristic of this ancient Empire and people has been their pursuit of intellectual development and education." For two thousand years they have made scholastic attainments the first requisite for admission to the public service; and scholars, under the patronage of the Government, have for centuries, in every province and district of the Empire, been magnify-

ing the power of the pen, preaching the peaceableness of learning and its pleasant fruitfulness.

How explain such an attitude towards books and teachers? It has been possible only because of the fine mental equipment of this people. And so it is a hopeful sign for China that her masses have long honoured education and struggled to attain it; that her leaders have sacrificed much in order to inaugurate the modernizing of that educational system; and that one of its "first fruits" has been the grinding in pieces of a dynasty, selfish and reactionary, that lay like an incubus upon the nation.

Other race traits both physical and mental could be profitably dwelt upon in detail—their absence of nerves and hardiness in lightly carrying toil, pain and hardship that is beyond our conception; their good-nature and contentment, approachableness and peaceableness; their frugality, industry and economy; their power of swift combination for passive and active resistance; respect for intellectual and moral forces; conservatism that makes for reverence of accredited authority, and law observance; courtesy and friendliness and gratitude towards those whom they have any reason to trust, indomitable perseverance that hangs on despite the most discouraging circumstances, and a wonderful reliability in all matters which they recognize as involving an obligation or contract.

A host of witnesses could be drawn upon to testify to the all-round qualifications of the Chinese—given a chance—to play well their part in the great days to come. But four must suffice—a missionary statesman, the British creator and administrator-general of the Chinese customs, a famous war-correspondent resident in the Far East, and an American ex-Secretary of State.

First, Dr. John R. Mott, than whom there are few saner or more keen and well-equipped students of inter-

national conditions, on the occasion of Princeton's farewell to its missionaries to China, October 4, 1906, said: "In all my travels, embracing over thirty nations, I was more impressed by China than any other. And it was not the vast population, not the great antiquity of China, not the difficulties and obstacles it presents, which impressed me most, but the race itself, combining as it does all the characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race—industry, frugality, patience, tenacity, conservatism and mental vigour, apart from which qualities no nation has achieved permanent greatness."

Second, Sir Robert Hart, despite experiences in the siege of Peking enough to make a man pessimistic, said in England just before his retirement: "I am a great believer in China's future. It is a very big country and has everything it needs in its own ring fence. The Chinese are a most industrious, intelligent, law-abiding and easily governed people, and individually they respond with wonderful reciprocity to reasonableness. The world can therefore form its opinion as to what more than four hundred million people may do, once they are organized after Western ideas."

Third, Frederick McCormick, many years in the Far East as special writer and reporter, much travelled in China and long student of things Chinese, thinks that "the Chinese people—sober, brainy, industrious, imaginative—are capable of now adding the greatest contributions to civilization."

Fourth, listen to General J. W. Foster, authority on American diplomacy in the Orient, friend of China, and valued official Adviser to the Chinese Government: "It is scarcely an exaggeration, in the presence of its history and attainments, to assert that no nation or race of ancient or modern times has stronger claims than the Chinese to be called a great people."

The foregoing facts and considerations lead us, with Professor J. E. Williams of Nanking Union University, to say : "We may confidently expect that a people who abolished feudalism two hundred years before the Christian era, who have never known caste, who are more free from class distinctions than any country in Europe, who are more democratic in common relations than Americans, and among whom representative government in village life has been indigenous for ages; and who have shown in their history as great genius for organization and government as the Romans, will be able to work out the problems of a Republican Government. We may expect that a people who could build the Great Wall (which General Grant said represented more labour than all our railroads and sky-scrapers) in a period of ten years, two hundred years before Christ—will be able to open mines and build railways. We may expect that a people who were printing a thousand years before Gutenberg (1400–1468), who were sailing by the mariner's compass centuries before Columbus, who discovered gunpowder, incubators and a hundred contrivances that were only discovered within the century in the West, will be able to apply modern science to their own immeasurable mineral and agricultural resources. We may expect that a people whose business honesty is notable among Christian merchants and whose genius for trade and finance excels the Jews, will be able, when freed from the age-long shackles of a corrupt piratical government, to develop their own commerce and industries." And when this race has been evangelized it may be counted upon to present to the world the same type of religion, marked by the same sturdiness and robustness, as has characterized the followers of Calvin and Knox in the British Isles, New England, Holland and the fastnesses of the Waldensian Alps.

Familiarity with the sheer native ability of the Chinese, not only considering their traits massed in the race, but as they appear in the persons of outstanding individuals, causes one's respect for the Chinese to mount. Take, for example, four men, two of whom are still with us—Li Hung Chang, Chang Chi Tung, Yuan Shi Kai and Swen Yat Sen. These men, for native forcefulness, for intellectual power, for diplomatic success, for constructive ability, for administrative efficiency under well-nigh superhuman difficulties, for influence over scores of millions of their countrymen, might compare not unfavourably with any four political leaders of any other nation of this generation.

Concerning the first of these men, Li Hung Chang, General Grant said that Viceroy Li impressed him as the ablest personality he had ever met. Indeed, in a notable review, ex-Secretary of State, J. W. Foster, authority on diplomacy, has this estimate: "Li Hung Chang was not only the greatest man the Chinese race has produced in modern times, but, in a combination of qualities, the most unique personality of the past century among all the nations of the world. He was distinguished as a man of letters; as a soldier in important campaigns he rendered valuable service to his country; as a statesman for thirty years he maintained a recognized preëminence over his countrymen in the oldest and most populous nation of the earth; and as a diplomat his achievements entitle him to a front rank in the international relations of all history. The last one hundred years have produced many men of scholarship, several great generals, a number of statesmen of distinguished ability and success, and a few diplomats of high rank; but no one of these can be singled out as having combined in his person all these attainments in such an eminent degree as Li Hung Chang."

And the following concerning him among a galaxy of international "great ones": "The ceremony of the coronation of the Czar of Russia brought together at the ancient Muscovite capital such a representation of the nations of the earth as was never before assembled in the world. And it is safe to say that the most notable personage in that august assemblage was Li Hung Chang, the representative of the 'Son of Heaven,' the Emperor of China. In length of public service and of the myriads of people in whose behalf it was rendered, in his intellectual attainments, his unique characteristics, and in his commanding personality, the Chinese representative was the most conspicuous witness of the young Czar's coronation."

And this as to his patriotism: "At four different times in his career he was stripped of his 'yellow jacket' and all his honours, and disgraced in the eyes of his countrymen by the irascible Empress Dowager, yet he remained loyal to the throne, assured that she knew the value of his services and would again bestow upon him the honour and high duty. He records: 'Whenever there is trouble, I am always the physician in attendance, but instead of collecting a fee, I am usually subject to a fine for my trouble and skill.'"

"The last service he rendered his country was the crowning act of his long career. After the Empress Dowager and the court had fled from the capital, as the allied armies occupied Peking and rescued the legations and foreign refugees, the nations which had been so grossly outraged instructed their diplomatic representatives to seek the punishment of the guilty officials and exact full indemnity for the losses sustained. Notwithstanding Li Hung Chang had been driven with angry words from the presence of the Empress and banished to a distant province at Canton, yet, from her hiding-place

in the mountains, she summoned him to Peking to meet the angry and determined diplomats, and save the throne from extinction and the Empire from dismemberment.

"Although the disease which brought him to the grave was rapidly undermining his strength, he made the long journey to the capital. On his way, at Tientsin, he makes this entry in his diary: 'I fear the task before me is too great for my strength of body, though I would do one thing more before I call the earthly battle over. I would have the foreigners believe in us once more, and not deprive us of our national life.'

"His labours were successful. Incidentally it is gratifying to Americans to know that in his diary he gives our Government credit for aiding him to save his country from dismemberment and from conditions too burdensome to endure.

"Within a few weeks after he signed the protocol which gave his country peace, he ended his earthly life in the seventy-ninth year of his age. It was a fitting end to a stormy career of the greatest of Oriental statesmen and one of the most distinguished of the public men of the world."

Viceroy Chang Chi Tung, before the Boxer War, wrote "China's Only Hope," a book that was as much a clarion call to China's millions as were the words of Peter the Hermit to Mediæval Europe; a book that within a given time had a larger sale than any other on record,—the Bible alone excepted. During the year of its publication several million copies got into the hands of the future leaders of the land and it was read by and to millions more. In that book, among various reforms advocated, were two of immense significance to the world at large, as well as to China—reforms now on the way to realization. One was the sweeping away of the hoary system of Chinese education in favour of the Western; the other

was a prohibition of the production, sale and use of opium within the Empire. To be sure, American Missionary Associations were behind both reforms. They had undauntedly advocated them, and had steadily pressed them, giving him vast support; but the credit for officially bringing these matters before the attention of the Empress Dowager and the ruling classes, and with all the force and éclat that the ablest living viceroy possessed, and pushing them, belongs to this old man, who had never travelled outside his country, who had no foreign education, who spoke no foreign language, and who was, anomalous as it seems, irrevocably bound to the past.

Think of what was involved in these two changes alone. China's educational system, which for thousands of years has been individualistic and exclusive, was intended to hold the Ship of State to her ancient moorings.

The new educational aims and ideals planned in the Imperial edict of 1901 implied not only the cutting of those moorings, but the transference to another kind of ship. It was intended to prepare the Chinese for changing from an autocratic form of Government to a representative, and, as speedily developed, even into a Republican form.

The educational task was staggering in its vastness. It involved the establishment of a million public schools for which sixty-five million children were waiting. "Probably not one in forty of the children of school age are in school," certainly not among the vast mass of peasant villages. In 1913 the Government maintained about thirty-six thousand schools; imagine county normals in which the magistrates were trying to meet this crying need for teachers by turning out graduates holding certificates for a three months', six months', nine months', and twelve months' course in "Western learn-

ing"—teachers of English, for example, "proficient to the letter G"! The Mission schools have one hundred thousand pupils; but this edict revealed the need of, and opened the opportunity to train, ten times that number to become Government school teachers alone.

The Imperial University at Peking was given $1,425,000 for buildings and was assured of nearly $150,000 a year for its annual budget. Shansi University as a Government school was provided with property to the extent of one-fourth of a million dollars. The Government soon planned for four great University centres centrally located in North, South, East and West China, together with thoroughly developed college and technical schools for each province. But time could not wait. In one province the educational officials offered the entire charge of the public school system in eight counties, revenues and all, to one of the American Mission Boards. In another place the missionaries were asked to take charge of the schools of the entire Province.

And to get an adequate conception of what faced Chang in the opium reform we must think of Russia, Germany, the United States, the British Isles, all of whose populations do not equal China's, but whose Governments would make the most powerful combination in the world, seriously, determinedly, using their united power to stamp out the drink traffic and the white slave business within their borders; must think of their officers going into every gin still and brewery and brothel that had not actually closed up, and executing right there in their own establishments, presidents and managers, foremen and bosses, proprietors and Mesdames, procurers and procuresses; even as the stern old viceroy, when the opium raisers refused to stop growing their crops, sent his soldiers to the fields where the poppies flaunted their gorgeous, seducing beauty, and made the red blood from

the severed human necks mingle in the furrows with the scarlet of the trampled and plowed up flowers.

The anti-opium campaign inaugurated by the edict of 1906 was, as the London *Times* remarks, "so formidable that the strongest of Governments might flinch before it." Yet it has been steadily and determinedly maintained. "China has not," to quote a dispatch of Sir John Jordon, British Minister to Peking, "hesitated to deal with a question that a European nation, with all the modern machinery of government and the power of enforcing its decisions, would probably have been unwilling to face." At a time when she was urgently in need of money, she was willingly facing the loss of an enormous annual opium revenue, "a far more serious question," adds the British Minister, "at the present state of the Chinese national exchecquer than the similar problem with which the Indian Government will have to deal in sacrificing the opium revenue."

Still another move, as necessary as far-sighted, also fathered by Chang, and executed by him in conjunction with other viceroys, was to refuse to obey the Empress Dowager, in her command to slay all foreigners in the provinces ruled by them; not only so, but, through manifestoes issued to the world, to deny that China was at war with the nations and to affirm that the slight unpleasantness at Peking was only a local disturbance disapproved of by the viceroys and governors (who were the real rulers of China). Thus did he remove from the Powers all ostensible excuse for the partition of China.

Surely such gigantic plans and the setting of the machinery for their accomplishment into operation required vision and will and brains on the part of the old man.

Yuan Shi Kai, President of the Republic, like the others came up from the ranks. For years, his finesse thwarted the astutest machinations to wrench Korea from

the suzerainty of China. As Governor of Shantung he risked his life to save our missionaries; and he saved them. Seated in his yamen at Tsinan Fu, where he could be easily struck from Peking by "The Venerable Buddha" (as the Empress with a quaint conceit was accustomed to have herself euphemistically called), he yet defied her secret telegram to kill. And, remember, her power was absolute, her temper brooked no opposition; and in her resourcefulness and wealth and imperiousness she was comparable only to Catherine of Russia. He inaugurated the first really great Provincial University, under the scheme of Western education outlined with the aid of missionaries by Chang Chi Tung, and put Rev. W. M. Hayes, D. D., of the American Presbyterian Mission, in full charge with *carte blanche* to choose Christian professors, trained by himself and other missionary educators, as faculty.

During the Chinese Revolution of 1912 he played a rôle unique in history. Bitterly hated by the reactionary Court and by the Radical Republicans, as being not extreme enough for either, he was yet the only man who could mediate between the two. Disgraced and dispossessed of office by the Regent, that same Regent had to implore him to return, had to give him absolute power, in order that Yuan, a Chinese, might save him and his incompetent House, Manchus, from destruction. Yuan's life and that of his family were for months endangered by assassins from both sides; yet, step by step, he forced this dynasty, entrenched in privileges and wealth, peacefully to withdraw from power. Where else in dynastic history is the like recorded? And then, step by step, he forced an unwilling South—fifteen out of eighteen provinces solidly against him—to accept him, a Northern man, as the President of the united country.

Herbert E. House, inmate of his household, and tutor

to one of his sons, expresses an opinion of Yuan Shi Kai in which probably, out of their experience and studies, the majority of the older missionaries would join. "He has shown himself to be a man of the very highest order of executive ability, a broad-minded, well-informed, conservative reformer, just and friendly in his attitude towards foreigners, a sincere patriot, the integrity of whose purpose is not doubted by those who best know him. He is typical of the men now coming into power who are to reorganize the Empire and develop the almost unlimited resources of the country."

On the question of his patriotism (much sneered at by those who for sinister motives have for years systematically traduced him before the Chinese people) a little side light is thrown by Mr. House who tells how one day when certain Governments of Europe had consummated a certain deal against the integrity of China, a deal that in the long array of subterranean machinations against the welfare of China would, for cynicism and iron-heartedness, be difficult to surpass, Yuan Shi Kai came home in great despondency. The son stated: "My father nearly cried this morning; for he says that 'China is finished.'" What it meant for the father to approach crying can be best understood by those living among the Chinese, who see such marvellous concealment of feeling that they often smile and laugh when announcing the worst personal misfortunes, the most poignant bereavements and sorrows. Yet the day came when this man held in his powerful hand the destinies of more millions of human beings than any other national leader.

Swen Yat Sen may or may not have erred in judgment when he allowed himself to become entangled in the rebellion against the Republic, and it looks as if he had not lived up to the standard of an exalted national hero. But that cannot eclipse the glory of his earlier achievement.

Where else is it written that an unknown, penniless youth set himself to pull down an irresponsible, tyrannical dynasty, hated and feared of the people, but so entrenched in privilege and power as to make popular headway against it seem hopeless—and succeeded? Where else, that on the ruins of that long-established throne he attempted to set up a representative Government—and succeeded? But for the accomplishment of this end he must needs labour for many years alone and in the dark. Hunted from city to city, and from continent to continent, by the sleuth-hounds of the Empress Dowager, men high-salaried and unscrupulous, working for the imperial price set on his head, he never quailed or faltered, but agitated, made sentiment, filled men with his hope and conviction. His multifarious experiences—trials and discouragements, dangers and escapes—were stranger than fiction; yet, through it all, he kept his balance and courage and will to achieve, perfecting an organization of disaffection unequalled for its size, secrecy, completeness and efficiency. It was nothing short of real genius, a genius for leadership, insinuating, persuasive, fiery, dynamic—that, against heavy odds, enabled him to win the unbounded allegiance of the student classes and confidence of the merchant classes.

The loyal support given him by the latter class was witnessed by the remarkable manner in which, for Chinese, they poured out their gifts for his propaganda, totalling immense sums contributed from the Chinese dwelling both inside and outside the Empire. The same support from the former class was witnessed by their wholesale enlisting in his armies, and putting themselves at his disposal to use as their gifts and training warranted for civil duties.

On the part of men whom he approached there seemed to be an abandon of committal to him and to his cause.

This enabled him finally to become the First President of its Provisional Republic. Then, though the idol of the people, fifteen provinces solidly behind him and the hearts of the leaders in his hand—he voluntarily surrendered his place to a rival, in order to cement the union of the North and the South. How many national favourites have in spirit or fact, during all the course of history, measured up to this high ideal of self-effacement?

Such traits, thus exemplified in the lives of its leaders, and for ages characterizing the Chinese, have enabled them, even during these brief, recent years, to accomplish some things little short of marvellous, and justifying sanguine hopes. Only a heroic spirit, dead in earnest, could have wrestled for these reforms against such antagonists as hoary custom, the inertia of heathenism, and the suspicion and hostility of officials rich, powerful and reactionary. The problems ahead are not hopeless of solution in view of these earnests of victory. Some concrete achievements that may be put to the credit of the new spirit animating the men of Old China are the following.

The imperial examination halls have been torn down and for them and their system have been substituted in all parts of the land technical and normal schools, colleges and universities after Western models, some with English and American faculties. The general educational plan, drawn up, at the request of Government, by three American missionaries, requires that every capital city have at least one hundred primary schools, and all prefectures and districts at least forty and every village at least one. Every child seven years old shall be compelled to attend school. Mission schools are crowded with the sons of high officials, and on every hand have to turn away more pupils than they receive.

Ten years ago, it could be said: "In matters educa-

tional in China, it is of special significance to note that schemes of magnitude, which hold in them possibilities such as the most sanguine never contemplated until within the past decade, are now come to be regarded as every-day events within the sphere of the commonplace. Thus we find notice of a memorial to the throne from the Board of Education, asking that $70,000 be devoted to found in the capital a normal school for the training of women teachers, the school to be maintained by an annual grant from the Government of $40,000. The feature of this memorial which makes it essentially of the new time is the proposal to spend year by year so considerable a sum in providing for female education.

"One recalls the significant statement of Yuan Shi Kai, shortly before his retirement from office as Viceroy: 'The most important thing in China just now is that the women of China be educated.'"

Many thousand students are studying or have studied in foreign lands in order to give China the advantage of the best that their civilizations afford.

Some six million Chinese, thanks largely to the American Mission schools, can speak English, and all students are eager to use it as the key that, par excellence, unlocks constitutional liberty and ordered progress.

A vast number of text-books, technical works, and treatises have been translated from all languages into Chinese.

The day of the modern news sheet in China has come. A few years ago there were but two native newspapers on Western lines in China; now the land is flooded with dailies, weeklies and monthlies, reaching many millions of readers, and their contents are retold to many millions more who cannot read.

The number of post-offices, and the mileage of telephones and telegraphs, increase by leaps and bounds.

Railroad construction, which the Government a few years ago so abhorred that it bought China's single road and dumped it into the sea, is planned on a vast scale. The Government has floated private loans to the extent of five hundred million dollars for great trunk lines. An American railroad expert says: "During the next twenty years more miles of railroad will be built in China than in any other part of the world; and while foreigners may assist in furnishing the capital, the prime movers will be the Chinese themselves, who will insist, as far as they are able, upon obtaining substantial control."

A beginning has been made of the revision of the Chinese system of jurisprudence, "crude and almost barbaric," as J. W. Foster calls it, "despite the fact that it has long been codified and compiled in forty tomes, each volume being devoted to a specified branch of law." This, carried out in good faith, will release China from the humiliating exterritoriality régime.

A beginning has been made of city sanitation, in the tearing down of hoary city walls and the remaking of great areas inside them. Whoever has seen the modern sections of Canton, Shanghai, Wuchang, Peking, Tientsin—their telephone systems and electric service and asphalted streets—after having waded and floundered during the rainy season through the narrow thoroughfares of an ordinary city—unlighted, undrained, unpaved, reeking with filth—will say this is marvellous in his eyes.

The Government's crusade against feet-binding, though slow of progress, is bent upon freeing the feet of some two hundred million women from pain and their minds from the crampedness and littleness that accompanies the bodily curse.

The Western Calendar has been adopted.

The New Testament, called the "Classic of the West," has come into use in many Government schools, as a

text-book of morals side by side with the works of Confucius, Mencius and Lao Tse.

The Government has made war against idolatry, in the waging of which officials have invaded hundreds of temples, and taken away and broken up the idols, many of which have become mortar in Christian buildings.

Temples have been turned into Government school-houses, and their acres recovered to the state from rascal priests,—ignorant, greasy, lecherous, tyrannizing—for the support of its schools.

A successful revolution has been carried through in the most ancient of empires, against a most powerful dynasty, amid a most conservative people; and that with the minimum of bloodshed and the maximum of protection to foreigners and their compounds scattered all over the country.

The new Government has been established through the unparallelled method of the ruling House, after tasting the sweets of nearly three hundred years of power and wealth, being forced to abdicate in peace and without a counter royalist revolution.

A courageous attempt has been made to introduce fixed salaries and the merit system of office-holding for lower Government-officials, as a substitute for the age-long régime of "no salary and squeeze."

The Republic has been maintained for fifteen months (February 1912–May 1913), "in comparative tranquillity" (as the London *Times* correctly says), in the face of non-recognition by the Powers, although at the price of costly special concessions (which China was unwilling to give), in Thibet, Mongolia, Manchuria and other parts of China (rich slices aggregating nearly three-fifths of the whole). This maintenance has been done without foreign money desperately needed; loans that the Powers were attempting to force upon the Republic under

conditions which the National Parliament rejected as "incompatible with China's self-respect, because the creditors assume the right to starve a nation or encompass the destruction of its Government, when, but for their outrageous pretentions, China, without difficulty and from independent sources, would be able to satisfy all her requirements." It has been done, despite the fact that the Provinces had all instituted a multitude of local reforms, calling for vastly increased outlays, as, for example, adding on to their budgets regular salaries of all officials and teachers, these enterprises—educational, reformatory, administrative and commercial—requiring such outlays on the part of the Provinces as to make impossible their forwarding revenues to the Central Government which had been accustomed from time immemorial to count on such revenues.

Internal order in the Republic has been firmly established by successfully quashing a rebellion of formidable proportions, engineered by popular and influential ultra-republican leaders, and reported to be financed in part by a foreign power—which rebellion had spread throughout all the central and southern Provinces.

Religious liberty has been secured—one of the first official acts of the Republic being its promulgation, as a condition of the respect of other Governments and as a corner stone of permanent national strength. Against such a commitment the Monarchy had set its face like a flint.

The debts of the defunct Monarchy have been assumed, its members being pensioned and their lives safeguarded —and this, despite the fact that the Manchus, by their anti-foreign policies and extravagant folly, had left the nation (as a leading vernacular paper said) "with no funds, no resources, no system of efficient taxation, no visible revenues, no assets, no credit; and had saddled

the nation with a 'regular debt,' so-called, for administration purposes of seven hundred million gold; not to speak of various additional debts, notably the 'irregular' Boxer indemnity, which, by the skillful manipulation of compounding interest, and by extensions of times of payments to 1937, raised the total Boxer indemnity to be paid to somewhere between six and seven hundred millions of gold dollars." "Christian" States have repeatedly been known to repudiate not only their own debts but those of their conquered enemies as well. Not so this penniless heathen Republic.

Government edicts under the Republic have appeared against gambling, and in some sections (as in Kwang Tung Province) the vice has been abolished at least for a season, as reported—though it is the darling sin of all classes. Various schemes of regulation, license and taxation of the vice all having failed, the Kwang Tung legislature enacted a prohibition law and the Governor enforced it, at an initial loss in annual revenue of seven million dollars. It is something to have gambling and prostitution under the Republic recognized as crimes, and not to have the Government dealing with them in license as partner.

The actual and effective suppression of opium-growing in every Province at a loss in revenue of one hundred and fifty million taels a year—what a gigantic turn-over this means, the stamping out of the opium habit which is the crying social evil of the land, and which was forced upon it at the cannon's mouth by a Christian nation. What it means can be felt in part by a Westerner as he compares the benefits that have come to the virile Russian villagers and peasant folk from their Government's vodka prohibition. But, fine as that is, it involves only one hundred and seventy million people; and that in a land where the Government is so rich and powerful and actually

autocratic that it can easily work its imperial will—in this instance, for good.

Protestant Christianity has been popularized throughout many sections of China because of the sincere and courageous adoption of it by many real lovers of their country—among them many prominent leaders of New China—and that even before the Revolution, at a time when it was banned by the Monarchy.

The official call of the Republic to the Native Church (and implicitly to the whole Christian world) to pray for it on Sunday, April 27, 1913, should be kept in mind. If this be not a reform—in view of what the Central Government of China has been—and a mighty stride forward in real progress, then it is hard to define what constitutes a step in progress. For this action was not an "astute political move" on the part of the President and his coadjutors, as misrepresented by cynical, carping political critics abroad. The movement originated officially with Mr. Lu Cheng Hsiang, a staunch Christian, a member of President Yuan's Cabinet, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who in proposing to the Cabinet this day of prayer said he did not wish great spectacular meetings, but rather quiet gatherings of the Christians everywhere in their regular places of worship on the Sabbath designated.

Consider the situation as stated in the words of Rev. W. P. Merrill, D. D. :

"But now, for the first time, a nation not yet Christian has definitely asked the prayers of Christians; and the action has been taken so simply, with such absolute directness, such utter lack of artifice, as to disarm all suspicion of hidden motives, or adroit attempts to influence the political action of the Christian nations.

"I am fortunately able to give you the very wording

of the message sent by the Chinese Government to all the Provinces of the Republic, and to every Chinese city in which there is a body of Christians:

"'Prayer is requested for the National Assembly now in session; for the new Government; for the President who is to be elected; for the Constitution of the Republic; that the Government may be recognized by the Powers; that peace may reign within our country; that strong and virtuous men may be elected to office; and that the Government may be established upon a strong foundation. Upon receipt of this telegram you are requested to notify all churches in your Province that April 27th has been set aside as a day of prayer for the nation. Let us take part.'

"Am I making too much of this matter when I say that it means, in the life of the Church, what the visit of the Greeks meant in the life of Jesus? We recall the long and weary years during which faithful men laboured and apparently made not the slightest impression upon the impassive and immobile civilization and people of China. Morrison 'against hope believed in hope' keeping up his faith only because he believed in the Living God, with whom nothing is impossible. Down to some fifteen years ago, China was considered the stronghold of paganism. It is but a few years since the Boxer movement threatened to drive the foreigners and their missions out of the Empire. And now Christians are in the Cabinet, and in the recently elected National Assembly; the Provisional President is a man of pronounced Christian sympathies, who said last autumn, to a group of Christians, 'I am no Christian, but I admire the wonderful teachings of Christianity, and am trying to live by them,' and who some years ago issued a 'Primer of Christianity' that the Chinese people might have a more intelligent and sympathetic idea of the religion of Jesus.

And this Government now sends a request for prayer, not to the priests and temples of its ancient faiths, but to the Christians alone, as if recognizing in them the vital power of the nation to-day."

The deep significance of that "call to prayer" inheres in the fact that China's best and truest men—her real leaders—realize that, as Professor T. M. Lindsay says, "History knows nothing of revivals of moral living apart from some new religious impulse. The motive power needed has always come through leaders who have had communion with the Unseen."

So rapidly has the reform movement advanced in China that men who had to flee the country ten years ago as ultra-radicals are to-day, by the advanced reformers, regarded as reactionaries. "China," says J. R. Mott, "has made greater progress in the last five years than any other country in the world. She has made a more radical adjustment to modern conditions than has any other nation in the same period of time. For a nation to pass within a few years from the days of the Crusaders to the twentieth century is a feat of mental and sociological gymnastics not devoid of danger. Such a leap is to risk failure, and failure means nothing else than chaos." Yet China under her leaders has made the leap.

As Bishop Maloney puts it: "The most capable and populous non-Christian nation has really turned at last into the steady channel of reform and progress."

Where in world history do we find more governmental moral earnestness than that displayed by this youngest and largest of Republics in her attempts to cast off the whole brood of hell-born incubi that press her down?

Indeed, as Dr. A. H. Smith says: "The political, intellectual, sociological and moral renovation of China and its millions is the mightiest task ever undertaken by any people. And unless the history of the past is itself one

great illusion, the entrance of China upon a new national life is of deep and permanent significance, not to the Far East alone, nor yet to Asia, but to the whole inhabited world."

Verily the vastest prize on this planet for continued mastery over which Satan contends is China. And verily the most stupendous single task that faces the Christian Church till Christ shall come again is the bringing of the knowledge of the True and Living God to China.

III

The Crises of China's Ancient Walled Cities

A Study of the Turning of the Gentry from Idols

III

THE CRISES OF CHINA'S ANCIENT WALLED CITIES

EIGHTEEN NINETY-FIVE was a momentous year not only for far eastern politics, but in world history. In that year Japan crushingly defeated China, and made manifest that she had entered upon a career that, ten years later, was to enable her to defeat Russia, at that time reputed to be the most powerful militaristic nation in Christendom; and that in another ten years was to enable her not only to humiliate Germany, supposedly resistless, but to drive her from China and spoil her great schemes in the Far East.

It was a bitter pill for China to swallow, this sudden emergence of pigmy Japan into power at China's expense—China, the "Middle Kingdom"; China, the teacher and elder brother and patron, not only of the Nipponese but of many other races; China, to whom kindred peoples of the Orient had brought tribute from time immemorial. Well might her leaders feel sore, not merely over their defeat but over the fact that their people, scores of millions of them, did not know it; yea, did not even know there had been a war.

When this war had revealed the weakness of China's Government, and that it could with impunity be outraged by powerful nations, the great states of Christendom began a rapid encroachment on China. "For political as well as commercial reasons," says former Minister W. W. Rockhill, "they sought to partition the Empire among them by the creation of spheres of influence, the securing of

strategical bases, the building and operating of lines of railway, and the acquisition of vast and ill-defined concessions over the whole face of the land."

On October 12, 1900, Li Hung Chang records: "I have learned from a source that is beyond questioning that the Powers have determined immediately after the capture of the city to make a division of China between them. Yet it seems that, like so many dogs over the carcass of a beast, they could not agree over their respective shares. It was determined that the European nations and Japan should act in concert, ignoring the United States. This, however, was not found to be feasible, for first England, and then Japan weakened. The trouble is that Japan wanted that part of China as her sphere of influence which Russia claimed as her own. Perhaps amidst the quarrelling of the wolves the sheep will get away."

However, it soon became painfully manifest that there was little permanent comfort to be derived from the quarrelling of the spoilers of the flock; for the aggressions of foreign governments continued so active and so fierce that it finally seemed to Li Hung Chang "as if our own gods and good genii had forsaken the religion of the Middle Kingdom, and departed from their guardianship of the Throne."

For the first time China's leaders began to realize something of the tremendous disadvantage that was theirs. Self-satisfied, they had for centuries gloried in their self-sufficiency; had boasted of their splendid isolation, hemmed in as they were by the barren steppes to the north, the highest of mountains to the west and southwest, and the vastest of oceans to the east. Now it came to them with a rude shock that they had really been sidetracked while Asia all about them, and especially Japan, had been rushing forward upon the main track of the

world's material progress. And it was a terrible awakening to see Japan, in her first modern trial of strength, thus leap into power and prominence.

Manifestly China could no longer remain aloof from the world's life, and maintain its own. To save itself it must become a wrestler with and among the nations. And yet, to whom to go? and—what to seek? Where the sinews of strength? China was like a Ship of State that has slipped its moorings, and without pilot or chart or port of destination, was adrift.

The immediate effect of the war with Japan was to stun the Chinese statesmen. Then gradually the conviction possessed them: little Japan, heretofore thought haughtily of, even though in self-deception, as pupil and inferior state; also arrogantly conceived of as under the hegemony of the great central power, even if not payer of tribute; had accomplished what it had only because of secrets learned from the West. The Chinese would learn these secrets too. Then began such a frenzy of the study of Western languages and law, and literature; the translation of the best Western treatises and scientific textbooks; such a delving for their technical knowledge in jurisprudence, mining, railroading, electricity, commerce, economics, newspaper-making; such plans for army and navy expansion as in its sum-total this planet possibly had never seen before. The result was the ranging of the world by Chinese students and official deputations to find their best in all departments of human activity as sources of power.

This was a bold step. Its primary importance lay in the fact that it was a practical confession of the failure of Chinese institutions. Before the war, the Chinese leaders not only saw little necessity for reform administration, but also had no conception of the weakness of their country and its institutions without Christianity. Li

Hung Chang voiced the conviction of literati and officials when he wrote: "I have no need for Christ, if I will but follow our own great sage and philosopher. I feel no personal call for the Christian religion. If my lot were cast in England, France or America, I should want to call myself a Christian, for that is the religion of those countries."

But, despite all the cynicism and cruelty and callousness of the West; despite its injustice and land-lust and aggrandizement for national glory; despite the assumption of superiority and brutal attempts at enforcement of the same; despite its insatiable hunger for trade advantages and colonies and coaling stations, there came to be borne in upon the Chinese investigators that much of the power and glory that these Western nations possessed and which China did not possess—that which made them to any degree admirable or to be copied—was somehow wrapped up in what Li Hung Chang called "the religion of those countries." Evidently their God was different from China's, just as Israel's was from Babylon's; and, like the supposedly all-powerful ruler in the presence of the fiery furnace, it behooved China to respect, even to investigate, foreign deities. And, indeed, Western nations asseverated that their God was at the bottom of everything good in them. Yet it is always to be remembered what prejudice against the Christian religion the Chinese leaders had to overcome because of the too often harsh and unjust and utterly un-Christian actions of Western Governments professing it.

Their view-point can be imagined from this paragraph out of Li Hung Chang's memorial to the Throne of July 23, 1900.

"Since the middle of the reign of Tao-Kuang the pressure of the barbarians on our borders has steadily increased, and to-day we are brought to desperate straits

indeed. In 1860 they invaded the capital and burned the Summer Palace; His Majesty, Hsien-Feng, was forced to flee, and thus came to his death. It is only natural that His Majesty's posterity should long to avenge him to the end of time, and that your subjects should continue to cherish undying hopes of revenge. But since that time France has taken from us Annam, the whole of that dependency being irretrievably lost; Japan has fought us and ousted us from Korea. Even worse disasters and loss of territory were to follow; Germany seized Kiao-Chow; Russia followed by annexing Port Arthur and Ta Lien Wan; England demanded Wei-hai-wei and Kowloon, together with the extension of the Shanghai Settlements, and the opening of new treaty ports inland; and France made further demands for Kuang-Chou-Wan. How could we possibly maintain silence under such grievous and repeated acts of aggression? Craven would be the man who would not seek to improve our defences, and shameless would be he who did not long for the day of reckoning."

Listen to one Viceroy: "Foreign Governments say they 'lease' our lands. Alas! we know they are gone forever!"

Listen to another: "How splendid a thing it would be if our ancient motto: 'King sik tsze chil' ('Reverence the written word and keep it holy,') should be hung conspicuously on the walls of the various Foreign Offices!"

See this picture, ironical side-light on "the Western Religion" as Chinese officials know it. A Chinese statesman of highest rank is surrounded by a group of foreign diplomats. He asks them if they believe the teachings of the Jesus Sage. They affirm that they do. Then he opens a Bible and reads: "Thou shalt not covet," adding: "If you believe, why do you not practice?"

And finally listen to the despairing wail of the Empress Dowager: "We shall have nothing left!"

The inconsistencies of the Christian nations did not fail to attract the attention of the Chinese. A great mandarin notes how they fight among themselves and cherish most bitter hatred against each other. He records: "The French hate the Germans, and the Russians kill the Jews, but they are all Christians when they come to China." And he refers to the action of Great Britain in forcing opium on the Chinese as "one of the worst impediments to the progress of Christianity," with this closing comment: "A great nation, a Christian nation above all things, has given this awful blight to the Middle Kingdom. What are our people to think?" Naturally they thought just what Li Hung Chang thought out loud: "It is offensive to our educated people to know that these churchmen are sent from all parts of the world to explain to us the nicest way to live and the happiest way to die."

Try to see the situation through the eyes of a heathen Chinese official. He saw camped in his land "missionaries"—many of them supposed to be paid agents of foreign governments—from all the European States now at war—missionaries, British, French, Russian, Italian, Belgian, Portuguese, German, Austrian. Whenever he thought of these men as a class—and he had to think of them pretty often—the old facts drilled into him from his youth rose like a wall to separate him from any sympathy with these foreigners—the old facts that have for a hundred years been such powerful factors in keeping China's leaders prejudiced against Christianity. Hear him say: "These foreigners have, by iniquitous wars of conquest, fastened themselves like leeches upon China. At the mouths of foreign cannon, at the points of foreign bayonets, they have seized vast areas of Chinese territory.

These foreign men and foreign guns and 'foreign dirt' (one of the Chinese contemptuous names for opium) are bad, bad for us! Must not their religion be of the same kind? What can be expected from 'a foreign-devil Jesus religion' brought by the filchers of our territory, and the ruiners of our bodies and morals?" And from his view-point, according to his light, who shall say that his conclusions are not sound, his logic irrefutable?

Really can the Chinese leaders be blamed? So much evil against which they vainly protested had been forced upon them by the nations whose names are associated with Christ's—rum, opium, doctored cigarettes, morphine, war, indemnities, land seizures, foreign domination—that they naturally were suspicious of all that came from the West. Whenever they were given the opportunity to choose what they would receive, they were chary of choosing even so good a thing as Western religion. They saw in practice what they had little means of knowing was *not* Christianity; and it was only odious.

So bitter was the rancour and hatred aroused in the hearts of gentry, literati and officials against the Christian religion, because of its apparently indissoluble association with the arrogant meddling of powerful and covetous European Governments, that Li Hung Chang, one of the most enlightened and open-minded of Chinese statesmen could once say: "I hated the foreign religion more violently than all other scourges in the world; and I prayed and hoped that not alone would the Taipings be destroyed, but that earthquakes, eruptions of mountains, and terrible fevers would make the Christian nations without a man, a woman or a child." Later that same great leader became convinced, as he says, that "the Christian religion is not so much hated in itself, but that the animosity throughout China against the 'Foreign Devils' is because they are 'foreign.' And the foreigner

is disliked, not because of his religion, not because he may be the agent of Jesus Christ or a follower of that great man, but as a possible enemy to the political and industrial independence of the country."

Still later Viceroy Li Hung Chang says that slowly the gentry began to make clean-cut distinctions between what he terms "Catholic priests as paid agents of European Governments, catspaws for their policies of encroachment, and the American Protestant missionaries." The situation began gradually to clear up in the minds of the gentry. But even so, it is one of God's good miracles that, having hated the foreigners with a perfect hatred, and having shunned their religion as one would contact with a leper, the gentry should now be turning from the idols in which they had trusted, and opening their walled cities to the Gospel.

And who are the gentry? There are two preponderating classes in China. The gentry are the people (exclusive of the nobility) of good position and means, constituting the merchant, literary and official classes—the real rulers of China. As distinguished from the peasants, living in innumerable mud villages, they are the indwellers of the great walled cities,—the administrative centres of empire—elegant (after Chinese standards), learned in their learning and glorying in its degrees, rich, powerful, self-sufficient, reactionary. These aristocrats have constituted a powerful barrier to the progress of the Gospel, spurning it—themselves another "great wall of China," but vaster than the famed one and unspeakably more impressive in the bulk of their pride, exclusiveness, lofty pretensions, contempt, and hatred of the foreign devils.

And the walled cities of China! Who has language adequate to suggest their meaning—their life for milleniums past and their potentialities for the future! These

In the Yard of a Rich Gentryman at Kaomi City

From Right to Left: 1. Rev. C. E. Scott; 2. English Teacher, Boys' School; 3. The Beloved Pastor Chao; 4. The Gentryman Who Gave this Compound for Our B. I. S.

seats of Satan, hoary, some of them, before America was discovered.

And what more fascinating than the walls that enclose them—huge, gray, grim, their very mystery challenging solution! And many a city, sitting like a queen—in the midst of a great plain,—is well calculated to pique the curiosity because of those encompassing walls that hide the life within. They intimate mysteries that the human spirit would fain unravel. To the uninitiated they are not only tantalizing, but altogether baffling. For centuries these massive walls of China's cities have in silence looked down upon the multiplied sorrows of her children —flood and famine, drought and plague, rebellion and massacre, idolatry and witchcraft, ignorance and superstition, deceit and fear, squalor and vice—all grinding the face of the poor in a woe that is beyond words. For centuries the people, seeking soul-rest and finding none, have surged through these frowning portals—their own religions pitiless and impotent to answer them.

And to-day these people out of their helplessness inarticulately cry: "To whom shall we go?" They are perplexed, distressed; the old spiritual foundations are breaking up; and they will turn in the direction that offers them succour and soul-peace. Now, for the first time, some seventeen hundred, we are told, of China's great walled cities invite the Gospel, in the sense that they are at least open to receive it. Only a few months ago had the time arrived when Li Yuan Hung, Vice-President of the Republic, entertaining the Mott party, could urge them to persuade the Home Church to occupy these cities, and to do it at once.

It is hard indeed to realize that these centres of exclusiveness, of reaction, of anti-foreignism—all seats of power—are at last open; and that their resident gentry are turning towards the living God. Those portals that

until recently were closed in sullen pride and haughty resentment against "Western Barbarian intrusion" are now flung wide open to the missionary. It is scarcely believable that high officials are everywhere sympathetically examining Christianity. "Eager for better government, a better education, a better economic system, China's leaders are also turning from her ancient superstitions and seeking a new faith. Already there are men among their most influential officials who say, 'The greatest religion in the world is that of Jesus Christ.'" A prominent general says: "We want to know what Jesus wants." The Vice-President Li Yuan Hung says: "Jesus is better than Confucius; we welcome the American Protestant missionary to proclaim Him!"

Perhaps some will say that such testimony from Christian or Christianity-favouring officials may be discounted as being peculiar to the more enlightened and tolerant centres. But here is a testimony, one out of many from missionary lips, from far-off Chen Tu of West China, by the late Rev. Samuel Pollard. He says:

"In the years gone by, the officials in the Province of Yunnan, where I have spent a quarter of a century, were either hostile or coldly indifferent to Protestant missionary work. Now and again a minor official was a friend of the Westerner, but we never dreamed in those days of mandarins attending Christian services. Now, however, the highest officials in the Province are frequently listening to Christian appeals and encouraging those under them to follow out the high ideals.

"A short time ago a mission of ten days was held in a large city in the northeast of Yunnan and the attendances numbered thirteen thousand. The officials, professors in Government schools, heads of police, and others, nearly all accepted invitations to be present, and several made speeches commending the work of the missionaries.

"In Yunnan Fu, the capital of the Province, and one of the most beautifully situated cities of the whole of China, for thirty years men and women missionaries have plodded on with very little success. Now conversions are frequent, services are crowded, workers are in good heart and the name of Jesus is highly respected by many who are outside of the churches. Years ago in that beautiful city, I woke up one morn to find the legend written across my front door 'Jesus is a Devil, therefore Foreign Devils worship Him.' How changed it all is. Those were days of great up-hill work. A few of us held a half-night of prayer and there came a promise to us that we should see thousands of people converted. Before many years there may be a Christian Church in Southwest China of half a million members. When years ago we admitted two men into the Church in one day we were greatly elated and rejoiced. One afternoon recently in one village centre alone a hundred and three men and boys and seventy-three women and girls were baptized.

"In Tali Fu, West Yunnan, where the Panthay rebels had the seat of their government, about forty years ago, missionaries laboured for thirty years, and did not see thirty converts. Now the people come in crowds, and on one occasion more people were baptized than in the previous thirty years. God is giving the increase."

Several years ago, in company with my honoured senior colleague, the Rev. W. M. Hayes, D. D., I visited such a walled city, said to be ancient before the discovery of America, one of the important county seats in our station field. The natural importance of this place as an administrative centre is enhanced by the fact that it is located on the German railroad. The inveterate prejudice of its inhabitants against foreigners was quite beyond belief. It was probably increased by the fact that the Germans occupied their city until after the defeat of

Russia by Japan. These city folks were supposed to be impervious. A German Protestant Mission and the Catholic Mission, neither lacking in learning, experience, or ability, or in funds to push the work, had tackled them. Both had been frozen out.

The gentry there had seen the Bible translated into Kwan Wha (the vernacular). As trash beneath their notice, they had turned up their noses at it, though the language of the translation was what they all spoke, and it was excellently done. They despised it because, forsooth, it was not put into Wen Li. The moment they saw the New Testament printed in the ordinary "talk language," they cast it aside. Wen Li is "high" stilted Chinese, abbreviated and intensely idiomatic. It was as if you would insult an American by offering him the American Revision, instead of a Bible in the language of Beowulf. Their pride of scholarship in the Chinese classics had run well-nigh mad.

But several of our Christian gentry from the country had established themselves in business in that city. They are men of sturdy faith and prayer-power; they preached as they did business. And they expected to do something for God. As a result of their witness, the younger gentry, realizing that these men had something that they did not possess, were willing to fraternize with them, coming often to visit and more and more to learn "the Doctrine." As their eyes gradually opened to the light that streams from Christ, and as they began to understand some of the multitudinous corollary blessings that flow from the Cross, a profound dissatisfaction with the old order grew up in them. They cursed it—its blindness, its turpitude, its hopelessness, its lifelessness.

Things developed rapidly. Even two years before the establishing of the Republic, an influential family of officials who had charge of a Government school for boys

hired, in open defiance of the Manchu Government's instructions, two of our Christians as teachers, who daily expounded the Scriptures in the school. From that family one brother has become a zealous evangelist, and out of that school of thirty boys have come many Christians and inquirers.

Another family of gentry of four brothers and a father, all officials, have established a girls' school in their compound, with one of our best women Christians as teacher.

We have sent Bible women, at the request of such families, to instruct their women, who have proved eager learners, and have received their "Doctrine Teachers" most cordially.

Imagine what it means that these people should propose that we unite with them in establishing a boys' school, in which : 1. They would furnish the teacher of the Chinese classics and we the teacher of Western learning. 2. We would make the choice of books to be used in the union school. 3. At least one-fourth of the course would be devoted to the teaching of Christian subjects.

Repeatedly I have accepted the invitation of the magistrate to speak before his official schools, especially before the normal school, where hundreds of young men, in courses of six months, nine months, one year, and two years are hurriedly trying to fit themselves to meet the needs of schools being opened by the Republic,—a rare chance to preach Christ and distribute tracts and aid in the moulders of Chinese thought.

Christians in that city have steadily multiplied from the gentry ranks. I have taken pains that all be baptized by the native pastor of a near-by country church.

There have been two especially interesting and helpful human factors in this development.

The gentry have seen in their midst the superiority of Christian schools and teachers. It has been as eye-open-

ing as humbling. They have been profoundly impressed by the fact that our Christian system produces students with usable knowledge at their command, better than any of which they had conceived. Our teachers know geography, mathematics, calisthenics, music, and many other things involved in the idea of "Si Wen" (Western learning). It commands their respect that the district magistrate sends his teachers to our Chinese teachers to learn singing, setting-up drill, arithmetic, and to get a little peep into world-doings. Above all, these men have character and are to be trusted. And what that means can be understood only by the missionary long resident in heathenism.

Then Christianity has brought to many of the gentry of that city a new sense of the value of girls and the dignity and worth of educated women. One of the leaders there confided to me that the thing that has impressed him more than all else with the desirability and satisfyingness of the Christian religion was an episode that he witnessed as a guest in our home,—the baptism of our youngest daughter. Such unexpected and humble means can the Holy Spirit use to reach a man's heart and to help open a city. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Hayes in the presence of this heathen man and a few missionary friends "refugeeing" with us during troublous revolution days. To think that he and others should be invited from a distance for the sake of a girl baby; that Dr. Hayes should plan his work in another city so as to be able to come and administer this sacrament; quite overwhelmed him with a changed conception of life. The music, the presence of foreign ladies, cultured, and honoured of men; the brooding peace, the simplicity, dignity, and solemn beauty of the service; touched the inner chords of his nature.

His new grip on life that has stirred him to do some-

thing for others has been manifested in his helping us to open a Christian Middle School for boys in rooms on his own compound,—Christian, I say, because two of our ablest Christian teachers have been employed in his school. The course conforms to our Mission school curriculum; compulsory morning and evening worship obtains; also Sabbath worship, the school marching forenoon and afternoon in a body to the chapel. And the native pastor is now the welcome guest and presiding good genius there over it all. And remember that the pupils are mostly boys out of heathen families. Further to prove his interest mine host has, at considerable expense, outfitted the school with furniture, maps, charts, etc.; and he hopes to build and run on similar lines a girls' school in another yard of his compound.

In addition to this, he has established a reading-room in the city, modelled after the one in the Y. M. C. A. connected with our Tsingtau Church, where the élite of his clan and friends can come and leisurely soak in the Christian literature secured through us. As a result of his aroused interest and that of his friends, the East Suburb Chapel cannot hold the Christians who now attend the meetings.

Recently we called on the magistrate to invite his cooperation in erecting a new church building. As things are in China, he could, if he so desired, instantly nip the project in the bud, especially as this is a Chinese church, not a foreign mission affair. He, however, took great interest in the matter, and promised a generous subscription, and issued a proclamation asking the business men to contribute. His wife and mother are Christians. His good-will is partly due to their interest and partly to the fact that years ago he was a pupil of Dr. Hayes, the influence of whose able, scholarly, and consecrated witness is with him still.

After talking with him several times about establishing an official school for the daughters of the gentry, he has finally opened one. His wife and mother act as patronesses, and he has called a fine Christian woman of our choice as the lady teacher of that school. Unbound feet are a *sine qua non* of entrance, and the school is full to its capacity.

Though used to surprises in this city, one of the biggest came when mine host and the magistrate, speaking for several of the leading gentry, asked me to accompany them to the First National Y. M. C. A. Convention, held in Peking, December, 1912. It was a great venture for them. And the rich fruitage of that convention, not only in the hearts of the gentry of this city, but of many rich and influential heathen in other centres now for the first time face to face with the truth of Christ—who can calculate?

And this is the city that only a few months ago was lorded over by a peasant-squeezing, queue-wearing Manchu official of the hopeless old régime. During the revolution he was seizing even our Christian schoolboys and shutting them up in a foul prison for the crime of cutting their queues. When, after repeated and fruitless attempts, I was at last able to get in to them, I found them chained, hand and foot, in a sitting posture, in that low, dirty den; their families were distressed beyond measure, some of their women folk nearly dying of anxiety and fear. In an age-long, sin-encrusted gentry-centre, what hath God wrought!

Personally I have had surprisingly pleasant and gratifying relations with these gentry, both in their homes, and in their coming to visit me. As they have learned "the Doctrine," they have invariably helped with their money and with the use of their compounds for schools and places of meeting. Would it not seem strange in

America for old men, all their life long hostile to the Gospel (through the prejudice of ignorance), men who had scarcely ever been away from home (even though they were men of learning in their own land), suddenly resolving to take a long journey and dwell weeks at their own expense, in a strange city, just to learn the "Jesus Doctrine" and carry it back to their own people? Such is now the situation in China. And in every section the same wonderful workings of the Holy Spirit, as those witnessed in the walled centres of my Province, can be duplicated.

To-day missionaries all over China, through like experiences, are profoundly impressed with the present opportunity to reach the upper class Chinese. Great cities everywhere are eager to receive the Gospel, the gentry and officials being ready to receive and listen—if the Church will now preach to them. The following is a typical appeal. The Bishop of Hankow recently received a petition from over four hundred leading men, in which they said: "If Christianity can do for China what it has done for America, we are going to have it, and on that ground we apply to you to send men up to our district to preach the Christian religion."

Think of the proclamations posted in 1900 by the Foreign Office of the Chinese Government: "Now that all foreign churches and chapels have been razed to the ground, and that no place of refuge or concealment is left for the foreigners, they must unavoidably fly in every direction. Be it therefore known, . . . that any person found guilty of harbouring foreigners will incur the penalty of decapitation. For every male foreigner taken alive a reward of fifty taels will be given; for every female forty taels, and for every child thirty taels."

And then picture the following scene of last year in that

same conservative Peking. Special Gospel services were held at the invitation of high officials for the presentation of Christ to the leaders of the city life. Even President Yuan Shi Kai received the workers, while the Vice-President of the Republic, General Li, gave the evangelists a special luncheon, after which they were asked to address his family upon "Christianity as the hope of China." The Government allowed the evangelistic meetings to be held in a pavilion in the old Forbidden City directly in front of the imperial palace, from which in 1900 the Empress Dowager directed the murderous Boxer attack against foreigners and Christians. It is also next the altar where the Emperor used to worship the spirits of the land. There audiences of three thousand and even four thousand men gathered to hear the Gospel. Meetings for schoolboys and business men, at the latter of which the Board of Trade asked to have three hundred reserved seats, brought the total attendance up to 14,000. The importance of those Special Gospel Meetings held in a theatre by missionaries for 2,500 literati and business men, as well as for Cabinet members and leading officials of Peking, can hardly be overestimated.

Of those who attended these meetings, upwards of 2,000 became inquirers. Among the latter were a former governor, two generals, a private secretary to the President, the director of China's national bank, prominent officials and a young non-Christian philanthropist who has recently given $12,000 to worthy objects. These cases, like many others in all sections of the country that could be cited, show that the attitude of the leading men of China is one of welcome to the Gospel.

Think of the edict of the Empress Dowager in that same fell year of 1900. "I command that all foreigners —men, women and children, old and young—be summarily executed. Let not one escape, so that my Empire

may be purged of this noisome source of corruption, and that peace may be restored to my loyal subjects." And then think of the Government's request for all Christians on April 27, 1913, to meet to pray for it, and its command to its officials to meet with them in that service.

What hunger for spiritual light and for the welfare of the land is hinted at in the following, where a mixed company of varying creeds met in the greatest business city of North China to pray for the Republic. We are told that at this mixed meeting of prayer for China, the service began with a deafening noise from the Police Band and was followed by an explanatory address by a Methodist pastor. Members of the Women's Red Cross Society sang; speeches from a leading Buddhist and a prominent Christian came next; then an atheist proposed that all should rise, thrice repeat the formula "God bless our country and protect the people," bow thrice and resume their seats,—which was done with some hesitation. Two representatives of the Viceroy, one a Moslem and the other a Buddhist, spoke, as did one representing the Red Cross. Then came the most interesting part of the service, the reading aloud by all of a printed prayer which they held in their hands. This had finally been written by the only one on the committee who knew what true prayer was, a Christian. Its four divisions of praise, thanksgiving, confession and petition were reverently read aloud by the vast audience under the guidance of the chairman. After further singing and addresses by a Moslem and Chang Po-Ling, the prayer-meeting adjourned. Parenthetically, let me say that this Chang Po-Ling, head of the famous Government Middle School at Tien Tsin, a school of first rank and reputation for sons of gentry, is one of China's most able and conspicuous Christians; is himself an aristocrat wonderfully converted by the preaching of the Rev. Ting Li Mei, long of our

station field. Mr. Chang is now in the prime of life and one of the strong personalities for Christ in China—a big-statured, vigorous man of winning personality, cultured and refined; a pleasing speaker in English as well as in Chinese; and in his person well illustrating the possibilities of the Gospel among the gentry, when it is given an opportunity to dominate their intellects, affections and wills.

"Was there ever a more pathetic prayer-meeting? That crowd of men, women and children seeking to pray for their country and not knowing how, and surrounded by a vast city that cares for none of these things?" But did it not suggest that many of the leaders have come to feel, however vaguely or grotesquely expressed, that they and their land need the help of a real God? They are ripe for the truth.

That explains the response of the leaders of China to the Government's call for the Christians to pray for it. And few events since the day this earth began to witness strange and meaningful sights have been more significant than that Day of Prayer in China. And these instances of the present willingness of the gentry (which might be multiplied indefinitely) to hear spiritual things along with the earlier cases of dramatic contrasts to them cited in the preceding paragraphs, bring home in startling impressiveness, with truth that may not be gainsaid, with an insistence that may not be put off, the necessity for the Christian Church as a whole (if its Lord is not to be crucified afresh), to change its attitude of callous indifference and wake up to a vast and passing opportunity, which, if met, is pregnant with blessed promise without limit.

In view of such a crisis it is no wonder that our missionary statesmen, the secretaries of twenty-eight Foreign Mission Boards, have issued "a message to all the

Churches of North America"—which constitutes a clarion call to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ with a love incorruptible, to pray and sacrifice for China now, and to thank God that He has called us into the Kingdom for such a time as this. The "Message" is worthy a place alongside of documents of state, like the Magna Charta, the Declaration of Independence, and Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation,—that have challenged the race to move forward. And the interpretation thereof is that, whatever leverage we intend to exert for good upon China, we ought to bring to bear with power and at once. To-day the nation's younger leaders are plastic. Many fear that ten years hence may be too late. One paragraph of that "Message" reads: "The whole world is agreed in recognizing in the transformation of China one of the greatest movements in human history. Whether we consider the immensity of the population affected, the character of the change taking place, the magnitude of the interests involved, the comparative peacefulness of the crisis, or the significance of the fact that a great and ancient race is undergoing in the period of a decade a radical, intellectual, and spiritual readjustment, it is evident that it is given us to witness, and have a part in, a vast movement whose consequences will affect the whole world and be unending."

After one hundred years of spiritual skirmishing in China the Christian Church has made but relatively little progress. There are not a million communing Protestant converts. And the progress that has been made is largely among the peasants in the country districts. Less impression has been made upon the cities, strongholds of gentrydom. And now that the Church's opportunity with the gentry has come, how is it prepared to enter in and possess the land for Christ? Not at all.

When we say that present methods are unequal to the

crisis, no implication is intended that missionaries are blameworthy or that their plans and the methods in use are unworthy. A new situation has arisen that requires a mighty advance, and a host of additional workers to make it. And a new kind of a host. If the allies ever expect to beat Germany, burrowing in in France and Flanders and Italy and Poland and there adopting a waiting policy, would not be the way to attain their ambition. They must advance on to the soil of their enemies and there victoriously clinch with them. And just as it required the advent of Blücher on the field of Waterloo, with the tremendous thrust of his additional army to make good the heroic stand of Wellington, so it requires an additional force of Christian workers equipped and eager, ready to take China's cities for Christ.

While poignantly recognizing the crisis, the Western missionaries realize that it is impossible for *them* to evangelize these cities. One of the axioms of the science of Missions, born out of its history, is that foreigners cannot evangelize another nation. Ultimately it must be done by its own people. Of course, men can be baptized wholesale—provided they can be gotten hold of—as they were forced to be at the command of Constantine and of Charlemagne; but that is as futile as attempts to put life into a tree from without.

Some reasons why this city work cannot be done by foreigners are only too painfully evident to the missionaries themselves. They need a large increase of numbers in order merely to overtake the work they have already developed in their country fields, not to speak of their entering new ones.

There are sections of China in which there is not one ordained man missionary to five hundred thousand people; not one to seven hundred thousand; yes, not one to a million; as over against, Chicago for example, with

twelve hundred churches, and New York with eighteen hundred, not to speak of a host of Christian workers to coöperate with their pastors.

There is probably not a Mission station in China with a quota of workers sufficiently adequate to administer the work that has there developed. Most of them are like my own station, where, for several years, with station force depleted, I, a young man, inexperienced, had to try, as best I could, to care for some half a hundred village schools, for a girls' high school, a boys' high school, and a women's Bible School; to be pastor of eight churches, and counsellor and co-worker in the affairs of seven others; to direct the campaign of thirty-six evangelists and sixteen Bible women; to look after and keep supplied fifteen market-town chapels; to buy land and help build up a Station Compound where missionaries could live and work; to make out statistical reports of religious conditions both for the Chinese Presbytery and the Home Church; to act as treasurer, receiving, disbursing and reporting moneys both to the treasurer for China at Shanghai and to the treasurer of the Foreign Board in New York.

The many thousands of dollars handled had to be worked through in American gold and Mexican silver and Chinese currency.

Imagine what just two of the above duties involved in view of the fact that, previously to their suddenly coming my way, I had never given a thought to house-planning and building and that I was blissfully ignorant of formal bookkeeping. Incidentally the missionary often has to burn much midnight oil (as I did over that day-book and ledger) on work for which he has no aptitude or special training. All that I did was very inadequately done. None could realize more poignantly than I how absolutely essential it is that a missionary should

be able to manufacture time, that he should have a hundred hands like Briareus, and that he should be an all-round expert. Sanctity with no flaw in it, unerring judgment, skill of hand, and the constitution of an ox ought to be the outstanding characteristics of each missionary, under circumstances of such dearth of workers attempting to man the foreign field stations.

The recent foreign evangelistic attack upon the great cities—and much of it through interpreters—has necessarily been so sporadic and inadequate as to be almost disheartening. At present it is quite unrelated—here a little and there a little—and at irregular intervals, incapable of being pushed with the relatively few foreign recruits at disposal. It is as if Haig should attempt to take Berlin with a regiment.

Neither can the cities be captured by the ordinary native country evangelists now in Mission employ. These men are faithful under conditions unusually hard and forbidding. And whoever as a fellow-shepherd has fellowshipped with them, tramping with them through dust and rain and sleet and snow ; whoever has eaten and slept and prayed and planned and preached with them ; and been in perils with them of rivers and roads and robbers —such an one must have love and praise for them. Useful as they are, ministering to peasant Christians and preaching in the markets and opening country chapels, nevertheless they are not equipped for this vast enterprise. They have neither the education nor the training nor the position to reach the city gentry. For them to attempt it would be as futile as for the converts of Water Street to man New York's up-town pulpits.

In the face of this exigency there remains, or rather there has developed, the China Cities Evangelization Project, an adequate plan to meet China's classes in their walled seats. And among all the Missions at work in

China, the honour of originating it and first putting it into execution falls to the Presbyterian missionaries of Shantung, "The Sacred Province," the "Heart of Confucianism," pivotal in the Republic as Pennsylvania is the "Keystone State" of the American Union.

Realizing the urgency of the situation, our Shantung Mission in 1912 decided that it must plan to open within ten years at least ten foreign-manned new stations. But the rapid advance of events forced the Mission to realize that time would not wait for foreign houses and hospitals and schools to be erected, and for young missionaries to learn the language and the people. It seemed imperative that the Gospel get in on the ground inside of five years; or it was felt that the opportunity would have materially changed for the worse; and a present, determined opposition have hardened into the set. Powerful forces are even now at work in the cities for the rejuvenation of Confucianism. For instance, the first great annual, national Confucian congress was recently held at Ku Fu, the native city of Confucius, whom millions upon millions, to all intents and purposes, worship as very God. Confucian scholars, alert and foreign-university trained, and backed by large money, and of great influence, went, after the close of the sessions of their Congress to Peking, to press the Constitution-makers of the nation, themselves overwhelmingly Confucian, to incorporate Confucianism into the national law as the state religion. This would mean that every student in every Government school in the land would have to worship Confucius; this would disenable every Christian, and would cut the tap-root of religious liberty already promised and without which as a corner-stone no real Republic can exist. This movement emanates from the cities, remember. Reaction against the radicals and against the progressivism with which many of them have been linked—all this is rapidly

taking shape in plans formed to run counter to "the foreign religion."

It is to be remembered that Shantung Province, with a population exceeded only by Szechuan, has one hundred and eight walled cities, with many additional market towns, large and important, and multitudes of villages. Of these one hundred and eight centres, some eighty-five fall, by comity arrangements with other Missions, to the American Presbyterian Mission to evangelize. And this vast opportunity that the missionaries felt driven to face, the Chinese leaders also, interestingly enough, began, on their own account, to feel as their problem also to solve. Coincidentally with the new step that the burdened missionaries in great and daring faith planned to take, the Chinese inaugurated an "Independent Church" movement to do this very thing—to reach the Gospel-neglected upper classes of China. So it was proposed that between these high-grade native leaders and the Foreign Missions, instead of isolation and reduplication of work—as is so appallingly carried on in the home-land—there should be full coöperation. Accordingly, therefore, arrangements have been perfected between them and the American Presbyterian Mission, which hopes to do its share of this work China-wide; and we are to begin by opening at least fifteen cities in those sections of Shantung Province for which the Presbyterian Church is responsible.

With regard to Chinese men available for this great undertaking, we Presbyterians in Shantung are peculiarly favourably situated and have a consequent weighty accountability. Some fifty years ago, the Rev. Calvin W. Mateer, D. D., revered and honoured as a premier sinologue and untiringly fruitful scholar, able translator, versatile educator, and missionary statesman, gathered several beggar boys into a school, which, under his faithful leadership, and under the succeeding presidencies of

Drs. W. M. Hayes and P. D. Bergen and W. P. Chalfant, has developed into the Christian University of Shantung Province, a union institution embracing schools of Arts, Medicine and Theology, supported by several leading Protestant Missions in that section of China, including the Mission of the Church of England. Missionary leaders have repeatedly declared this union Mission University to be one of the most potent single educational factors in China towards making that land a new creation in Christ.

As a result, we have graduates of this university scattered in various sections of China, real leaders in its remaking, men in great demand and holding many positions of influence and responsibility. Thus we have for this evangelistic enterprise educated men of ability, experience, and consecration ; men who have suffered for the Name and who have come to the Kingdom of God for such a time as this. They are willing to leave positions as heads of departments in the Government, and as professors in schools of higher learning, etc. (with all the prestige and honour that such positions in China can carry) in order to take up this work, at greatly reduced salaries. Accordingly, our Mission has promptly met them half-way by requesting the Home Church to raise twenty-five thousand dollars at once and one hundred thousand dollars ultimately for the carrying out of this corner of the project. So that the way for the most strategic sort of giving imaginable is open to any investor who wishes large spiritual returns on his money.

The following ten points contain the gist of the argument, and much of the wording used by the Committee (Rev. R. M. Mateer, D. D., Rev. W. M. Hayes, D. D., Rev. W. P. Chalfant, D. D., Rev. J. P. Irwin and Rev. C. E. Scott) entrusted with bringing the matter before the Mission, the Foreign Board, and the Home Church.

At least five thousand dollars will be spent for the

plant in each city, which sum is a mere bagatelle, compared with that required for a missionary-manned station. Subject to any local modification which may be found necessary, each building will contain a large auditorium, a street chapel, a guest room for men, and one for women, school and Bible class-rooms to be used both day and evening; and, with separate street-entrance accommodations for a Y. M. C. A.

Engaged in this work will be an older, together with a somewhat younger, college graduate, a Bible woman and a gateman. In each chapel the salaries, together with incidental expenses, will require five hundred dollars annually. It is proposed to have an educated physician travelling among each five of these cities, seeing patients four days every month in each city; also a general superintendent for the fifteen cities. The college is proposing to make this its benevolent enterprise, securing gifts from the alumni scattered all over China; and the Christians of the county whose city is thus occupied will assist; also the gentry in the cities occupied have already given substantial assistance, which it is expected that they will increase until, at the end of three years, our hope and expectation is that the support of the work will be guaranteed from the field.

This whole project is entrusted to the oversight of a Board of Directors, consisting of six men, three Chinese selected by the Synod, and three missionaries selected by the Mission.

Incidentally, this project is not a new, hair-brained scheme, springing full-orbed out of the mind of some inexperienced enthusiast at home, ignorant of conditions in China; but is a conviction slowly maturing in the minds of some of the ablest of our missionaries—evolved on the field by those who have lived there longest, whose judgment is solid and respected.

The project commended itself at once to leaders of other Missions in China (some of whom are planning soon to put it into execution in their fields) as well as to the leaders of the Home Church.

For the vast population of each county, the walled county seat is becoming more and more the commanding political, commercial, educational, and social centre. Longer to neglect the opportunities here, with doors marvellously opened—doors that God has opened and that no man can shut—would be highly culpable. In China, as elsewhere, the country streams into the city. And much of its ablest and best life finds itself permanently located therein. If Paul, an inspired missionary statesman, our human model as a master-builder of the Church, set himself to establish churches in the leading cities, shall we continue to pass by such centres?

As in all times and countries, large church success awaits a fully equipped leadership. Here, as in the West, high-grade leaders are not satisfied with a pastorate among scattered country churches, but are attracted to the cities, centres of power. With churches developing among these thickly populated counties, the man in the central city will, without the office, be a veritable metropolitan of wide and commanding influence. We have some such men ready for this work, and an inspiring program just as rapidly as we become sponsor for a modest remuneration for these services.

Had the Home Church the missionaries ready to fill these teeming cities, and had it the money to send them, and were they actually set down within the walls of those vast and numerous centres, the first step in their evangelization would hardly have been taken.

Land for the compound must be purchased—often an intricate and expensive transaction that often leads a would-be purchaser through a maze covering years; a

veteran missionary must be detached from a station already overworked and undermanned to direct the young and helpless company of new recruits; building material must be purchased and assembled, much of it often from across oceans and out of other lands, the cost of which, plus freight, is high; workmen, ignorant of architecture and unused to foreign ways must be constantly supervised in building operations (often "a process of anguish" to both sides mutually "knowing only in part"); young missionaries must grind at least three years on the language, and often spend two years more of watching and experimenting before beginning to be of pronounced practical assistance in the burden-bearing; in any company it is very possible that some will be misfits, physically, mentally, or spiritually, soon to break down in health and die on the field or be furloughed home at great expense.

An adequately manned station ought to consist of at least two clerical men and wives, a principal of a boys' high school and of a girls', a medical missionary, and two single ladies for country classes; and when homes have been built for all these, together with two station high schools and hospital and dispensary and Bible Study buildings, and necessary servants' quarters, outbuildings and compound walls, plus the price of the land, a sum of money has been spent that ranges anywhere from $40,000 to $100,000 or more for outfit, as against the $5,000 Chinese-manned "Jesus Doctrine Preaching Hall" planted in the midst of a great city; and often the land for a Mission Compound is purchasable only outside the city walls, and apart from the people.

Moreover, it is always to be remembered that the only rightful attitude for a missionary to take is that of John the Baptist in the presence of his Lord—"He must increase, but I must decrease." The missionary must con-

sistently recognize and plan for and look towards the day when his work may be gradually turned over into the hands of the convert, and he and his temporary occupation be eclipsed; when he shall give way in favour of those who preach, and possibly with greater power and results, to their own nationals.

How fortunate that we have a plan that can use the men trained on the field; and that they can begin at once what will be a permanent occupancy, and do it by the use of an eminently workable method!

Grace and vision is everywhere required on the part of missionaries in order increasingly to accord to the Chinese leaders positions of evangelistic prominence worthy of their gifts and training. Here is a fine opportunity for the missionaries to retain a directing influence, without "lording it" over the Chinese.

As a matter of fact, the native leaders in China have developed so fast and progressed so far that any makeshift, rather than giving them liberty of action and large responsibility and full credit for all they do, will spell disaster, as the history of the missionary enterprise warns.

The need is to fellowship with the Chinese, not to command them; else we drive them from us, and the Missions thereby are stranded high and dry, without soul-material to work upon and with. And at the present stage of development this is the most feasible plan that will draw both missionaries and prominent converts together, and hold them united.

This plan is calculated to eliminate the idea that a "Foreigners' Church" is being planted throughout China, which impression is a serious drawback, and has long been. Moreover, the Chinese Church itself will never be a large success until the members are filled with the realization that this is an enterprise for which they are

responsible. This is a fundamental truth; and now is the psychological time to make the responsibility over to them. Whereas it sounds ridiculous to many Chinese for a foreigner to asseverate that the "Jesus Doctrine" is not a "foreign" religion, it strikes home with power for an educated Chinese of social position to proclaim it as indigenous.

This method of work helps to make worth while in an evangelistic way the large amount of effort and money put into higher education in China. It furnishes openings for able and consecrated graduates, because such feel drawn towards the influential task of bearing witness for Christ in city centres where the men who are shaping the destinies of China go and come.

Such occupation will give needed prestige to the directly evangelistic work in the eyes of the influential classes both in and out of the Church. The rapidly increasing prominence given to our church education by so many fine plants and such rapid expansion, with the turning of almost all college graduates to the more profitable work of teaching, is calculated to misrepresent our missionary object. It thus appears that, to say the least, we need the prominence of this city evangelization enterprise for the balancing up of the several departments of our common work.

Because Christianity is not an institution but the principles of God applied and of life eternal inwrought, what could more damage the cause of Christ in China than to let the educational and cultural overtop the evangelistic phase of Mission effort? This preaching movement by educated Chinese is the only adequate movement in sight calculated to be a sane corrective of higher educational work into which such large sums of money are being poured.

Preaching and teaching is to be supplemented by lec-

tures, schools, women's work, medical work, and Y. M. C. A., and various kinds of Bible Classes, thus teaching many different points of approach to mind and heart. And, surrounded as each walled city is by multitudinous villages in close proximity, it will be feasible—both appreciated and profitable—to invite their inhabitants on special days to special evangelistic services.

This evangelistic offer promises to arrest the attention and save from spiritual bankruptcy the educated classes, and stem the rising tide of an atheistic, materialistic philosophy of life. This impending bankruptcy constitutes the greatest menace to the future of China. With the grip of the old religions gone, with atheism the popular form of educated thought, and agnostic literature widely read, together with a more or less conscious desire of the educated to find something to satisfy the cravings of the soul, it is easy to see that a veritable crisis has come in the religious history of China. Hence the wisdom and urgency of the above program.

Dr. Hayes, in the following paragraph, emphasizes the danger, and points out how, by this plan, it can be combatted.

"At present," he says, "the Chinese leaders are just shaking off the shackles of the past and starting out on a new career. Whether it shall be a career for advanced Buddhism, for Neo-Confucianism, for Infidelity, or for Christianity, is the question before us. In Japan the significance of the opportunity afforded by the period of transition, when men's minds are like molten metal, quick to receive new impressions, was not grasped as it should have been, and much of Japanese thought seems to have crystallized into a state of disbelief in all religions. Consequently the entire church membership, instead of reaching into the hundreds of thousands as it might have done, only numbers some eighty thousand. Let us not at this

critical point repeat that error, which it may require ages to overcome, but rise to the possibilities of the present opportunity. Their faith in the old cults is dying out. Temples are deserted, the doors closed and the idols left to the moles and bats, or the images are destroyed and the buildings converted into schools or public buildings. This is what missionary effort, according to the Chinese themselves, has already succeeded in accomplishing. But it is easier to tear down than it is to build up and we need a larger force to supplant the false with the true, else we shall find the demon of superstition supplanted by the much more intractable spirit of infidelity. Our own Board, relying on the zeal of the Church, is planning to do what it can to make this China of the future one of the richest diadems on the Saviour's brow, which, replacing the crown of thorns, causes Him to see the travail of His soul and be satisfied."

We have several strong Chinese leaders already at work in Shantung cities, and with splendid results. They are men who could command much larger salaries in secular work, but who prefer this soul-winning work in these centres, especially among the young men and young women students.

Success in such a far-reaching, soul-saving venture is not easy of computation. But aside from the plants already established and those planned for, the fact just referred to cannot be too strongly emphasized as an initial success scored of first-class importance : that success inheres in the type of men who have become interested in this project. They are the very best product of what the missionary in China can turn out. And men of this type of finest calibre have responded nobly to this call and will as the Home Church gives them opportunity. It is to be remembered that it is just this type of men that the Government is everywhere searching for—able men with

Western educations whose training and Christian characters have made them natural leaders. They are sought for every sort of position of trust and influence ; for example, as heads of departments in mining, engineering, agriculture, railroading ; and as officials and teachers. Relatively high salaries are offered them ranging from $50 to $150 Mex. a month.

In addition, it must be borne in mind that the pull of high salaries on them in a land of unbelievable poverty, where millions are on the ragged edge of nothing, is tremendously strong.

Thus far the men who have offered themselves as superintendents for this work are already pastors or professors in our Christian university. Whatever of éclat and deference the position of officer would bring to a Prussian in Prussia is suggestive relatively of the position that teacher brings to a man in China.

Moreover, some of these men were already as teachers receiving nearly twice the salary they will get in the city chapels, which is $30 Mex. (not $15 gold) a month. These candidates are mature men—zealous, able, balanced and solid,—not mere youthful college enthusiasts. Some in witnessing for the Name have already suffered severe testing, even persecution. And those candidates who are not already ministers of the Gospel have not only consented to give up their professorships to take a full theological course, but several of them are already half-way through that course, in classes with some of their former pupils. This in China denotes a degree of earnestness and humility that speaks well for these future leaders, no less than the consecration that causes them to forego their accustomed income during these years of preparation.

I will sketch just one key-leader, Lui Kwang Chao, as a type of the men commissioned or in training to achieve

the success expected. Like many of our leaders, he was a beggar boy, picked up by one of our missionaries. He became head professor of mathematics in the University, a maker of books of higher mathematics, and official translator for Macmillans of books of higher mathematics from English into Chinese. He speaks excellent English, and is a teacher of teachers. For years the Chinese Government has tempted him with one hundred and fifty taels (a tael is about sixty-six cents) a month to act as a school inspector for North China, and for years he has continued to serve a Christian college for $50 Mex. a month.

During the great revival services held in the college by the Rev. Ting Li Mei, when scores of students decided to give themselves to the ministry, Mr. Lui became convinced that he could serve the Master more efficiently as a preacher than as a teacher. Accordingly he left his professor's chair to take the course for the ministry in our Shantung Union Theological Seminary. As soon as he had completed his course, he entered at once upon his work in an ancient walled city, An Kiu, where a large pawn-shop was fitted up for his use. Last year he there organized a church composed of the gentry. Already under his direction the place is a beehive, with a Normal School for girls, a boys' Academy, a school for the wives of important young gentry-men of the city, a Women's Department in which an excellent Bible woman is at work, a large Night School, a Y. M. C. A., a Primary School for girls. These schools are self-supporting, as this work is expected to be in the centres opened, and the Bible is a required part of the daily curricula, and chapel is held every morning and evening.

The latest word from the Rev. Mr. Lui regarding the situation is as follows:

"Now in An Kiu a boys' Christian Middle School, a

girls' Normal School, with seventy boys and thirty-five girls respectively, as well as a Primary Girls' School with twenty little girls, have already been started: also an English class with about twenty young men and a Chinese Literature class of nearly thirty boys and young men, have begun each evening.

"About one-third of the girls in the Normal are from non-Christian homes, but all are Christians now. They have divided themselves into three classes to study the Bible each evening, and two or three go to the women's guest room to preach to outsiders each market-day and Sunday.

"Over one-half the boys in the Middle School come from non-Christian homes. In the beginning of the spring term it was difficult to get them to attend prayers each morning and evening. Many of them dislike the hymns very much. But I pray for them, and the Holy Spirit has done His great work. After about two months they are greatly changed. Thirty-two of them were examined for church membership and now the whole school has divided itself into six groups to study the Bible each evening. Some promised to serve the sick and some to help the young and some to teach newcomers.

"Five or six boys go to the country to preach to the people each Sunday. Our Lord's words are ever true: 'The harvest indeed is plenteous but the labourers are few.'"

Even so. Nevertheless these sons and daughters of the gentry constitute the most capable and encouraging class of people who are available, in God's great opportunity, to become His labourers in the soul-vineyard of China.

Mr. Lui has again definitely told the Government that he cannot accept its flattering offers. "I am doing a great work and cannot come down." A veteran missionary friend writes (November 20, 1914): "Last Sun-

day the Rev. Mr. Lui gave a powerful appeal to the students of the University for consecration to this great work—I think the most powerful, influential talk *ever given here.*" This is love and zeal trained and according to knowledge. Will the Home Church let it go to waste for lack of opportunity which it alone can supply?

China, in view of her vast population and natural resources and age-long influence on Asia, is the lock to the Far East; and the key to that lock is the cities. In view of the above, is it not apparent that it would be hard to find a Christian appeal combining so many attractive and impelling considerations for the investment of life and money as the China Cities Evangelization Project? Verily here is a "long reach for the Kingdom of God"!

Small wonder, then, that President Wilson, addressing the Potomac Presbytery of the Presbyterian Church, urged: "Convert China!" "Why," said he, "this is the most amazing and inspiring vision that can be offered you, this vision of that great, sleeping nation suddenly cried awake by the voice of Christ. Could there be anything more tremendous than that? And could there be any greater contribution to the future momentum of the moral forces of the world than could be made by quickening this force, which is being set afoot in China? China is at present inchoate; as a nation it is a congeries of parts in each of which there is energy, but which are unbound in any essential and active unit; and just as soon as its unity comes, its power will come in the world. Should we not see that *the parts are fructified* by the teachings of Christ?"

IV

Sowing the Good Seed

A Study of the Gospel Among Village Folk

IV

SOWING THE GOOD SEED

SOWING the seed of the Word is in China a fascinating work. No man is big enough to graduate into anything more important. And as there are many diversities of gifts but one Holy Spirit energizing each worker in the exercise of his gift, so it may be said that in this seed-sowing in China, while the ways of doing it are many, the prime essential in the human sower is that he have the pastor-heart. He who has this pity for men in the toils of Satan and soiled beyond human washing in the filth of sin can have fruitage of souls unto eternal life, and, even though for a season in tears and through soul-travail, shall come at last rejoicing, bearing his sheaves before the throne—sheaves of souls redeemed.

In this discussion we shall confine ourselves to studying the methods of seed sowing which a missionary necessarily and obviously uses when functioning as country pastor and itinerating evangelist.

By the very nature of the case, in order to attain his object, the itinerant missionary must get the eyes and ears of the people, of the ordinary country folk. He must go to them in their multitudinous villages. They will not come to him, for as yet he and what he stands for are nothing to them. Therefore, the most natural thing for an itinerating missionary to do, as he journeys along the way, is to talk with individuals. Incidentally, this systematic going from place to place, this preaching the glad tidings from village to village, involves the tak-

ing with one of a complete itinerating outfit—everything that a man will want to use on his long trip, from a nail to cooking utensils and tracts and Scripture portions. It involves the setting up camp, so to speak, anew everywhere he goes. To this end he must have a faithful, strong man to push his barrow, and a boy euphemistically called "a cook." He himself needs physical strength and endurance for the rough, irregular life. He needs the ability to extract all the humour possible out of the kaleidoscopically changing daily situations that can be full enough of annoyances. He needs grace to be truly interested in and to like people who æsthetically and temperamentally and intellectually may not appeal to him.

An important factor determinative of whether one shall do evangelistic work along the road is how the missionary travels. I have tried various means of locomotion in our section—practically everything that goes on hoofs or wheels—donkeys, mules, mule-litters, horses, barrow, sedan-chair, bicycle, two-wheeled cart, and I once journeyed on camel-back. The use of these practically cuts the itinerator off from personal contact with folks along the road. Because by walking one can utilize many a golden opportunity en route to places of meeting, I have practically settled down to that method. Moreover, strange as it may seem to a Westerner, and slow as I was to come to it, my experience is that the most time-saving method for me is to walk. All other means of getting over the ground in my section except this one have marked disadvantages. The disadvantage of riding, if the Chinese evangelists or elders walk while the missionary rides, is that it is practically impossible to talk with them on the journey—Chinese pride and sense of democratic equality not allowing them on foot to imply, according to their standard, a suggestion of their inferiority

Starting on a Journey in South China

to the man mounted, by carrying on a conversation with him. If he forgets to alight from his animal when entering a village and asking directions he is apt to be purposely misdirected. The Chinaman addressed will often lie to hi saying under his breath, "If he is too snobbish to get down when he asks a favour let him go on the wrong road." It can mean many a weary, extra mile, and disarranged plans.

The advantage of walking in my field is not merely that it saves the expensive luxury of renting a donkey which when brought around at the hour of starting may be skin and bones, have something akin to heart disease, and die on one's hands; not merely that it obviates the embarrassment of your horse dumping you into a cold and swollen stream; not merely that you avoid a cantankerous mule clawing at you with his hoofs; not merely that you save strength that might have been expended in lugging a broken bike through miles of mud or pushing it in the teeth of a chill head wind. These and many more interesting experiences may occur. The main advantage of walking remains that it enables the pastor to talk with his fellow-workers; to teach the Scriptures and discuss policies; to plan about the places to which they are going; to counsel together about the people whom they have left and expect to meet; and at any time along the road to kneel together and seek Heavenly guidance as to whatever demands attention. This talking and praying over the problems ahead and those left behind gets one into close sympathy and fellowship with the workers; and on such trips, walking, eating, sleeping, roughing it with them, the Chinese will gradually open up worlds of Chinese life and thought to one whom they trust—worlds of which the foreigner never dreamed.

The praying places along the road are numerous: on the edge of a wheat-field, beside a booth in a vineyard,

or the lodge in a melon patch ; or on a threshing-floor, or beside the temple wall. The itinerator ought to be well supplied with tracts, the judicious use of which facilitates very much his work in speaking to individuals. Not to distribute these and not to speak of Christ to the people along the road—journeying to the market or on their way to pay a visit or going to and from their fields or passing along their village streets—would be negligent indeed, and would involve loss of many precious opportunities. The obvious reason for the foreigner in China is either to push business or to propagate the Gospel.

The people who are to be told are myriad. In some sections more than two thousand to the square mile. Scarcely ever is one out of sight of human beings. Repeatedly have I taken my handkerchief out of my pocket with the thought of not putting it back until I could see no human being in the landscape, but for hours at a time there was never a moment when one or more were not in sight. This is the land par excellence for the man who wants to do "individual work for individuals."

The following situation will suggest how interesting, not to say fruitful, are these opportunities. One day I was travelling along the road. It was noon, the hardest part of the day was ahead—seventy li to be made on foot, a bridgeless river to cross and an important meeting scheduled for the evening. There was no time to wait for the innkeeper to fire up and get a hot meal. So for dinner I bought of a peddler hawking them on the nasty dust-blown street cold "hwoa shao" (coarse-flour native biscuits) and some peanuts. As I munched, the whole village gradually gathered to watch the manipulation of the foreigner's jaws, to comment on his buttons, to marvel at his coloured glasses on top of another pair, and to discuss with animation the price of everything about him. After meal-time on the road usually affords an excellent

opportunity for an informal preaching of the Gospel ; for the curious will assemble to see the outlandish foreigner outlandishly eat.

And as I travelled along—and this is one of the great advantages of walking—there were occasions innumerable to sow the seed. One sits down by the roadside to rest, or on a threshing floor, or on the nether millstone of a donkey-power flour mill, or on the steps in front of a temple—and there are always auditors in abundance, willing to receive the little tract explained and presented. I had not progressed far after my meal when I espied a patriarch coming down the road towards me. He carried the conventional little basket and shovel on his shoulder, and in the conventional manner was strolling out on the highway to improve the shining minutes gathering manure. In response to my salutation : "What is your honourable surname?" he replied : "My base name is Wan." "What is your worthy given name?" His eyes bulged at such politeness to a peasant, and he answered, "Ping An" (my given name is Peaceful). "What is your venerable age?" I continued. At this marked courtesy to a plain old farmer he stuttered with delight, holding up his fingers in the expressive counting fashion of old Chinese men. In impressive silence I read "seventy-seven." Then, with the polite consideration for the learner of their language that characterizes the peoples of Europe and Asia, as it does not Americans, the old man gravely bowed and said with emphasis: "You speak Chinese as though you had your coffin bought and your grave-clothes prepared "—a high compliment, indeed, and wholly undeserved. This was his way of saying: "You speak just right, correctly, like a native. Your language is as proper as is the social condition of that parent whose dutiful children have made all rightful preparations, ordained of custom,

for his fitting burial, so that he may daily look with paternal pride upon his huge coffin, also his last habiliments safely stored in his own chest, and awaiting his dissolution!"

Scrutinizing me with increasing interest, the old man was finding his tongue and massing his words for a raking cannonade of inquiry, so to speak. He loosed upon me a bombardment of long pent-up curiosity. And out of all the fireworks of words I learned that he had never in all his "born days" seen a real foreign devil; that he had always longed to gaze upon at least one such strange creature before being gathered to the shades of his ancestors; that he had often contemplated making the journey to Tsingtau for this very special and highly desirable purpose, despite the heavy expense and loss of time it would entail. And now before his very eyes, near the home of his fathers, on the very highroad indeed, he had, in broad daylight, run right into one! Surely he was born under a lucky star, and his presiding genius was good! Now he could depart in peace!

The old man bowed and bowed himself out of my presence, and started off again on the treadmill round of his existence. Then he turned and came back. Quite unabashed now, he confidently placed his hand on my arm. Out of his half-closed, unwashen eyes, running with sores, he peered intently at me, scanning my face through and through—every lineament—as if searching my soul. Such a hungry look—and I have seen many in China—I have rarely met. Divining his meaning, I laid my hand on his shoulder and said, "My venerable brother, you have spoken of my Chinese as being like 'a coffin purchased and grave-clothes prepared.' But are you ready to pass beyond?" A long silence as we gazed at each other. His bent, withered frame shook. He pulled out an old dirty rag, such as hangs tied to the

blouse of the countryman, and which serves as towel, handkerchief, and wash-cloth combined, and wiped away his tears. At last he said : "I fear to die. I have no hope, no hope !" I told him of the Overcomer of death, and the resurrection hope. And then after a prayer we parted, probably never to meet again till at the great assize. But for months that mournful speech and hopeless manner, the more melancholy because indicative of millions of others here, have haunted me.

The obligation to this sort of work is the more imperative because of the present accessibility of the people. The remarkable fact is that so many people when approached are willing to listen. Frequently they are suspicious of the foreigner and afraid of the tract which he attempts to hand them. I have repeatedly had a man refuse, saying : "The tract that you have just given to one of my neighbours is sufficient for the village." But usually they are willing to receive these expositions of Scripture ; and they open the way usually to an explanation of the Gospel and to the gathering of a small group at least to listen to that exposition. Almost any person with whom I have yet experimented seems willing to halt in his tracks—the farmer in his field, the tradesman in his store, the pilgrim on a journey, the peasant en route to market, the lounger on the village street,—and to listen courteously, often eagerly, to what we have to say, politely bowing as we leave. Imagine thus invading a business man's time in America !

Sitting down beside the road and talking with "these least" about their souls brings a new and blessed realization of the meaning of, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." "I had always thought," said a worker who had come to know Christ in power, "that this meant that the angels were glad. But now a new meaning flashed out from the

verse. It is not speaking of the angels' joy. It is Christ's joy, and all heaven knows about it. What a privilege to bring such a joy to our Lord that the angels see it lighting up His face! And this joy comes, not when a nation is converted, but when one sinner repents. How infinitely is the fruit of our service multiplied when it reaches to heaven!" And there is no limit to the opportunity of sowing seed along the road unto such fruitage.

In the list of outfit requirements for the ideal village street preacher you must put down, *inter alia*, the following: A constitution of iron, lungs of brass, the voice of Stentor, the patience of Job, and the ability to hang on amid conditions peculiarly distracting. For the preacher has to get in his message edgewise, so to speak, and he must have the ability to sing and speak and hold his own against every conceivable variety of noise made by men and women, barrows and babies, and boys and dogs and donkeys and all else that goes to make up the strident doings of the village street.

A regular method of procedure is to go into a new "raw heathen" section, accompanied by several evangelists, or Christians who have volunteered time for a period of days, or both; and, as systematically as possible, to preach through all that region. We usually eat and sleep together, that is in the same room, roughing it as best we may. Each morning, after a united family worship, we set out two by two, in apostolic fashion. The general direction in which each pair is to work has usually been decided upon in conference the previous evening by the band leader; and it is the holy ambition of each pair to reach as many of the multitudinous villages as possible during the day, before it is time to return to the central meeting place. After supper all gather together for evening worship, to plan

the campaign and to rehearse, like the Seventy of old, what they have seen and heard and done—the manner of their reception, hopeful and discouraging features of it, persecution, if any, special cases on which they need counsel and happenings of peculiar interest; above all, to pray for God's blessing upon the witness made for Him. Such a program means hard, wearing days; scanty and often—usually—cold lunches upon the road —a thing the Chinese detest; and mental and physical weariness at night. But this is just what our Blessed Lord experienced on the way as He went from village to village proclaiming the Kingdom of God. And when one is tired for the Gospel's sake, it is a peculiar comfort to realize that He is the Yoke-Fellow in all this: "Lo I am with you all the days."

By way of introduction to the local scene of operation the reader may be told that there is usually in front of each house-wall on the one thoroughfare wide enough to be dignified by the name of "the village street" a pile of stuff that, by a large stretch of the poetic license, may be called an earth-mound. It is the accumulation of the yard and stable within, gathered for months, and plastered over sometimes with mud, and left to the four winds of heaven and to the olfactories of the passers-by "to work" until such time as the owner chooses to spread it upon the soil of his garden or grain plot. Such a coign of vantage, when hard and dry, is often chosen for a pulpit. And could an outsider know the crowd and see how closely they sometimes press the speaker, often well-nigh to smothering, they would realize the value of even this makeshift speaker's platform.

Outside the village the two evangelists have halted for earnest prayer before tackling their hard proposition. They would hardly dare enter without that, and so, strengthened by His might in the inner man, they ad-

vance to the ordeal of the street. As they pass along in front of the house yards, one after another the villagers begin to flow towards them; and by the time they have mounted the rostrum and sung the first verse of a hymn a strong tide of human beings has set in towards them.

If the cold north wind has had its innings and spring has really begun there will be evidence by many infallible proofs—the youngsters are running about naked, and their elders are wearing less than the canons of the politest Western society would deem superfluous.

Picture if you can such a gospel-hearing audience—some standing, others squatting in their Chinese fashion "at ease," a position that makes your own limbs ache even to look at them, or else sitting in the dust that is blown in gusts up and down the dirty street—all, I say, except that front-row, esoteric circle of more interested adults and more curious youngsters. They have eaten things of indescribable odoriferousness, and in utter disregard for the speaker's eyes, nose and throat, they, standing in solid phalanx, as it were, ring him round. Edging up ever closer, they remind me, not so much of a glacier ever moving irresistibly onward as of a gang of redskins closing in relentlessly upon a victim tied to a post.

It is a curious spectacle as they come trooping towards one: old men hobbling on their staves who seize the earliest opportunity to rest their weary bones by sitting down in the dust, face on knees, eyes closed, prepared to listen—more probably to sleep; children running hard in expectation of unique excitement and fortified against the exigencies of the hour by a bunch of leeks in one hand and in the other a raw turnip or something else equally germ-laden, and voraciously gnawed, peel and all, their naked bellies protruding almost to bursting with the nests of worms working within; strapping

young bucks who stroll leisurely towards the scene of action, the while taking huge bites of their dinner of hot, boiled sweet potatoes, and who then squat down for a comfortable smoke, as if the end and aim of existence were attained by repeatedly filling their tiny pipe-bowls out of their long tobacco pouches, and then interminably striking their flints, passing lights, borrowing tobacco, exchanging neighbourly whiffs and making a running fire of comment on the foreign speaker's grotesque clothes and generally queer appearance.

The women, timidly, but eaten up by curiosity, also come; some hurry, some straggle along—but always painfully on their tiny feet; often each one weighted with, or absorbed in the care of, a babe or two; to sit cautiously on the filthy heaps at a slight distance or to crouch at their bases—all except those whose age and ugliness allow of greater freedom of action and nearer access. To concentrate their thoughts on the preacher's theme is no light task. Poor creatures! vacant-headed, shrill-voiced. It is hard to interest them in that for which the preachers came. The monotony of their yard existence, its unending drudgery, its sterility of spirit, the callousness of the life that impinges upon them, the helplessness, lack of sympathy, abuse and cruelty that press them down—all these, and more; the foul things that only they know have done their bruising, soiling, deadening work upon their bodies and spirits.

Yonder sits a young mother in the middle of the road, glancing up occasionally, listening a little, but principally intent on rolling her naked darling in the filth of the street about her, to the unalloyed, chuckling delight of the youngster, while she beams upon him with mother-joy.

Slinking behind the others is a pitiful looking creature, her face more distorted than the others, with the hard

lines of abuse and neglect and lovelessness branded on her forehead; between her eyes and covering the upper part of her nose, an ugly bruise of greenish hue—the marks of a love-tap imprinted recently by her husband, we learned, who in a fit of anger had floored her.

In the nearer group is here and there an aged grandfather who glances repeatedly with pride at the tender grandson at his feet who is to continue his name and insure the worship of his three spirits after his demise. As caretaker, he occasionally reaches forth and, picking up a stone or chunk of dirt in lieu of handkerchief, wipes the nose of the young hopeful. Sauntering back and forth among the crowd are proud young papas, hugging boy youngsters in all states of dishabille, and, in lieu of clothes, warming them against their own skins. The youngsters are all spoiled and tyrants, knowing only too well their power. They keep their dads on the move, jolting and amusing them, any halt eliciting a howl. There are also plenty of big burly loungers frightfully pock-marked. They are illustrations of the law of the survival of the fittest, a law that throughout all heathendom works itself out with such harshness as dwellers in a Christian land cannot understand. Only iron constitutions could have resisted the attacks that had been made upon these fellows. Wandering in and out among the crowd were two youngsters, only half-recovered from their dread disease, and such terrible looking objects that even the Chinese, hardened to all kinds of sights of physical distress and loathsomeness, and indifferent as they are to contagion, draw back from them.

Once an old man, who had looked so attentively that I thought he was really interested in the message, limped up to our dirt-piled platform and asked: "Do foreigners never have smallpox?" He had heard that all from the West have smooth faces (*i. e.*, unmarked by the pox).

To his mind this was incredible, as the country folk believe that few or none can escape the smallpox, it being heaven's decree that all get "the flower" (as they mock-humorously call it). Why should any one vainly seek to avoid the inevitable decree of heaven?

The apparently impossible feat of the human mind, of giving attention to two things at once, seemed to be performed repeatedly before our eyes, as those in the audience, with their eyes glued on the speaker, would vigorously blow their noses, and then raising their bare feet—perhaps mechanically as a pianist strikes a key-board—use their heels for handkerchiefs, never moving the head or even relaxing the gaze. It is not always easy for a speaker to maintain his gravity, as a whole gamut of vigorous, droll, and ever-changing and unexpected action punctuates his points.

All the while the village curs are snapping and fighting their way, often between the legs of the crowd, the battle raging back and forth in a manner reminding one of the zigzag eddying fortunes of a football match, as the changing exigencies of attack and defense drive the players hither and yon over the gridiron. Also heavily-laden barrows with ungreased, screeching wheels add their lively quota of confusion to the scene, as the sweating, naked-waisted pushers shout hoarsely for passage, and at times run through the hastily scattered crowd to keep pace with the affrighted animals pulling the vehicles.

A placidly peaceful element in the picture is a group, here and there, whose members are engaged in a "head hunt," while, above all the din, rises the immoderate laughter of an idiot, running loose and bantered, even harried to violence, by the village boys, his tones, as he fights them off, strident, vacant, wild and creepy. Here is near approach to beast nature, the spiritual in him

starved and stunted, abused and outraged beyond reasonable hope of recovery. In village heathenism who has time or inclination or real interest or power to pity such?

The good-will of the crowd is shown in the fact that here, as in many another place, members of it had brought us stools to sit on, and hot water. Not to drink it was impolite; to drink it involved mental uneasiness far outweighing the physical inconvenience of a dry, dust-laden throat. The teacups—often the blacker with ancient grime, apparently, in proportion as they are the politer vehicle of hospitality—are ostentatiously wiped by the impromptu host with an indescribable rag serving as combined handkerchief, towel and cloth factotum, pulled out of an equally indescribable girdle. The insides and edges of that drinking vessel contained enough "culture" material to supply simultaneously almost all the bacteriological laboratories now in existence. It is one of those many experiences into which the itinerator has to plunge and trust to the good Lord for the consequences.

When ready to depart, to repeat the process of explaining the "Jesus Doctrine" in as many other villages that day as our strength and time would permit, we were given hearty invitations to return. As we moved away I took pains to speak to an old woman who had sat a little distance off, looking intently at us most of the time, not because she was taking in the teaching but because she was feasting her eyes on a, to her, nine days' wonder—the excitement of her life—herself filthy to a degree and sitting in the dust of the street—and it was thick. Her head was covered with it. Beside her was a young girl, naked to the waist, and picking lice out of her thin, spare gray locks. This was not peculiar nor exciting; one sees it everywhere along the roadside and village streets. While preaching here, I suppose ten or twelve couples had thus settled themselves down comfortably in

the sunshine, to be within hearing of "the doin's," and at the same time improve the shining moments.

It is always the safe and polite thing in China to ask people their ages, and especially so the older they grow. Noting her white hair, I took occasion to felicitate her on her age, expecting to follow it with a little homily on the shortness of the earth-time yet remaining to her. She sighed and answered in almost indentical words, spoken under similar circumstances to an older missionary friend: "Yes, honourable sire, I am getting old. Indeed, I am aging too fast. My teeth are falling out so rapidly that I can no longer bite lice!"—referring to the common æsthetic practice of biting in two captured lice. Often they are snipped by the long thumb-nail; but so annoying are these ubiquitous little pests that the finder who does the snipping occasionally hands the owner an especially juicy one upon which to wreak special vengeance —well deserved. If the Lord made the mosquitoes to illustrate the malignity of the Devil, as Horace Bushnell averred, is it irreverent to think that He might have made the Chinese lice and fleas for the same purpose?

There have been in the course of the ages many interesting methods of reckoning cycles of time, from that of the Greeks who measured their history by the names of victors in the Olympic games, to the Chinese in Eastern Asia, who measured by the name of the emperor of the reigning dynasty. But probably this old woman's method of computation, by the vigour and precision with which one's teeth can slice lice, is unique in chronometry.

Let any cultured man or woman at home who believes that "heathenism is good enough for the heathen," and who deprecates "the foolishness of the missionary in stirring up the heathen to become dissatisfied with the religion they possess," "with the religion that God gave them," sit down and think through, if he or she dare, a

few of the implications and corollaries of heathen life from these incidents of every-day life. Would you like to be left in their condition?

This narrative may jar on the æsthetic sensibility of some of the home folks; but it is just because men are so degraded that they need Christ; just because they are under the bondage of iniquity in body, mind and soul, so lost with a lostness that manifests itself in every phase of life—physical, mental and spiritual—that God in the flesh came to succour them. It is precisely because the heathen world is so repulsive, unlike the lovely and adorable God, out of tune with the health and holiness of the Infinitely Perfect One, that He sent His Best Gift, the Good Paragon, a propitiatory offering of infinite, inherent merit, to change all this. He has pitied to the utmost, in infinite prodigality, providing the Son of His dear Love. How much have you pitied in making known the hope of glory through that Son?

Such days of evangelistic activities vitalize one's conception of Jesus' experience of having no time, no, not so much as to eat. One's opportunity to preach here to throngs of people, who require no drumming up or special music or extra exhortation or advertisement, is limited only by one's physical endurance. For the mere effort of singing a hymn, standing in the narrow, filthy, lane-like streets, one can often have many members of the village for an audience.

Every class and condition of the village is represented. There are small children, exceedingly dirty, often frightfully covered with syphilitic sores; blear-eyed, shaky old men; lusty young bucks, heralding their grown-up-ness by self-consciously sucking their big-mouthed pipes; and ubiquitous boys, crawling around the feet of the speakers and examining their clothes. There are also reserved village scholars, contemptuous but curious, innocently

pretending, to the amusement of the crowd, inability to read the tracts handed to them. There are also proud papas of baby boys, hugging their young hopefuls to their bosoms—for in lieu of fires, the Chinese men open their numerous layers of coats, and cause, for the time being, their youngsters to hibernate, as it were, in the voluminous folds, substituting skin heat for coal heat. This is naturally a money-saving process—provided one has time to carry a child all day long, week in and week out. Lined up near by along the mud walls, and furtively but vigorously exchanging stage-whispers and often audible comments about the novel and interesting situation, are ancient dames, hags before their day. A little farther off groups of young wives are lounging. Occasionally there is among them one "made up" for a visit back to her own family in another village, her yellow face and neck plastered a bright pink, as ghastly as one sees on the boulevards of Paris—only the pigment used by these women poisons their systems. Maidens are peeking around corners, their faces often drawn with physical pain, often expressive of wretchedness and despair. The fear and vacuity and sorrow of their pathetic lives—all is evidenced before us. The appearance of these women reminds one grotesquely of Civil War veterans stumping around on their wooden legs; for with their trousers tightly wound around their ankles and lower limbs and these emaciated members capping their tiny mutilated feet, the nether parts of these unfortunates could well pass muster as counterparts of the "pins" which glorified the heroes we used to run away from school to admire around their camp-fires.

It is well-nigh impossible for home friends to conceive of such an audience, but what impresses the itinerator most about them, no less than about individuals met along the road, is their accessibility to the Gospel now.

The willingness of heathen to hear as one goes among the villages is shown, for instance, thus: One summer afternoon a Christian and I had battled our way through a driving dust storm—a wind having suddenly blown up fierce and hot—to a certain village. We were given asylum in an inn. It mattered not that the air was choking with dust—the people came and listened. All the afternoon men crowded into that foul, ill-smelling, darkened room to hear the Gospel. And towards sundown, when the wind abated, the entire village, as it seemed, sat or stood around in the dust of the main street to hear the Word.

On another summer day we reached a village at noon. We were fagged—hungry and thirsty. The people readily gave us food and drink, and then they settled down on the threshing-floor, hemming us in, a solid circle of them—patriarchs, ancient dames, the middle-aged, youths and children—to listen to all we would tell them. We protested it was their eating time, but they made light of that weighty consideration. One by one workmen came in from the fields and joined them—and stayed till we were ready to depart. Thrifty housewives hastily brought unfinished quilts and other needlework from their houses and settled down comfortably (?), ready to listen. When we left the heat of the day had been broken. It was their busy season, the period of three meals a day; many had not eaten their noon meal, or sat crunching a cold snatch. Still they urged us to stay and to expound more at length the Jesus Doctrine.

In a third village we were caught by the rain. At first it sifted down, thin and misty, and the crowd stayed by us in the street. When it finally set in hard, they provided a large empty storeroom for us; and, hastily changing our base, we continued the preaching, a spirit of marked interest prevailing. Each group of workers

reported like experiences of eager listeners in all villages visited.

In such blessed work the preacher cannot be other than heartened and sustained, because he leans on the sure promise of God: "My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it" (Isaiah 55:11).

It has been estimated that "if one hundred and forty millions of people live in the walled cities of China, three hundred million must live in the myriads of villages that everywhere stud the landscape and make the country throb with life." Very few of the vast peasant population live in isolated houses; they dare not; they band together for mutual protection. In Shantung Province, on the great plain, in my station field, within a radius of fifteen li (five miles), there have been counted from ninety to one hundred and ten villages—within a radius of three miles were counted sixty-four villages—with a carefully estimated population of sixty thousand, two hundred souls, or more than two thousand one hundred and twenty-five to the square mile. This is four times the average density of the population of Belgium, which is the most thickly inhabited country of the European continent—or was, before its decimation. Had Christ been able to walk among the masses of this great people when He was on earth, He surely would have had compassion on them, for they peculiarly are "as sheep without a shepherd."

To appreciate something of what it means to do evangelistic work in a peasant home it is necessary to look in upon such a house and yard, typical of scores of millions. This vast multitude of peasant folk live congested in low, filthy, one-story houses; mud-floored and poorly lighted (and this light darkened by opaque paper stretched across

the window frames), the mud walls black with soot and full of cracks for the lodgment of vermin, the corn-stalk ceiling heavy with cobwebs and with all that has paid toll to them.

The ordinary peasant house consists of three small rooms, joined end to end, all facing south, the entrance being through the middle room which does duty for kitchen, dining-room and reception hall. One of the side rooms is the family bedroom, the other is the granary, storeroom, attic, tool-room and catch-all. It also does duty as a guest room : but I can testify that between the irrigating pump, the winnowing machine, plow, drag, loom, lumber, coffins, baskets, and a few other impedimenta apt to be there, the foreign guest often has to exercise some ingenuity and exert some strength cleaning house in order to find a place for his folding cot.

In such a domicile may be found a family consisting of three generations—parents, sons, daughters-in-law and a swarm of youngsters—all in the closest proximity to a dozen chickens, several pigs, dogs and plow animals. I do not mean that all lie under the same roof, though frequently I have seen the ox and the ass share the house with the family. In any case it is a poor enough makeshift for a "home." *Apropos* of this condition Westerners have often been told that the character that in the Chinese written language means "home" is made by indicating a pig under a roof.

Each little walled yard, facing the hut door, is, though the "front yard," also the barn-yard. One window in each of the end rooms looks out upon this yard. In front of the small window on the left is the peng (the lean-to) open towards the yard, where the unmusical donkey or patient ox, or both, stand under the same roof and practically in the same stall. Under the same

roof is often found the ponderous two-stoned family grist-mill—turned by the women of the household (in case there is no family donkey, or in case he is otherwise engaged). In any case the women are usually assigned to the delightfully æsthetic and highly stimulating mental occupation of following the grinder, whether human or beast, around and around the grinding stones, hour after hour, week in and week out, to transform, as occasion requires, the raw grain into a coarse flour, or the beans into a curdish consistency that looks like thin Dutch cheese.

Immediately under the small room at the right is the pig-pen, fronted by a pit that may be eight feet square, larger in an inn-yard. Into this is thrown all the offal from the stable and the general filth of the yard. Confusion worse confounded often reigns in that little cluttered area. By a steep stairway of brick or stone the pigs clamber up and down into this pit of filth, at night to grunt and squeal and fight under a cover that abuts against the house.

Living thus, without opportunity for the ordinary decencies and the necessary privacies, often without love or with positive hate, and lacking all chivalry towards the women, the "weaker vessels," and without Christ as honoured guest, it is easy to imagine what dullness, dreariness and depression must characterize the pitifully vacant home life of that vast people. The physical squalor is matched by the mental crampedness and the spiritual barrenness. The vacuity and starvedness of such a life beggar description. Multitudes of villagers who live only a few miles from a German railroad have never seen one of the "fire carts." To them it is too suggestive of the Old Dragon for willing proximity. Multitudes who live near the coast of this long peninsular province have never seen the sea. A "boy" (a

man twenty-five years old), who for a time made my food when I was out in the country, had never looked upon the "iron horse" until he once met me at a country railway station.

The lighter side of all this may be seen in such episodes as the following, told me by a missionary friend. "One of the boys who had been graduated from his local village school, and who had probably never been five miles away from home, was tramping *en route* to our High School. Suddenly, upon sight of one of the little arms of the sea, he stopped in amazement saying: "Che moa si sui si tsung na li lai ti?" (So much water as all this—where did it come from?)

We were one day bound for the home of a heathen mountaineer, far up the valley. The man and his wife were aged and they with their four sons and daughters-in-law and grandchildren all lived in an incredibly small yard and hut. The only hold that we had upon the family was that the youngest son now married and labouring hard to eke out the scanty family sustenance, had once attended one of our Mission schools. Through the wedge of that village school we had entrance to that home which otherwise would have been closed to us. Moreover, we were going to sympathize and console with the parents, whose daughter had recently committed suicide in the home of her mother-in-law to spite the members of her husband's family, thereby bringing great trouble upon the family and village.

Arrived at the village of our quest we found the home we sought on the bank of a small mountain stream. Our approach was heralded by the fierce barking of dogs. As we proceeded gingerly into the yard they showed their teeth in a manner that meant business. Though it was then past supper time, the father and sons were still planting sweet potatoes out in their fields, if fields they

could be called. For these fields consist merely of small patches of ground laboriously made on the mountainside, each terraced with stone still more laboriously prepared. Inside the yard was an open lean-to in which two donkeys and an ox were feeding. The yard was so contracted that there was only a small space between these animals and the doorways of a small L-shaped hut. In that space sat the daughters-in-law in the filth of the yard (the front yard is always the barn-yard of a Chinese peasant establishment) each using a club, pounding sweet-potato stems. So reduced were they for food before the spring vegetables and summer wheat arrived, that they were now eating this stuff boiled with sweet-potato leaves.

On seeing us the daughters-in-law ran into the house. It was pitiful to think of the condition of mind that should force them to flee and peek in a scared manner around the corner of the door. There needs no other suggestion as to the hygienic condition of these people than to intimate that under the "ma peng" (the animal stall, open to all the winds and dust that blew down the gusty valley) was the family flour mill. And right there among the animals these two great stones were operated by the daughters-in-law, to produce the flour that they had earlier been eating, made from grinding chips of raw sweet potatoes, welcome food that had long since been exhausted.

The old mother I had visited once before when the youngest son as a schoolboy had very diffidently, hesitatingly, and fearfully led me to the parental home. Often these old peasant women, hags before their day, are stupid, already blind or deaf or lame, one or all in combination, and shut up within themselves, their life almost a blank. Pictures always appeal to them, just as they do to children. We had brought with us a large scroll of Bible pictures and produced one, "Joseph Forgiv-

ing His Brethren." We put it up on the wall. Confucianism is keen, in theory, on children honouring their parents—on their not only not forgetting them, but caring for them in their age. Communicating with them in such language and such illustration always appeals to the Chinese heart. In this section of the world it is especially telling because so many sons have gone to Manchuria in search of fortune. Some of them have never come back, as was the case of a son in this family. There is hoping against hope for years, to hear from them. Some who have never returned have been ungrateful to parents and let them shift from bad to worse in helpless poverty. When the question is put to the Chinese parent, as we put it that day to the old lady, "What would you think if after nourishing your four sons, caring for them in their helpless infancy, giving them food and clothes and shelter—they were not thankful when they grew up? Even more, if they never spoke to you?" The old woman's eyes flashed anger as she replied, "Very bad, very bad!" "But," we said, "this is just what we have done here in this home to the Heavenly Father. He has given us, year in and year out, rain and sunshine without which our sweet potatoes could not grow. He has given us the trees on your mountainside for fuel, and grass for the fodder of your animals, and yet all your life you have gone to the temple and burned incense sticks and paper money to gods that your carpenters and your smiths and your plasterers have made, outraging the true God who made these green fields and the sea over the mountain wall from which you get your fish. Do you think God is pleased? He tells us that these gifts of His to us should daily put into us the spirit of repentance. Can He do less than punish if His children are willfully going wrong? What would you do? Would you also not in love punish your children, to save them from worse misfortune?

Could you expect that your suicide daughter, whom you never trained to honour the true God, could honour you? If parents do not rejoice in a child who forgets to honour them, can the Heavenly Father?"

This old woman was keen; her eyes snapped with interest and she even was in a mood to argue, which is quite unusual with the timid, not to say broken old women. She said, "But how can I know God? I cannot see Him." Then she started to ruminate. "Did these great mountains make themselves, and who cleaved this valley?" "If your son in Manchuria were still alive, how would you know that he was alive?" "Why," she said, "he would send me a letter." "Even so, God has sent us a letter, even His book, which tells us all about Him. In it He speaks directly to us." "But how can I get in touch with Him?" "Well," was the rejoinder, "how do your children get in touch with you?" "Why, they talk to me." "Even so we talk to the true God. We thank Him and we tell Him of all our needs. This talking to God—we call it prayer!" "But," she answered, "I don't know how to pray. I don't know how to worship God."

To a foreigner living among these people and hearing such words out of the anguish of spiritual longing in which they are sometimes spoken, they are as startling as to hear what we can hear over and over in these glens: "I have never yet heard of Jesus." To say that these words are startling in the twentieth century, in view of the command of Jesus and the opportunity that the Church has had to obey His command, is putting it mildly indeed. "But," she insisted, "you say we shall rise again. How can I believe that? I never saw a resurrection." "Well," we answered, "have you ever thought what it means that many sweet potatoes will grow from one slip? or that many grains of wheat grow on

yonder stalk only because the grain that was planted dies of itself?" "Except a kernel of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone. If it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Her next move was the most interesting and startling of all: "But I have sinned, I have no hope, I have seen the hell pictures in our temple." She was referring to the plaster representations in the near-by temple, which with much more can be seen in the Temple of the Under World in each walled city, where demons of the Buddhist faith, grafted upon the Chinese Spirit Worship, are seen putting human beings through well-nigh every sort of nameless horrible punishment for the deeds done in the flesh. There is one thing about heathen religions that makes them hateful and repulsive beyond words. They not only drag down the heathen into deeper sin, not only make them sin still more gravely against the light they have, but leave them with absolutely no hope. Being human, they can offer no suggestion of salvation, no glimmer of light from above. Only the religion of the Son of God coming down from Heaven, and not Taoist or Confucian priests, has wisdom to pierce the future.

These priests know no more than the common folk instinctively know; no more than the stupid old women of China; no more than that we have sinned and we ought to suffer for our sin. Therefore the marvel of the Holy Spirit working hope and faith in this old woman. As she gazed at the picture of Joseph suffering for and forgiving his brethren, the omnipotence of God made plain to her that this strong, winsome, self-sacrificing son of Jacob was a type of the Son of God. He set forth to her the possibility of getting right with God. Earlier she had said, "I am too old to believe"—the remark of many another aged Chinese, like an anguished wail from the under world. But now, through many repetitions

and in varied form, the truth was brought home to her mind, dull to apprehend such grace because heretofore believing it to be inconceivable, "Can there be hope for me?" She caught at it like a drowning man at a straw. Earlier she had said: "What use? When I die I shall become a snake!"

By the light of the moon the men of the family, father and sons, staggered into the courtyard; each man bowed with his burden of grass or fire-wood cut off the mountain, or the tools of labour. Though hungry and wearied with the work of a long day, they squatted there in the moonlight and listened.

One of the first fruits of that visit was that when we left that night, as we were escorted out, the old woman, now believing, murmured the equivalent of "Unworthy but thankful! God pities me! He cares for a worthless old hulk like me. Oh, how I thank Him!" In heart-warming experiences like this the Gospel messenger gets a new conception of the program of Christianity, of Christ's adaptability to every human being on the planet, of the cosmic reach of God's purpose and plan and passion, as indicated in the prophecy of Isaiah: "I will give Thee to be a light to the Gentiles, that Thou mayest be my salvation unto the ends of the earth."

In view of such openings, numberless, no opportunity to accept an invitation to a heathen home should ever be rejected. It may under the blessing of God result in precious fruitage. Many a heathen man and family are looking for the true God. In our field I have in mind a one-time heathen school-teacher whose soul had long been prepared for the Gospel message, who, when it was presented to him in his home, speedily embraced it. He has now for years been one of our best pastors, a man used in a large way among three churches to which he ministers. Through him hundreds of souls have been born

into the kingdom. He confessed that as soon as he heard of the Lord Jesus and what He could do, he was ready to accept Him. The personal worker among these masses is continually reminded of the pledge of the Almighty: "I am the Lord that confirmeth the word of His servant and performeth the counsel of His messengers."

V

The Market and the Tent

A Study in Itinerating Methods

V

THE MARKET AND THE TENT

WITH several centuries of history to its credit, China naturally has acquired many deeply rooted customs and institutions. Dynasties have risen, their ripples have subsided, but the people have moved on in vast unconcern—plowing, sowing and reaping in stolid regardlessness of time and change. One of the things that has become an integral part of their life is the market, held every five days. For fear of robbers and because of distrust of all things in general, the peasants live in small villages—not apart, each man on his own land as in America. Of necessity, these primitive country folk must often come together in these markets to buy what they cannot raise or make. A great exchange takes place of eatables and other necessary and useful things. These markets are called by the numbers of the days of the month when they are held. For example: the market of one town is 1–6; of another, 2–7; of another, 3–8; of still another, 5–10, etc. From time immemorial these buying and selling bees have been held in certain larger and more important villages, central in their own district. Thus, for example, a market is held at the town of Shikou (the village of the stone ravine) 1–6, 11–16, 21–26; or at the village of Hung Lan Pu (the village of the red and blue cloth) on 2–7, 22–27, etc.; or at the village of Chi Gi (seven chickens) on the "three" dates; or at the village of the little hen on the "four" dates; or at the village of the "river of the demon source" on the "five" dates, etc. Each has

dates that do not interfere with the days of any contiguous market.

At these markets everything conceivable that people can use is sold; from the filthy cotton wadding of the worn-out garments of the previous winter season to old shoe soles in the last stage of disrepair; from all sorts of fish that smell to heaven to nameless things out of the sea, to look at which makes one feel weak in the pit of his stomach. Many varieties of vegetables and fruit are sold, often cut into small pieces for the convenience of the buyers and exposed to the dust and filth and flies of the street.

Here, at this gathering-place of the community of that district, the itinerating missionary, with a company of volunteers—Christians, elders, deacons—or paid evangelists, or all together, prepares to preach the Gospel. Often the market is held outside the wall of the market town in the bed of a dry moat or stream, as well as upon the long, rambling, irregular main street. The practised eye of the preachers picks out pulpits as serviceable as unique from which to preach—often the steps of a temple; often a theatre platform, which frequently is opposite the main temple gate; often the earth mounds scattered in the street. Sometimes, down among the crowd, the preachers may, several times during the day, work through the mass of people in the street, preaching, distributing tracts, and disposing of Scripture portions sold absurdly cheap—one copper cash a volume.

It is a unique and interesting scene that is spread out before the preacher, standing a little above it—the throngs of countrymen who surge up and down along the streets in front of the men squatting with their wares. All are endlessly seeking bargains. And ever above the hum and the strident noise of the crowd of buyers and sellers, the one word is constantly heard,—"cash, cash,

A Scene at a Festival

cash!" One wonders if there could be any more materialistic race on the face of the earth. Out of such a restless, pushing jam of people the preacher is to get an audience—if he can. There is usually, however, no trouble in getting some of the crowd to stop and listen. Above the din and uproar, the Gospel messenger raises his voice. Often they gaze intently and the foreigner thinks that he has their attention centred on the truth he is preaching, only to find out later, through questions asked and the conversation that takes place in front of him, that the interest centred on a button or a shoe-lace or his glasses or his watch or his all-round general queerness.

There are happenings in a day comical enough. The auditors discuss and argue among themselves why the foreign devil's glasses are dark-coloured. Or what sinister motive can he have in coming to our land, thereby subjecting himself to inconveniences and hardship? Is he in our land in order to take it, or is he preparing to attempt to enslave us? And with the pride of provincialism in their great and difficult language they exclaim: "He must be very venerable in age! He must have required many years in which to have accomplished the feat of talking our talk. We never could learn his tongue!"

The foreigner is generally able to attract a crowd, and if their attention is lagging, or if they have moved on during the expounding and haranguing of the Chinese evangelists, they usually surge back again when the foreigner begins to speak. However, one evangelist, faithful elder for many years, used a scheme when interest was lagging which would startle and attract well-nigh any market crowd. He was the proud possessor of a set of teeth made by a foreign-trained Chinese dentist; and when he saw a sagging in interest, he was accustomed to

call out to the people to watch him, as something wonderful was about to happen. Then with a dramatic movement of the hands, he would take out his false teeth and wave them in the air, again shouting to everybody to look. Sometimes the people on the instant would exclaim and draw away in astonishment and temporary horror, immediately after, mob-like, to surge back around him to see and hear such a wonder-worker. Aside from any adventitious attraction to aid him, the Chinese evangelist preaching in the market usually is, as a fellow missionary says, a wonder, and can usually save the situation. He is a fluent talker, can speak apparently under any circumstances, and is deterred or perturbed apparently by no amount of shouting or noise. At times his talk may seem rambling and wide of the mark, but he surprises and delights with his apposite illustrations and his realistic presentations of the Scripture stories and truths, and usually scores a strong point.

The remarkable thing is that the Holy Spirit can use witness borne of Christ under such adverse circumstances of noise, confusion, distraction and selfish barter, causing men to be smitten with the conviction of sin. Repeatedly in this market preaching we have been interrupted by men who have asked with troubled earnestness one of the most terrible questions that any Christian can ever have put to him: "Honoured Shepherd, if all this hope that you speak about in the Jesus Doctrine is true, why did you not come a long while ago and tell us about it?" Many a Christian in the Home Church will have to face that question in the judgment.

Men turn away apparently untouched. And yet one of the best of men, for many years a preacher and an elder, confesses that as a raw and callow youth, at the market, looking around to see something new and strange, he heard a foreign missionary preaching; had gone away

apparently unimpressed; but twenty years later was smitten with the conviction of sin and of righteousness and of judgment to come by the words all these years buried in his heart. Many other cases, the same in principle, could be cited. We know that the Spirit of God is not bound; too many times, through the miracles of market street-preaching, have we been forced to realize the limitlessness of His power. In view of these experiences it is ours in faith to cast the bread upon the waters, knowing that "after many days" it shall, as He says, return increased.

How hearts are prepared for these messages no one but God Himself can ever know. For example, a certain man heard a missionary preaching in the market. Though he himself did not at once repent, when he returned home he told his wife about it, but vaguely, confusedly. How precious the market message was to her weary soul and what it ultimately accomplished in and through her may be seen in the following narrative. From early womanhood she was keenly conscious of her sinfulness and that she "ought to do something to get right." So, in accordance with the universal instinct planted in the human heart (but which displays itself, perhaps, more dramatically in the gorgeous ritual of Asia—its idol worship and temple services—than in the West), she sought, as zealously as vainly, to placate God, after whom she blindly groped, whom she instinctively knew she had outraged, and with whom she felt she ought to be at peace. She knew no way to peace except through merit-making. And to prove to deity the sincerity of her longing, she determined to make unusual merit, as extraordinary and unconventional as it was fetching. It could not but make a "hit" with the priests; and perforce they would help her to peace. Note how God's providence was over her to use her gifts and turn her life into His

service. Mrs. Li is a natural leader. So, during unenlightened years, she had gathered up from the villages round about a band of sixty heathen women to go in a body with her and lay before a temple altar their common gift—pooled, specially prepared, and of unusual value.

To persuade that number of women to leave their homes and go without their men-folk's escort is in rural China an extraordinary feat. Many peasants during their lifetime have not been even five miles away from home; many women have scarcely left their own mud-walled yard, not to speak of their own village. Heathenism's spirit of fear, distrust, suspicion and non-initiative broods heavily over the people. If the husband whom the women call the waitou (one who has communication with the outer world) has not at all opened the eyes of his understanding—being unable to read, and the victim of all manner of debasing superstitions—what must such an undertaking be for a peasant woman, the litou (one who stays in the house), who knows little beyond the door-step gossip, whose intellectual horizon is often bounded by the village—the latest news about Mrs. Li's baby dying of worms, and Mrs. Wan's abused daughter-in-law jumping into the village well, and Mrs. Lin poisoning her husband, and Mrs. Tang selling her little girl to a brothel, and the like.

For a Chinese peasant woman to go sixty miles on foot is almost like your crossing a continent. She leaves home when married, and at increasingly rare intervals revisits the parental abode, her crippled feet necessitating her riding on an animal or barrow, and being escorted by a man of her family. Now this sort of an expedition, led by Mrs. Li the Zealous, was more analogous to Livingstone's first penetration of the Dark Continent. How sixty husbands would allow it is a mystery, explainable

only on the basis that the illogicalness of heathenism makes possible all sorts of contradictory credulities and foolish practices and hurtful customs side by side. But so it was that time after time these women set out, upon their tiny crippled feet, to walk the weary distance to their sacred precinct, especially famed in that region. Together they toiled to the summit of that holy hill; together on their knees they entered the temple, each burning a stick of incense. Many times they prostrated themselves on the cold, earthen floor in worship to the hideous demon-idols. After they had knocked their foreheads repeatedly in the dirt they crawled backward on all fours out of the temple, keeping their eyes glued upon the awful presences until their forms were lost through the open portals. Such was their merit-making! Weakened from the fasting connected with the vow, footsore from the long and arduous pilgrimage, they got what solace they could out of their laboriously made merit.

Then, each season, succeeding their great adventure, Mrs. Li and her companions dispersed to their homes—their quest vain, their souls more weary than their bodies—unsatisfied, thirsting after the living and to them unknown and unknowable God.

A year came when it seemed to Mrs. Li as if she should die if she could not find heart-peace. She early began making preparations for the merit-making journey, the best method of which she could conceive to placate deity, totally ignorant as she was of the truth: "Sacrifice and oblation (as a substitute for holy obedience) Thou wouldst not." As the time of the temple festival approached, she was feverish in her desire to be off and lead her band of zealots. But on the day set for departure she was stricken with fever, and passed the days of the pilgrimage in delirious moaning. Often she muttered: "Oh, Spirit of heaven and earth, light, light, light!"

She recovered, and when strong enough to bear the news, was informed that her band of women and many other worshippers crowded into the temple had all been burned alive in the temple. Over the main double door was a half second-story, stored with straw and corn-stalks, used for winter fuel by the priests, lazy, ignorant and vicious, who live in fatness off the offerings of a poverty-stricken people. On such an important festival occasion one of the priests, on account of the press, and to make the service more impressive to an unsophisticated folk, had stood up in that loft, and there, facing the idols, had intoned the prayers, while another by his side beat the drum. At each proper period, signified by the pounding, the people prostrated themselves upon the floor. By accident, probably, one of the priests knocked off from the stand before him an incense stick (an American boy's Fourth of July piece of punk). Suddenly it must have ignited the combustibles all about him, and as suddenly the flames leaped up, enveloped the two priests and ate through the years-old and dry-as-tinder board platform supporting them. The people below, stiff with surprise and dumb in terror, watched the two wretches, eaten of fire, tumble down at their feet before them. Then a wild stampede for the door in front occurred. Unfortunately, the very effort to rush out, as the people pushed from behind, each thinking only of himself, only pressed the doors, which opened *into* the temple, more tightly shut. And there the crazed company were, imprisoned in that sacred charnel-house!

Those on the outside, attempting rescue, were unable to make any headway against the jam from within. The flames quickly spread to all the inflammable things inside the temple—rafters, cross-beams, door-lintels, furniture and framework, from which hung gorgeous banners and silk curtains screening the features of mud deities.

And these, bedecked as they were with paint and gay tinsel, were, no less than their victim-worshippers, licked up by the fervent heat. The fumes issuing from the doomed building suffocated even those tugging at the doors from without. Terrible were the descriptions of the diabolical din and frenzied cries within. Through the smoke and amid the crackling of the flames onlookers got a confused impression of a writhing mass of fierce and maddened creatures trampling without pity and as ruthlessly trampled, scrambling frantically over one another, fighting like demons for the door, their clothes all afire —human brutes and human torches in one.

The heavy, tiled roof, wrenching and groaning and gutted of its inner supports, fell in, and many little leering, protecting devil-images fastened on its top—all too significant—keeled in after. A cloud of dust and ashes arose. From within came the smothered cries and stifled shrieks of roasted victims. Then a ghastly silence. And the holocaust of sin, offered up to the Father of lies, was complete.

In far-away China we have read of such disasters happening even in Christian America. If pandemonium could grip a cultured audience in an American theatre, imagine what a fire panic must mean when it seized upon a company of illiterate, uncouth, untravelled heathen peasants.

With the news of the death of her women friends, Mrs. Li's hope in the power of her gods to help her failed utterly. Horrified at the fate of those pilgrim companions, she now determined with all the energy of her being to find a real Saviour or die in the attempt. Again she questioned her husband desperately about the foreign God. "What did you say His name is?" "Yie Su (Jesus)!" he answered. And as the description became more detailed and she slowly and laboriously patched to-

gether the ideas, she finally exclaimed: "Yie Su Kiu Chu (Jesus Saviour)! He is the one I am looking for! He satisfies me. He causes me to rest my heart!"

The outcome of her search was that she became one of our Bible women, travelling on foot and preaching tirelessly to women through the villages of three churches. She was called "The Zealous"—a little wrinkled old woman, poor and without immediate family. But her life-quest had succeeded. She had found the secret of happiness. Her shining black eyes snap with the zest of joyous living. The winsome smile that habitually is hers attests it. Her zeal for the faith delivered to the saints is phenomenal. Like Paul she can say: "This one thing I do"—press forward towards the mark in His service. She often says: "If all my life long I have wasted my energy in serving demons, why should I not now as zealously try to serve the true God? If I led sixty women to the temple of idols, why should I not spend myself trying to lead as many to Christ, the Saviour?" Truly, as Isaiah said, our God is a "wonder of a Saviour." "They to whom no tidings came (directly) shall see, and they who have not heard shall understand."

The simplicity of the faith of a Christian household taking God at His Word is refreshing. With them it seems natural to thank the Father for a visit of the pastor, a prayer of gratitude being usually offered on his safe arrival. It gives a minister strength for his mission and message as all the folks of the home stand bared, while the blessing of the Almighty is invoked on the visit. Likewise on his departure there is always the prayer together for God's guidance on the journey, that he may go panoplied in the strength of the Almighty God. And well he knows he needs it as he faces heathendom—huge and crass and indifferent to him who in his own weakness is as unable to make a dent in it as with

his fist to batter down the vast sea-dykes of Holland. And as he sees continual tokens of his people's confidence in him and their looking to him as an example, well may the missionary pastor, imitating the solicitude and example of Paul, stir himself up to give "no occasion of stumbling in anything, that our ministration be not balmed, but in everything commending ourselves as ministers of God, in much steadfastness, in watchings, in pureness, in knowledge, in longsuffering, in kindness, in the Holy Spirit, in love unfeigned, in the word of truth, in the power of God, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left."

One is always impressed with the politeness of the peasant Christian hosts—politeness according to their standards, of course. Few receptions could be kinder or more enthusiastic. Afar off the visitor is frequently espied and the men of the household hasten out to meet him, it being the prerogative of their senior, as host, to take the traveller's "Chien ta tsi" (the Chinese equivalent of valise, dress-suit case, band-box, lunch-box, trunk and purse), which is carried on the shoulder and hangs down in front and behind. A few minutes before the Shepherd arrives, the word has been hurried on, and the women of the family have indulged in a perfect hurricane of house-cleaning—*i. e.*, dust-raising.

Inside the gate they, flustered and warm, smiling, bowing and apologetic, receive the guest, placing a stool for him. The canons of etiquette require that it should be farthest from the fresh air of the open door (it would be a sign of "no welcome" were he seated near it). Often the room is so thick with stirred up dust as to suggest the thought of its being cut with a meat-cleaver.

The ceremonial cup of tea is soon brought, just as in Palestine the Syrian host to-day brings the basin for the travel-stained feet of his guest. "Ha i tien sui" (drink

a little water) is urged. Unless it is certain that he is equal to the emergency, the guest would better be politely wary, for the invitation often means to perform the feat of plucking several, usually six, slippery dropped eggs—and with chop-sticks—from a bowl of hot water, and landing them all safely where they were intended to go. If they are not eaten the host may feel hurt, certainly disappointed. If the guest bungles the job, the audience doesn't think much of his dexterity in handling the "Kwei tsi" (nimble fellows, as the chop-sticks are facetiously called).

There is no fathoming the troubles, the undoctored sicknesses, the inarticulate woes of these humble folk. Much that they suffer is born, either of the squalor of their lives, the vice-grip of which is never relaxed, or of the persecution, petty and serious, that meets them in myriad forms because of their breach with the idolatrous superstitions of their clan and neighbours.

I entered a room where an old woman lay. She was a Christian, her folks were not. While they had not literally turned her out, they made it manifest that they had no room for her. In each of the end rooms of the three-roomed house was a "kang" (brick bed). The well members of the family slept on one, and the other, on which the sick woman had been lying, they had commandeered as a nursery for the sweet-potato plants. The tender slips embedded in rich black soil filled the kang. Its warmth, because of the flues underneath connecting with the stove, forced their growth preparatory to planting in the fields a few weeks later. The little low dark room was so cluttered that it was a squeeze between the kang and the pile of boxes and stuff on the opposite side.

There she lay in that alleyway on the damp earthen floor, bundled up in her quilts—filthy, ragged, odoriferous —despised and rejected for Christ's sake. As I entered

unobserved she was softly repeating to herself verses she had been taught: "I love Him because He first loved me." After I had prayed she said: "Though my body is racked, my heart is filled with peace! I know in whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." Her gratitude filled me with a realization of the joy of being an under-shepherd of the Great Shepherd. I felt that I received much more than I gave that day. And as I left her I found myself, for very gratitude to God, humming this hymn-prayer:

"Let me be tender when I touch
The meanest name to Jesus dear;
Lest my rude hands inflict a wound
Where Jesus' mercy dropped a tear."

In another home which I visited, another Christian woman lay stricken upon the kang, her whole limb afflicted with a foul ulcer. The family were Christians but utterly ignorant of what to do. Like all their neighbours they were innocent of cleanliness and sanitation in handling the sick, and utterly without facilities to care for the case even had they understood it. Such knowledge comes to a nation as a by-product of the broad, humane enlightenment that results from honouring Christ. At least the spirit of heathenism never produced it.

The weather was hot, the atmosphere of the room fetid and rancid,—stifling to me. The woman was rotting to death of gangrene, no help or hope. Heathenism had provided no hospital for her. In order to catch any breeze that might come her way she had thrust her fingers through the paper that covered the lower rows of the tiny wooden square openings in which the window-frame was divided. It had not occurred to the family to strip off the paper entirely; or perhaps it had and they had desisted for an obvious reason. The pig-pen was

just outside, separated from the patient only by a mud wall. Under the grilling of the sun the fumes rolled in. The flies came through the punctured holes in the paper panes, and in greedy swarms were tormenting and devouring her. In weariness and pain she tossed on her brick bed and rolled her head from side to side, seeking a soft spot in her pillow, stuffed hard and full with barley.

And yet, in this hole of a wretched hovel, she knew Christ. For months He had sustained her. Though she could not express it thus, she was aware, just as well as Samuel Rutherford, that "He delighteth to take up the fallen bairns and to mend broken brows. Binding up of wounds is His office." She had been taught the twenty-third Psalm, and this she repeated joyfully with me, saying, almost in the language of Paul, "Though the outward man perish, the inward man is renewed day by day." And this despite revolting surroundings: the bare grimy walls and the flies inside, and just outside the hogs, grunting, squealing and fighting week after week, day and night. This broken ignorant woman taught me anew the meaning of Browning's words:

> "There is no good of life but love—but love!
> What else looks good is some shade flung from love:
> Love guilds it, gives it worth.
> Be warned by me, never you cheat yourself one instant.
> Love, give love, and leave the rest."

On another day I made a détour in my itinerary and sought out a family, the only one in that village who were Christians. For weeks during the daytime they had been kept from the village well because of their confession of the Lord, it being necessary for the father and son to go in the dark to another village to draw water. The father had become a Christian through hearing the Gospel preached "in the market." He had sent his son and daughter to a near-by village Mission school where they

had accepted Christ. For some months these three had been instructing the mother, who was eager to take the step. Though they were desperately poor, the father was now away on a volunteer preaching tour, selling Scripture portions.

Before I began to talk to the mother I, for two reasons, sat down in the tiny dishevelled yard. First, that the heathen, suspicious and jamming into the yard, might see and hear all that occurred (their heads protruded everywhere above the wall); and, secondly, because I could not stand it inside the nasty little hut (from it she brought me food black with the flies settled on it). Two little children that feared the strange man pulled and tugged at the mother—one of them naked but for a shirt, and dirty and covered from head to heel with undressed sores, stung nearly to madness by the flies. As best she could, the patient, worn, ignorant mother comforted her infant. Slowly and plainly I unfolded to her the story of Jesus. Her hungry heart eagerly drank it in. I tried to emphasize what her husband and older children had not made clear. Fine-spirited she was, even in her squalor. She passed creditably through the examination the elder and I put to her. She longed to partake of the Communion. Her future opportunity was exceedingly uncertain. She had not gone far from her yard for years. And we decided to administer the Sacred Supper. Nobody could picture the pathos of her starved life, the type of ten millions of women like her.

Beside the door, laden with fragrance and beauty, stood an exquisite rose-tree full of rich red flowers—aristocrat of the æsthetic world and strange sentinel for such a place, for immediately behind it was the pig-pen and just opposite it, across the path, was the donkey stable. A board over a stone feed-trough lying on the ground in the yard was our substitute for a table. I sat behind it on a low,

rickety three-legged stool, the best the house afforded. In front of me were the elder and the big boy and girl, all seated on a borrowed bench. The patient, soft-eyed, humble mother sat on the raised door-sill, holding the diseased child, who slept with its mouth open, and the sun shining right into its eyes. She was also comforting the other little one, restless and fretting. The son had borrowed a fresh "Hwoa Shoa" (a biscuit baked over coals) and a cup of Chinese beer made from sweet potatoes. I placed my handkerchief over the elements. It was a grotesque setting for such a service—the cramped yard littered with its filth, and its mud wall lined with staring, unsympathetic faces; the excited chatter and irreverent remarks of those who had crowded in through the gate; the hens digging and rolling in the dirt, seeking refuge in their holes from lice, and then shaking the dust in dry waves upon us; the skinny cat crawling through the sill under the mother; the yard cur growling and showing teeth at the invaders around the gate; the grunting pigs, and the perfect rose-tree—a more perfect specimen than which it would be hard to find outside the villa gardens of Florence or the lawns of a French château.

The verse that comforted the mother more than any other was Matthew 11 : 28, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light." She knew all about the yoke; not the yoke that we Westerners think of—the neck yoke of a pair of steers of equal size. Multitudes of Chinese are too poor to own a donkey, not to mention an ox, and when they are fortunate enough to own both, they are often hitched tandem; but whether they are hitched side by side or tandem, no neck

yoke could be used. They are fastened together to the plow or drag or cart by a marvellous "contrapshun" of ropes. The yoke that she thought of, and possibly our Lord too, is the omnipresent "bien tan," a strong flexible pole carried on the shoulder, to which, in front and behind, are fastened whatever is to be carried, from babies to baskets of eggs. This is the yoke that halves the weight of all burdens, making it *light!* "Yes!" contentedly nodded the mother after the service—the yard full, but she oblivious of the rabble. "Yes, Jesus *halves all burdens.* He makes them light to be borne!" And a mist of joy was in her eyes. She could not explain it and didn't have to.

I have many times celebrated the Lord's Supper in such humble, unknown nooks of the Peasantdom of China, and in these celebrations the Holy Spirit of God has drawn very close to me and has helped me to forget the crudities, the vulgarities, even the obscenities, of the setting, and to see the Christ, King of Love, eternal Host, presiding at His Banquet Board; and to hear His blessed words: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these who are my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Part of His blessed reward has been that, in circumstances of ministration to His little ones, He has given me the spirit to pray:

"Lord crucified,
Give me a heart like Thine;
Teach me to love
The dying souls of men.
O, keep my heart
In closest touch with Thee!
And give me love,
Pure Calvary-love,
To bring the lost to Thee."

Oh, that reward, even here and now, is satisfying beyond words.

Once again I entered a peasant hut. I had been called in haste from another village. It was a winter day, cloudy and cold. A strong head wind was on. After buffeting it for a couple of hours, we reached our destination ; but long before we reached it the wind had found our marrow.

The street, swept by gusts of dust, was deserted. Passing down it, the elder and I entered a hovel just beyond the sheltering wall of the village—only two tiny rooms, the inner quite dark to us, entering. The paper covering the wooden slats of the window frames had been whipped into shreds by the wind. The windows had been piled full with loose, sun-dried brick to help if possible keep out the cold.

Our eyes, soon accustomed to the gloom, made out that the only furniture in the room was the kang (the brick platform that serves as bed and is built into the wall). It was not even covered by the customary straw mat. Upon it had crawled an old man who lay huddled there —a Christian dying. His only garments were a blue cotton shirt and trousers, such as is universally worn by the common people of the North during summer. The ordinary peasant frequently has to pawn to heathen usurers, at exorbitant rates, his hoe and mattock and plow to buy padded garments for the winter; but he usually manages to get them somehow. The clothes of this poor man were not only thin but ragged. Through the holes his skin showed "goose pimply." Manifestly he was not long for this life. The infirmities of age and the steady, relentless abuse to which he had been subjected, plus this exposure to cold and lack of nourishment, had about done their work.

To make a long and pitiful story short, heathen-spirited children of ruthless will and stubborn purpose had, quite contrary to the tenets of Confucius as to filial conduct,

turned him out. They had reasoned: "If I cannot bend this old man's purpose to be a Jesus-Doctrine man, I will break him!" And, under Chinese setting, they had treated their father with the same base ingratitude that Goneril and Regan had treated Lear. He had been forced out at night and in the winter storm, ill-clad and without food—the climax of the "freezing out" process that the family had for some time been perpetrating upon him. The old man had through the night wandered helplessly across the frozen fields and stumbled into this place, outside the village, just as he was exhausted.

That room was a bleak and dreary place—fireless, of course, and lightless. The cold damp of the floor soon numbed my feet. I touched the man gently on the shoulder; he groaned and turned. "Brother, are you suffering much?" "Compared with Jesus' sufferings for me, it is light!" He knew he was dying. I asked what I had asked so many times of other men in China: "Do you fear to die?" He replied at once: "No, I am not afraid to die! Jesus will sung (escort) me to the Throne of the Father, where I will fall down and worship Him!"

I asked what I could do for him. "Sing!" "What?" "Jesus loves me, This I know," the favourite hymn of all our Chinese Christians, which old Christians, even if they learn to sing nothing else, usually can sing. Covering him with my sheepskin-lined overcoat we began to sing. To a finicky æsthetic taste ours was not a very brilliant rendition—our voices were strident from throats full of sand and dust, and every breath was marked by trails of steam on the frosty air. When we finished the last line, the old man was ready with another request: "Can I partake of the Holy Communion?" At first blush it seemed incongruous—the time, the place, the

circumstances—for the observance of the Holy Supper. But we decided to do it, using my pocket set.

He partook ; and as he did so I read—again at his request—some "peace passages." "My peace I give unto you"—I am sure he had it—the peace of an unshaken trust in his risen Lord, the peace of a confidence in His sustaining power which filled his soul with quietness while the storm raged outside. And as he partook, God solemnized the service with the flight of his spirit. The numbed and worn-out body lay before us; he himself had gone to glory.

In that instant we understood, as never before, the glory of being God's ministers to His humble ones. The meaning of Jehovah's commission "to preach good tidings unto the poor, to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives—to comfort all that mourn, to give beauty for ashes and a garment of praise for a spirit of heaviness." In the cold and darkness of that room the miracle of the Holy Grail was reënacted. And it was as if our cup was transformed into that holy chalice of marvellous mystic beauty ; as if the dying outcast revealed to us the face of the glorified Christ.

Love worked mightily for us in the gloom of that winter afternoon. It made Him real to us, as we two elders took Him at His word, and did His service in His name to that despised and helpless one. After that experience we might doubt the sun in the sky, but we could not doubt the reality of the love of God, made incarnate in Jesus Christ, nor the eternal necessities which prompted it, nor the blessed reward of thus ministering in the Holy Spirit.

> "Lo, it is I, be not afraid.
> In many climes without avail,
> Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail:
> Behold it here—this cup which thou
> Didst fill at the streamlet for me just now."

When we left that village something of the vast pity of Christ for the poor, the weary, the helpless had, through His grace, been strengthened in us. That day we appreciated anew the blessed truth that service for His sake to those who can return nothing is a key that unlocks the riches of the Infinitely Wealthy Father, and also that unlocks the vision of it and a glad walk with Him.

During the winter this province sees little snow, but the cold winds, sweeping down from the vast Manchurian plains and over the gulf of Pi Chi Li, sometimes penetrate almost to the marrow. The missionary who gets caught on his itinerating trips in one of these biting dust storms cannot forget the experience. The Christian at home, worshipping in his overheated, æsthetically-satisfying church, might well shiver at the thought of going to meeting under a tent during the winter weather on the plain. Imagine it! The dampish cold ground, calculated to transform feet into icicles, one end of the tent more or less open, the wind at times piercing through layers of clothing and filling one's eyes with sand and grit. But this is what our Chinese do. One marvels at their indifference to discomfort in general and to the cold in particular. As far as toughness of physical fibre is concerned, Napoleon should have had some of them for his grand campaign in Russia. They would do in dashes for the Pole.

In these winter meetings held in tent or church or private rooms, fireless and floorless, and through the broken paper panes of whose windows a keen wind is often penetrating, while the foreigner is rummaging his brains to devise means to get warm and keep so, the Chinese appear to think that there is nothing extraordinary in listening to the Gospel—nothing, except the Gospel itself.

In the homeland one recalls people feeling quite justified in leaving the church if the janitor on a crisp morn-

ing has failed to get the furnace fire to the desired temperature; so to me, a young missionary, it was an inspiration and a revelation to see, during winter, tents full of these men and women, the expression of their bronzed (not yellow) and furrowed faces revealing the fact that they were, despite inclement weather, intently listening to the "Jesus teaching."

But why meetings held under such strange and apparently abnormal conditions? To the worker in the West with his crowded daily program it seems unthinkable that here in North China are literally tens of millions of people who through the months of December, January, February and March have practically nothing to do. They are farmers. With the last crops harvested in November, the people face a hiatus of four mortal months. Accustomed to long hours of laborious daily toil, they welcome almost any relief from winter ennui. Their principal occupation now seems to be to attempt to keep warm by piling on the maximum layers of wadded cotton garments and by burning the minimum amount of leaves, grass and corn-stalk fuel, and their principal recreation is to attend the village theatricals. The long ambling streets of the villages are full of groups of men and boys standing and squatting around practising the fine art of sunning themselves. Day after day nothing to do except to gather and smoke and gossip and gamble and quarrel. The devil is there and very busy hatching trouble. A large percentage of the lawsuits that wreck morally and financially so many Chinese families originate in these idle days. Naturally they welcome well-nigh any diversion. So that here in these multitudinous villages, this "empty time," as the Chinese call it, is the evangelist's opportunity, despite the uncomfortable weather conditions entailed for the foreign itinerator.

Therefore, for some years past, throughout our country field a big tent in sections has been used for these evangelistic services. Accommodating many more than any Christian home could hold, and being something new and strange, at least in being used for "Jesus-Doctrine" propagation, the tent is certain to insure "a full house" of heathen who will not enter a church building. Frequently they have been ready to volunteer benches and tables, to serve tea and hot water and cakes to the evangelistic party, and to provide lanterns for the evening sessions.

On such soul-soil much seed has been sown by our station evangelists who have carefully mapped out the region about their preaching centres, and then have systematically gone through those villages. One thing that has heartened them on to more strenuous endeavour is their interest in and prayers for the Korean Christians in their "million souls" campaign, the progress of which was carefully reported to them.

No revival scene could be more unique or the sight more strange than such a company—many of them consumed with well-nigh uncontrollable curiosity to "look see," the women particularly, if, in the company of Christians conducting the meetings, there chances to be a Christian woman. Not only outside the tent is there perpetual pushing, but inside as well. The speakers chew grit; their throats are raw with dust and the strain of speaking to a crowd often innocent of order, many of them chattering, gesticulating, or indulging in stage whispers, and smoking.

Experience has proved there is but one way to fend off an acme of confusion inside the tent, such as will prevent the services, and that is to build a bulwark of benches around the speakers' table, those benches to be occupied by preachers and local Christians, who constitute a

"vacuum of attention" in the storm of enveloping hubbub. As one speaks the crowd is often jamming against his chair and him from behind; while frequently the foreigner, even while leading in prayer, is conscious of boys crawling between his legs, examining his watch, feeling his clothes and buttons, and handling his personal belongings.

At times the tent becomes so choking with dust, and the crowd inside swells to such numbers and presses so eagerly to see and hear (not necessarily the Gospel, but the new and strange things told), that it becomes unmanageable. The program has to be suddenly changed. It becomes necessary to get into the open. The Christians betake themselves to numerous coigns of vantage outside; and there by twos, in apostolic fashion, they become the preaching centres of large groups, each group often limited in size only by the auditors' power to hear the speaker.

It would seem impossible that in any such *mêlée*, amid so much raw confusion, any spiritual fruitage could come out of such a "jamboree"; but many are the instances citable to show how there, as in the market, many a man has made the beginning of a Christian life.

Here is such an one. To look at him Brother Chang would not be called a handsome man or an especially promising catechumen. He is a peasant, minus his front teeth, is stoop-shouldered, undersized, partly deaf and halting in gait and speech. He is uneducated, and poorer than many Americans can understand. But there is now a smile on his face and a gleam in his eye that at once arrests the beholder and makes him look twice.

This man learned the Gospel when Miss Vaughan came to his village to hold a Kung Ki. She was accompanied by several of the women from our Women's Bible School, under the management of some of the Chinese leaders of

our field, and largely supported by our Chinese Christians. Chang hung on the edge of the crowd of curious women, and learned some new things that he could not get away from. And the more he pondered this "Jesus Doctrine," the more he believed it. His family and neighbours ridiculed and abused him for his faith. But a great peace had come to him; and "the heavenly light" that now filled his soul he wanted them to experience. For this he began fervently to pray.

To his mind it was all-important to get the men of the village in touch with the Christian leaders who could more fully explain the teaching. He had no money, no name, no influence—not even a cart or barrow on which to bring foreign guests, even if they could spend the time to come. So he prayed, in faith, steadily for a year.

He prayed that on a given date Miss Vaughan with a band of Bible women might return; also that the "foreign pastor" and several native evangelists might come —and they all came.

He prayed for a crowd of heathen to leave their spring plowing and dragging and sowing to come and listen— and they came.

No house or yard in the big market town was big enough to hold the crowd he wanted to see gathered; so he had prayed that a large "revival tent" might come —and it appeared at the proper time and was set up.

He could not furnish the tent with seats and convention accessories; so he prayed for them. And the people of his and a neighbouring village brought all that were needed and put them at his disposal, even foreign lamps for the evening sessions.

At the meetings it was soon realized that the preachers, because of the uncomfortable jam, would have to divide forces. So Miss Vaughan took the tent, which, daily, from early till late, was packed with women and babies.

Some Bible women taught others who thronged the yard of Chang's mother. We men talked to companies on the streets and to the constantly shifting throngs who came to the yards which were in friendliness loaned for our various headquarters.

Some results:—There was a large company of women inquirers—some thirty. More than three thousand men heard the Gospel, the local people themselves providing the money for the expense of the meetings.

After we left, Chang was smitten with the need of a Christian school; he prayed for it and a teacher—and got both.

Then his old mother, in answer to his prayer of faith, accepted Christ.

A few months later his flaming zeal brought to his village a second series of meetings, in which many of us were greatly blessed. It was remarked by many as a curious fact that just before and after these two series of meetings the weather was unusually cold and windy and dusty. But later they learned that it was Chang who had especially prayed the Lord for the perfect weather that obtained during the meetings.

I have since baptized a number of those for whom Chang prayed. All his family are now Christians or inquirers, and many outside are interested. Hopeful days are ahead for that village and that region. And all because one humble man has tried to live up to the light he had, that first dawned on him in a Kung Ki.

The good that comes also to local Christians themselves witnessing in connection with the Kung Ki for the heathen is incalculable. In place after place the local Christians have received a great blessing because they dared to stand up in the tent before their heathen neighbours and witness, and because they were willing to help run in the crowds to the tent meetings; also because they

were willing to participate in the street campaign, and to go out with us to preach in the surrounding regions.

Not only through the witness of these humble Christians, begun in the Kung Ki, have thousands of people in little groups among the villages been reached with the Gospel message, not only have the heads of influential families been stirred up to become inquirers and catechumens; but repeatedly the Christians, bringers of these blessings, have themselves been imbued with new life—the eternal law of the Spirit was re-proved that "the more one gives out the more he gets."

In one case the Christians came to appreciate so thoroughly the value of testifying that they opened a permanent chapel, attractive and roomy, on the main street of a near-by market town, also a boys' school there, as well as a boys' school and a girls' school in their own village—all at their own expense.

Again the sons in two leading families were moved to give themselves with their parents' blessing to preparation for the ministry, though for a time the vision of well-paid Government positions had filled their minds with thoughts of worldly advancement.

The transformations also that have come to mature Christians through rich spiritual experiences in the Kung Ki would fill a book. I have in mind an honoured elder who before the new vision that he got at such a winter revival had with his wife led an exemplary Christian life. With the blessing that came to him in such a meeting his whole life was changed. In answer to prayer of faith a son was born to this godly couple, five daughters having already been born into that home. By virtue of his being a member of the church session, this Christian had been a governing elder; now as a keen and successful business man he became a providing elder, rejoicing to tithe generously. He helped to send worthy pupils to

high school and college and theological seminary; he established several village schools and became a veritable "father of mercy" to the worthy poor of his region, until he was assaulted in sleep by desperate men and murdered for his money.

These Kung Ki, lasting from three to ten days each, have also been held primarily for Christians and Christian leaders. And each of these, as well as those held especially for the heathen, have been very fruitful of deepened spirituality manifested in practical forward steps taken for the welfare of the church.

To mention the results of only one such Kung Ki. There were present pastors, evangelists, Bible women, school-teachers, elders and deacons from the entire field. Sixty-five leaders joined the tithers' club. Ninety formed a prayer-circle to pray daily for three specific objects of great importance. The teachers of our village schools, having caught the vision of service for Christ, definitely pledged themselves, contrary to earlier plans, to remain with the Mission, renouncing all thought of larger pay from Government schools. Three promising young men decided for the ministry. A number of non-Christians were brought to Christ. Many Christians started a Bible league, pledging themselves to carry a pocket edition and read daily at least one chapter and to purchase other copies to be given away. Nearly every one of the fifteen churches of the field through their representatives arranged to subscribe one or more month's pay for the salary of the evangelists labouring in their districts, one church subscribing a year's salary, in addition to its pastor's, for an evangelist and Bible woman. All groups of Christians having village schools arranged to pay one-third of the cost or more. Twelve places agreed to support entirely their own school; one built a church. A local Home Missionary Society was formed which forth-

with began to support two schools and three evangelists. An elder gave as a thank-offering to God some two hundred tiao ($80) for the equipment of the station Girls' High School located in his village, a school in which he teaches free of charge, though the Government offers him $100 a month to take charge of one of its schools. A band of twenty picked men took a week of time to preach systematically up and down the streets of Tsingtau, among its forty-five thousand non-Christians. And the local church subscribed $2,000 to increase its seating capacity.

VI

The Call and Its Answer

A Study of Need and Its Meeting

VI

THE CALL AND ITS ANSWER

COUNTRY folk of China are almost always in distress—of flood or famine or revolution or robbers or intestine or foreign war. In some sections the flood comes almost as certainly as the rolling months. It is apt to come in late summer at the time of year when some of the various crops are harvested. If it be severe, in one fell day all that has been garnered will be swept away, and relief must be given at once or starvation ensues. Then is the golden opportunity for the witness of the missionary and the Christian. He who had stored food to last for the next twelve months and suddenly finds his mouth empty is inclined to listen at least respectfully to a kindly word about the "Jesus Doctrine" from the lips of the bringer of food. In one of our country fields, several years ago, one of the worst floods of years occurred, bringing in its train the removal of prejudice all through that section against the Christian religion and adding many to the Church, not because many wheat biscuits came from Tsingtau, but because men were impressed that here was a religion of genuine helpfulness and comfort for broken people.

Then there is not only immediate distress resulting from flood, but often the slow, creeping famine during the succeeding months of effort to recover from the flood's effect. Or the year has been bad as the result of drought, or crops damaged or worthless from pests. There is no powerful central government at hand, generously lending

long-armed assistance, its trained and experienced agricultural department wisely suggesting, disinterestedly helping, and scientifically forefending against crop-enemies. The people must be tided over till the harvest next year, or starve, many of them, from crop shortage.

Pitiful indeed is it to see them attempt to eke out a living in the spring. As the hart panteth for water brooks, so they long for the wheat harvest of June. The sweet potatoes have long since disappeared, and they have betaken themselves to a soupy food of which the sweet-potato leaves form a large ingredient; later to pounding and eating sweet-potato stems, the common fodder of their pigs. And then when the green things begin to appear out of the ground, the eager search along the roadside, practically grassless, for anything that can be used as greens, these *in extremis* conditions continuing till the peasant women are stripping the tender shoots from off the budding trees, and gathering on the hillsides the prickly thistles. And when the wheat begins to ear, long before it is ripe, the kernels are pulled off and used.

Under such circumstances when the representative of the Christian Church comes to the people—as he needs to do—often year after year, with many gifts from America that will buy bread and prolong life, it becomes easier to believe in "the foreign religion." No matter if, as is sometimes the case, people are too starved to eat, and the stench and flies have brought famine fever, and men are beyond hope of physical recovery, yet the impression of tremendous contrast is created in the minds of all these people between their callous religions and the spirit of Christianity—for heathenism does not, *per se*, pity the needy and them that have no Helper.

Imagine the sensation made in three country churches, full of starving Christians (who until one fell day had

been relatively well-to-do peasants supporting their own pastor), when, in the midst of such distress, it became manifest that during the next year these churches could not pay their pastor's tremendous salary of about seven dollars gold a month; when at the same time from South China (where salaries of Christian workers are much higher) there came an offer to this pastor, with the assurance of a Foreign Mission treasurer's check to bind it, to engage him at once at four times his salary—imagine the impression made throughout that region, and upon pinched-stomached heathen as well as Christians, by this pastor-hearted man as he replied: "No, I choose to stay and eat bitterness with my people"! Is it remarkable that he had revivals all over his field?

In all sorts of political commotions, whether revolutions from within or invasions from without, it is the common people, the non-combatants, who suffer most. The peasant population of China have been no exception to this universal experience. It was they who suffered during China's Revolution of 1911–1912.

This altogether unique crisis in the annals of civil war brought unusual opportunities of sowing the Word to the itinerating missionary and country pastor. In Shantung Province the situation was peculiar. It, like the metropolitan province of Chili to the north of it, was absolutely in the control of the Manchus. Their soldiers held the cities, patrolled the railroads, and swarmed in the country. South of Shantung the Republicans were in strength and great clashes were taking place at Nanking and Hankow. But here, in the "keystone province of China," all was one-sided. Especially were these untoward conditions true in East Shantung, for reasons that it is not wise to mention, but which are perfectly understood by the initiated on the scene of action.

Early in the fall, soon after the outbreak at Wuchang,

I began to get heartrending calls both from Christian villagers and from those dwelling in several of the walled cities of our station field. It was to be expected that with the passing months the pressure upon them would grow heavier, for the more the Manchus lost out in South China, the fiercer and more vindictive would become the conduct of the soldiers quartered among the dumb and helpless villages of our section. It was from the direction of our ports in the east of the province that invading expeditions, with which local patriots hoped and planned to coöperate, were to arrive. Therefore the more necessity for overawing with show of force the people in the east, farthest removed from the provincial capital in the west end, held solidly in the hands of the foreign-trained Northern troops. In a section so overridden with Imperialists there was no more opportunity for local Christians and patriots to put Republican troops in the field than for the Kaiser to raise a regiment of Parisians to fight under his eagle.

Sure enough, as the South gradually took on a more united front—fifteen Provinces having swung into line for the Republic—the Imperial princes strengthened themselves in the determination to hold on to Ho Nan (the Province of the Premier, Yuan Shi Kai), and Shantung (the historic sacred Province of Confucius and of incalculable strategic value to them), and Manchuria (the ancient seat and dominion of the ruling dynasty). And their men set themselves in our section not only to keep securely what was already in their hands, but to harass the Christians, whom they conceived, and rightly, to be the root and trunk of permanent opposition to the old, rotten, reactionary Manchu régime. These soldiers were zealous of evil works; but quite logically so: "Whose rice we eat, his will we do."

The tactics of these "regulars" naturally smote terror

into the countryside. Whole clans in a "visited" district would move out in a night. Villages became as the grave. The markets, held every five days from time immemorial, no longer witnessed the accustomed crowds. People hung close to their homes and talked in whispers, not knowing when a band of rough-riders, mounted on tough, shaggy, nimble-footed Manchurian ponies, might appear in their midst. Fear, like a huge and hideous genie, brooded over the hearts of men, palsying them. And as Christianity was, in the thoughts of heathen neighbours no less than in the thoughts of the soldiery, associated with the Revolution, it was not a propitious time, from the view-point of the opportunist, for the "rice Christian" to confess Christ, much less to become an active preacher of the faith.

It was a clear case of the Christians needing their pastors. If ever the flock was to be shepherded it was now. With the active coöperation of my wife—she taking on many additional burdens—I arranged to remain as much as possible in the country, visiting my parishes. And from early September, before the Revolution formally broke out, till after the wheat harvest in June of the next year, I was almost continually among them.

The only class of people, as a class, and native to the Province, who had dared cut their queues as the sign of emancipation from the usurping Manchu misrule, was the Christians; and the soldiers were hot after them, hunting them out and chasing them around in a fashion that enabled one vividly to conceive of how the Pharisaic Saul and later the minions of the Roman emperors got after the humble followers of our Lord in the Roman Empire. Many a Christian school and churchyard became a queue-cutting recruiting office for the Republic, and many a man who did not dare cut it by himself, when he got into such a place and under the moral suasion of some

of the brethren armed with shears, sat down on a stool to cross his Rubicon and join his Boston Tea Party.

For their daring in this queue cutting, as a sign of their conviction and committal to a righteous cause, the Christians ate much bitterness. I visited the heathen father of one of my Christian men who went blind with rage because of his son's temerity ; and another died in a frenzy of uncontrollable anger, for a like reason. In still another place, I barely restrained a heathen mother from committing suicide because of her son's disgracing the family in this shameless manner. "He sinned the sin of 'Bu shu kwei ku' " (not observing custom) was the unanswerable verdict of condemnation against him. Other women could not be thus restrained from such a protest of violence upon their own persons.

At a distance of half-way around the globe it may seem amusing—this queue cutting in China. But at close quarters and in the consequences involved it was serious business, calling for a high order of moral courage. Incidentally, it led to many a pastoral visit and afforded many an opportunity to show, in their own homes, to unreasonable families persecuting their Christian members, the reasonableness of Christianity.

But not only were the Christians subjected to harrying by their relatives. How hatefully the Manchu troops harried those who did cut during Revolution days may be illustrated by the situation involved in a visit to a certain "General." An officer, so-styled, had come to one of the walled county seats of our field. With him were some four hundred cavalrymen. As the gentry had decamped in terror, they preëmpted all the most available buildings in the city, like schools and temples and large private establishments. They had knocked out the sides and put in big glassed window frames on the sunny exposures, and were prepared to settle down

Lions for Funeral Procession with a Ball Lantern Ready to Roll at Their Pleasure

and enjoy themselves while in that section, incidentally making it hot for anybody not in accord with their ideas. The reason of their sojourn was soon revealed. One of the first acts of "the General" was to issue a manifesto, saying he was not after "good" people but only after "queueless tu fei" (robbers). Now, as everybody knew, the tu fei belonged to the old order of things, and would be the last class of people to cut their queues. That manifesto was aimed at the Christians and bolder young patriots, for only these two classes dared to cut their queues.

And these troops, official harriers of the best classes in China, were scouring the country around to find victims. They evidently wanted to be busy enough to justify their presence. Squads of them were known to dash up to small railway stations, and when the train pulled in, go through and search the coaches, haul out any person luckless enough to be queueless whom they deemed suspicious, and behead or shoot him right there on the station platform, or in the yard of the railway, police near by.

The senselessness of searching out queueless heads, *per se*, may be realized from the fact that the Prince Regent had issued repeated manifestoes saying all classes might cut their queues. He had cut his ; Yuan Shi Kai, his Premier, had cut his ; and the members of the various Boards in Peking likewise had dispensed with this useless appendage. Even this "General" and his under officers had cut theirs.

The Christians were, not without reason, alarmed. Accordingly I went to see the "General" to try to persuade him to differentiate between innocent Christians and guilty "tu fei." After an exciting episode, in which a dozen soldiers attempted to take by force my queueless cook from me and haul him off to a fate suggested by a

bodiless head hanging outside the city gate and others nosed around in the moat by scurvy curs, we reached the "General," with whom we had a pleasant visit. I put the case of the Christians as strongly as possible. He promised to do everything reasonable. From the standpoint of the Christians I think there were good results to show for the trip; for thenceforth there were far fewer seizures or even scares among the Christians in that region; while astonishment, to say the least, was the impression made on the heathen. In many instances this changed to good-will.

Again, in another walled city, we had a pastoral experience long-to-be-remembered. The magistrate of that region was under the evil domination of influential foreigners who acted as informers for the people higher up. He was the means of several prominent Republicans being ferreted out and delivered over to death for their patriotic endeavours. Pitiful appeals for help and protection were daily reaching me from that city. They were carried by special messengers who searched me out in another section of our field. It seemed inhuman not to hasten to what looked like a more urgent need. A Christian loaned me a donkey and I started off.

We had not gone far when it began to snow; the snow turned to sleet; the wind increased and drove bitingly. Much rain had fallen that autumn, and the road gradually took on a condition that apparently accords with many Chinese problems; it became "bottomless." The country was flat; so it was all of a piece whether we went through the fields or over the road—all was a sheet of ooze. I arrived, wet, stiff and cold, but the Christians' welcome made it all worth while. After a hot bowl of a mixture floating in grease that shall be nameless, and which contained meat of a suspicious flavour, I was ready.

Not much time was wasted in getting to the yamen

yard, where, with reluctance, I was admitted to an unspeakable prison. In a low, cramped room, a wretched den, without air and almost without light, and daily growing more filthy, were kennelled some forty prisoners —old men, young men and schoolboys. They were chained hand and foot in a sitting posture and unable to rise. So far as they knew they were likely to rot on that dirt floor that reeked indescribable filth. For days they had been thus, half-starved as to food and air. Repeatedly they had been taken out and bambooed, as the result of which they had, through their friends and relatives, produced wheat and money for the yamen henchmen. That is one way these rascal hangers-on make their wageless living.

The crime of the victims was that they had cut their queues. They were a woebegone lot. And from what they knew of the cruel, vindictive nature of the magistrate, they felt that their days were to be few upon the earth. Some of their women relatives were ill of worry and fright. I was certain that these victims were innocent of any crime. They were all plain country folk, simple peasants, who attended to their own business. How could they harm the Government, especially the young schoolboys? So while a group of Christians prayed, I went to see the magistrate. As we sipped our tea, I, in a few words, without complaint or criticism, and disclaiming all thought of interfering with the administration of his affairs, explained the pathetic condition of the victims, and the terror of those dependent upon them. I also asked whether, if no bona-fide testimony convicting them of guilt could be brought against them, he would not consider releasing them, provided I, who knew them well, would go surety for their proper conduct.

Then I dropped the subject (which surprised him) and

drifted into telling him about a man named Saul, who also was very zealous in the performance of what he conceived to be his duty against some supposed evil-doers. To *my* surprise he asked me to tell him more about that man; so I read the account of the Damascus Road conversion, of the mobbing and speech on the castle stairs, and of the shipwreck. Several times he interjected: "The man had courage, courage!" Meantime, some of his writers and close henchmen edged in and listened. Both he and they forgot about renewing the tea, about relighting the official pipe. For a while we all forgot time. Finally at the catalogue of Paul's hardships and of his willing endurance of them all, the magistrate remarked: "Paul must have had a great God to be willing to sacrifice for Him!" In that moment the magistrate had entered a new world. Never Christian philosopher spake more profoundly. As I was about to leave, I asked him if I might pray for him. "Yes, here and now!" came the astonishing answer. He put out the servitors, but I knew they were pecking while I prayed.

Two days later a soldier sought me out at a village some miles away, and handed me a telegram from the magistrate. It read as follows: "Prisoners not guilty. Released and returned to homes!" The people of that city and the surrounding villages cannot disassociate that episode and others of like flavour that came within the shepherding experience of the Chinese pastor of that section and myself from the marked friendliness of spirit towards the Gospel that later resulted, and the inquirers and Christians who have since thereabout sprung up.

While en route to another of the walled cities of my field, I met a messenger coming post-haste. He, an elder, and one of the best of our field, was looking for me, and besought me at once to go to his native village. Terrifying rumour had it that an order had gone forth

from the near-by walled city for the Manchu troops stationed there to raid that village and destroy the Christians. They were known to be Revolutionists, and could expect no mercy.

When we arrived the heathen, in wild panic, had already fled, leaving their homes free to thieves and looters. But the Christians had remained. They awaited our coming, and on our arrival the little flock, trembling, came together. Such a time of stress is a good test of the power of God's Word and of the comfort of the united prayer of God's people. There is no need with Chinese Christians of mincing the fact that "through tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of God."

It would have been as foolish as untrue to have told this flock not to fear because "there is no danger." We all knew that there was. The teaching for them was of trust in God's faithfulness to keep His own. "What time I am afraid, I will trust in Jehovah, my Rock."

Our theme together was "Enduring hardship as good soldiers of Jesus Christ." We comforted one another much in the Holy Ghost. As they prayed, it became the settled conviction of the church that as the attack, if made, would be upon them as Christians, it was their privilege to take the high ground of Daniel's three friends in the presence of the golden image: "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us out of your hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

It was fine. And never did the little elder reveal himself to better advantage. He expounded the situation with courage, clearness, eloquence. Under his leadership, in answer to their united prayer for guidance, it became manifest that there was no advantage in fleeing around through a country infested with marauding bands

of troops, and thereby at least subjecting themselves to beggary and to seizure as suspicious characters. So they all decided to stick together and pray the thing through. The "unexplored remainder" of the elder's character was a gratifying revelation. The day passed and days succeeding, and the whirlwind of vengeful soldier fury passed another way. But the test of their courage and their faith in God was as complete as though they had stood in the teeth of the storm.

In all parts of the field it was true that wild rumours oppressed the people like an incubus. Cut off from authoritative news, they were helpless to know the facts, and so were the prey of vague terrors that paralyzed. It can be imagined how they welcomed anybody who came to lend a hand; how eagerly, even desperately, they grasped at any word, any statement of the situation, calculated to allay their fear. Such times of chaos are always used by the lawless to prey upon their brothers. The godless improve the opportunity to settle long-standing scores.

As previously hinted, robbing, burning and killing were freely indulged in. Stories were vouched for of heathen eating the hearts of enemies. It is safe to say that the Christians endured their full share of suffering. They supported small bands of troops quartered upon them, who worked their will; they were imprisoned; some narrowly escaped execution; some were shot by soldiers, and some, in the general terror, lost their reason. Some were marred by bomb explosions. It was a kaleidoscopic experience of fear, panic, hardship and death—bandits terrorizing the highway; student patriots battling futilely with regulars; villages gutted and burned; outrages and blood-madness everywhere; the strong beating down the weak; the people in deep darkness, and no deliverer. Repeatedly I visited a home where some variant

of this had happened: while the men were away at market, or even in their own near-by fields, roughs had broken in, beaten and outraged the women folks, and decamped with the money, food, clothes, quilts, etc.

Imagine what it meant, in the midst of such distress, trying to cover even a few of the points of a five county field. And the villages so thick and the people so many! It was as if the inhabitants of Chicago had a half-dozen pastors, instead of a thousand. During those months from October to June—months filled with civil strife, anarchy, flood, famine, pestilence and road dangers—I was travelling almost constantly among our Christians, distressed by banditti and Manchu soldiers unreconciled to the succeeding Republic, and hated by heathen neighbours attributing the inevitable corollary woes of Revolutionary conditions to the "Jesus followers." To comfort and counsel these needy ones at such a time was a blessed work, calculated to grip the energies of any pastor-hearted man.

During those months I saw harrowing sights, learned indescribable things, met tough characters aplenty on the road. No one harmed me personally, though thieves several times got into my room (after money intended for evangelists and teachers) and we had some interesting scenes—but they never got the money. I made some two hundred village visits, some only of a few hours, but all appreciated. I acted as pastor of four churches, each composed of village groups; repeatedly visited our sixteen market chapels, directed the work of some thirty evangelists and several Bible women, had charge of and inspected many village schools; acted as evangelist at large in three counties aggregating three million people; out of one unorganized district organized a church of one hundred and sixty members; examined one hundred and forty-five candidates for baptism; received to the Lord's

table fifty-eight adults; baptized forty-four babies; held thirty-nine communions; excommunicated thirteen sinners. The balance of the time, when I was not in the country, I was at a steady grind at Tsingtau.

But the outstanding impression now of it all is that, in and through alarms and harassments, through stress and trials of many sorts and on all sides, pastor and people were drawn together as never before by the cords of sympathy and love. Many heathen lost their insane prejudices against the Gospel. Many new and unexpected opportunities presented themselves for preaching Christ. And therefore more pioneer work was possible in casting up a highway for our God.

It is naturally to be expected that the direct teaching of the Bible in classes would be a vitally important phase of sowing the good seed. Indeed so much is this true that every Mission station considers a Bible Class building one of the indispensable adjuncts in the equipment of the Station Compound. Here, at periods suiting the various constituencies of the field, their times of leisure from work, Bible classes may be held for different groups, as, *e. g.*, for evangelists or elders or Bible women or men peasants or their women.

Our station happens, however, to have no such necessary building, and therefore has been forced at a great disadvantage to hold many of these classes in the country villages. This has usually meant that a class must be held in a small, dark room, often at great personal inconvenience to the Christian family who offers the extra room. No inn is available, particularly in a small village; and if there is, such a place would be out of the question for women. Such a room as has been previously described must be cleared out temporarily for their use.

Reference has already been made to the facility with which boys and girls in the country schools learn long

passages of Scripture. Interesting and surprising as this is to foreigners from the West (where up-to-date psychology forbids children memorizing anything they do not fully understand, even the catechism) a still more interesting phenomenon is the eagerness with which the ordinary country folk attempt in these classes to get hold of the Scriptures.

There are few sights in this world so pathetic as that of matrons and old women (who never had a chance and who never would have but for the Bible), seated on a carpeting of corn-stalks placed upon the cold, damp earthen floor, and, by the dim light that comes into this room, toilsomely memorizing, as it is told to them, such a passage as John 3 : 16; or still more toilsomely picking out the hieroglyphic Chinese characters, the ability to recognize and pronounce which, as the key to the precious meaning of the verse, they never before dared hope to possess. As one watches them, he realizes something of David's spirit: "Thy Word will I eat." It is no marvel that they display this eagerness to master the "heavenly teaching" when one notes that the more they get into it the more they realize instinctively that the Word of God is for them, and for scores of millions of their sex like them, the only road to recognition of their womanhood, to respect for their wifehood, and to the honouring of their motherhood. It only can restore to them their rightful position in the present life or their hope of a future without fear. Until the Word comes to their homes they are looked upon often as no better than the curs of their street. Multitudes of men do not deign to speak to their wives in public, and the women dare not presume to eat with the men, but munch off of the cold leavings, and often go hungry.

While the militarism of Europe does not hesitate to doom millions of men to *Kanonenfutter*, the Chinese

heathen systems do not hesitate to doom millions more of these women to a living death, terrible beyond compare. I refer to the selling of girl babies, which prevails to an unbelievably colossal extent, the children being sold because of chronic penury, or because of a season of famine, or because of poverty incurred through opium-smoking or lawsuit adventures in the courts. How vast is this evil trade may be suggested from the fact that "there are five thousand *registered* slave girls in brothels of the *foreign settlement* (not to mention the Chinese) of Shanghai alone. Tientsin has at least half this number, and Peking a thousand, while the smaller provincial capitals and commercial settlements boast at least twenty thousand more." Only God Himself knows how many additional, even in these places, are unregistered slaves, not to speak of the concubines and other classes of "singsong" girls.

Now women who in Bible classes learn Christ know not only that it is He who tears off the mask of superstition from their minds and who opens their eyes to see Him in His beauty, but that it is He alone who can make their men-folks pity them, and, as "weaker vessels," helpless before heathen customs and male callousness, treat them even decently. And while they cannot say why or how this is so, they know it instinctively.

Chinese etiquette prescribes that a woman may not wander abroad alone. She never leaves her village without the escort of male relatives, and she leaves it at all with increasing rareness through the years. The annual visit back to the family in her own town gradually grows more and more infrequent with the passage of time. To leave home is for her a great experience. It is a sight to see such women pouring in for a meeting. Some, almost frozen or dust-smothered, arrive on donkey-back, across treeless plains, or through stinging wind-storms, over

long stretches of sandy river bottom. Others, well-nigh racked to pieces in mule litters, or trundled in on squeaking wheelbarrows by men blackened with sweat and grime. Over ruts big and little they come, past fenceless farms and through roadless fields. Others come bouncing along in two-wheeled Chinese carts—ponderous, springless—built, it is averred, "to withstand the crash of worlds." To the questionable privilege of riding in these many a passenger, after having his head knocked for a little while over a rocky road, prefers the blisters of walking. Other women still come seated astride a pair of panniers—two wicker baskets hanging down, one each side of the animal's back, from the top of which may often be seen protruding the head of a youngster—a method of locomotion as picturesque as it is uncomfortable and dangerous. Many a woman, who has been unable to afford coming in any of these styles, has made the journey on foot, carrying her baby on her back, and over one arm a big basket containing sweet potatoes and black bread and other delectables for physical nourishment during the days of the class. In numerous instances in our province the women have walked many li (one-third of an English mile)—twenty, forty, sixty. Sometimes the result has been such a tearing of their already tender, maimed feet that for weeks return was impossible till recovery in a measure of these tortured members had taken place. Imagine even grandmothers hobbling in on such tiny crippled feet!

In some respects these conferences for women are the most interesting of any sort, partly because of the unspeakably important place that the motherhood of any race plays in its degradation or exaltation, partly because of the depths to which these women have been sunk by the heathen conditions around them which they have been powerless to combat. In any such class there are apt

to be some purely heathen women, brought by Christian neighbours. But it is to be remembered—for it is of no use to dodge the hateful truth—that the believing members of the class have been themselves a part of that physically alive but spiritually dead womanhood of China, whose condition of wretchedness and woe surpasses description. Moving in a monstrous shade-world of mental vacuity and hopeless ignorance and superstition; filled with daily envyings and bitterness, strifes and jealousies, engendered by commingled Confucianism, Buddhism and Taoism, millions upon millions of such women have, during the complacent centuries of neglect by their Western sisters, been guilty of all the awful, unknown abominations of heathenism, of which the apostle Paul dared hardly hint in his character sketch of the Gentile world. These are women who have shared the guilt if not the act of disembowelling sons for obstreperousness; women who have helped to drown their daughters-in-law for rebelling against unendurable hardships and maddening servitude; women who have consented to their frenzied husbands striking their daughters dead for daring to long for a larger and a better life; women who have deliberately pounded the feet and ankle bones of their daughters in order to bind them tighter that brothel keepers might give a larger price for them; women who, in the presence of fellow-villagers and local priests, have been forced to use a heavy peasant's grub hoe to do unspeakable things to girl babies and thereby avert the wrath of devils to family and village cursed by an undue increment of feminine humanity; women who have cast out even male infants to be eaten by the village curs under the delusion that sick boys are demons in disguise plaguing the home through added care, sorrow, disease and death; women who, in famine days, have not stopped short of selling even their sons for fifty cents apiece. Yet out of such a

pit Jesus had digged them—out of the homelessness and the helplessness, out of the lovelessness and the hopelessness and the lostness of their lives.

At a particular conference I have in mind the entertainment of the delegates in the homes of the Christians was out of the question; there were too many. And the heathen do not ordinarily open their doors to Christian guests for "foreign rites." A dry brick platform covered with a mat to us seems cheerless enough as a bed. But in this instance the only alternative was the temple, disgraced and discredited after the Boxer war, when the German troops had pulled down the mud-bodied gods and even thrown some of them into the village pond: since which the local deities had been given the cold shoulder, and the temple had stood vacant and unused. Incidentally, what a commentary on the old order of things in "changeless China" that heathen headmen were willing to allow the use of the village temple for the entertainment of Christian women while they studied the Bible! To be sure, the entertainment was not quite up to Western standards and ideas. The one big room was black with the grime and filth of years. The floor was of dirt. The windows were few and on one side sealed up. The barn-like enclosure was unheated, and through the big door the chill wind could drive freezingly. Camping on the cold ground as best they could the delegates slept; and here seated cross-legged, or squatting in the courtyard, they twice daily ate their *table d'hôte* of boiled cabbage, millet soup and large leather-like pancakes made of the coarse flour eaten by the poor.

In numerous instances the women were divided into groups, sometimes only two or three persons studying the same thing together, in an attempt the easier to get the truth into their dulled brains. Large coloured wall pictures, such as illustrate the Sunday-school lesson,

have proved of considerable aid in bringing the Scripture scenes and teachings vividly before them.

Always it has happened, as the women have together studied the precious truths of the Bible, that the Holy Spirit has brought the strong conviction that a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, illustrated in the life, is China's one hope. Repeatedly have they said: "We must have women who know how to read the Bible, who have learned its meaning, and can teach it to us." Chinese women outside of marriage have practically no legitimate way of satisfying their own hunger; much less are they apt to have any considerable incomes. Therefore the horror in their minds of being divorced. In that predicament they belong neither to their own family (which gave them up at their marriage) nor to the family of the mother-in-law. What can Christian peasant women so circumstanced do in the way of money raising? Repeatedly, however, without visible resources of income, in the characteristic fashion of those inured to penury, they have set about making something out of nothing. At one conference a line was strung across the room. Each woman had come arrayed in all the glory of all the gewgaws that she could muster—bracelets, bridal rings, ear pendants, hairpins—pitiful things, cheap and ugly to the last degree, but very dear to the feminine peasant heart. Women have given these with the thought that some missionary friends might give them to their lady friends in America and they might receive therefor money to enable them to have a Bible woman or to help in the Woman's Bible School. The surrender of these things by such spiritually ill-nurtured souls, in order that they might dispense the Bread of Life—small loaves and fishes indeed for their starving sisters—has meant more of sacrifice probably in numerous instances than for an American woman to forego a long-planned trip to Europe, or

to give up her pleasure yacht or motor-car. In many instances they have tithed generously out of the odd coppers they could scrape together. In some cases where families were far enough along in the Christian life and the position of the women assured enough in influence, women delegates have vowed that when the crops of peanuts or millet or wheat or sweet potatoes or broom corn were spread on the threshing floor, they would guarantee that a tithe would be laid aside to help in the spread of the Gospel.

Then, too, before these women topics have been discussed which for the first time gave them a vision of the larger life—such topics as: 1. "How Christian women should adorn and dress themselves." 2. "Should women bring their babies to church?" 3. "Winning the children to Christ." 4. "How ought Christian women to show their love for their country?" 5. "How should families be taught and nourished in the Doctrine?" 6. "The household's health safeguarded by the Christian mother." 7. "Marriage engagements in heathen families." 8. "The shame of foot-binding." 9. "Beautiful characters of saintly women in Holy Writ." 10. "How ought Christian husband and wife to treat each other?" 11. "How to treat the pastor." 12. "Every Christian woman a soul-winner." 13. "The evils of anger," etc. Incidentally, I recall one of our lady missionaries giving a health talk to the women of such a conference. It was a difficult task to tell about fundamental laws of decency and cleanliness when the majority of her listeners had been accustomed to break all the laws of which she was speaking as a matter of course. However, she made an incisive speech that won their hearts. It was packed full of sense spoken in sympathy and love. She mildly suggested a few not unreasonable ideas, such as refraining from face paint, which

often poisons the whole system, occasionally taking a bath, scrubbing the baby well once at least before he reaches adolescence, using clean water to wash the dishes, etc. To fortify the rationale of her startling innovations, she delved a little into the mystery of microbes in daily life, and showed scientifically some of the disadvantages of "ma-ing," that is, of working oneself up to a pitch of uncontrollable fury, rushing into the street, howling and screaming with rage, reviling the person who has aroused one's ire, cursing his ancestors and defaming his unborn descendants, thereby always making entertainment for the street generally, and sometimes invalidism for the central figure personally.

When the missionary had finished her argument, a native doctor, a plain blunt man, got up. Without the usual self-depreciatory introduction he jumped right into his subject, to this effect: "I am telling you what you all know. This 'invisible bug' business of which the wise foreign lady doctor so learnedly speaks may all be true; they may all be there; but they cannot be mentioned in the same breath with bugs that are harboured which you *can* see." Thus it went on, an unburdening and an excoriation plainly spoken: "You know that when an animal dies of disease you help to eat it, and when you are told that, for eating rotten fruit and vegetables, stomach troubles will come, you say: 'Did not these things cost us money?' And when unbelieving fake medicine men inoculate your babies against the plague, using cast-off cans of spoiled condensed milk from the West, and your babies die, then you have turned in and joined the pack who curse the foreign devils. Sisters, these things ought not so to be. We have got to clean up and use a little sense." After this fashion he flayed them alive, good-naturedly, but very forcibly. Then, amid a sea of black heads nodding feminine assent to his cogent logic,

the doughty doctor, praying the good Lord to "open their faces," took his seat.

In such classes these country women have improved their chance to learn Christian ideas of cleanliness, of health, and of proper family relationships—that godliness which is profitable for the life that now is, as well as for the life to come.

These women return home, often to a welcome for their message, in many instances to increased opposition. Sometimes they are speedily rewarded with a favourable hearing and reception of the truth. Sometimes those about them in bitterness harden themselves to persecute the witnesses. I am thinking now of a mountain woman who years ago had part in such a class, and at that class zealously learned Scripture passages. On her return to the family of her heathen mother-in-law she was not only beaten but was forbidden ever again to attend a Christian meeting. Her husband's home is up a mountain valley far away from her own Christian family. We received word that she was dying, and with her brother went to visit her. Her husband, a peasant boor, was so angry at seeing us that, in a frenzy of uncontrollable rage, he leaped into the air, coming down upon the path with a resounding thwack on the soles of his heavy nailed shoes, at the same time ejaculating the short, sharp syllable: "Pei!" into which he concentrated all the venom of disgust, disdain, pride of superiority, hatred and contempt combined, that he could muster. He broke away up the path towards his hut muttering in Berserker rage: "I'll beat her to ——" Without knowing Saul, he showed Saul's spirit, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter."

With heavy hearts and praying for God to work with power, we followed after. When we arrived a group of children, clad mostly in the garb of nature and itching with curiosity, surrounded us. Then several stalwart

sons, slowly puffing their pipes, shuffled silently towards us, sizing us up. Daughters-in-law, with babes in arms, and in a dishabille such as only heathenism knows, shamefacedly yet curiously stared out at us from the safe inside corners of the yard door. Finally the old mother-in-law came out, blood in her eye. She looked as if prepared to give her sons and grandchildren and daughters-in-law a demonstration of what a proper reviling is. Yet the Lord helped us to get in ahead of her—nothing would have stopped her after she had got started. She became interested in what we had to say, and before long had invited us into the yard to say more about the "Good Sage, Yie Su" (Jesus). She squatted on the ground before us, elbows on knees, her wrinkled and wizened face held in her long skinny fingers. She was a hungry soul, starved without knowing it. Queer setting for a sermon, that little yard —dogs, chickens, donkey, babies, children, litter, filth, smells, and grown-ups distracted between curiosity and prejudice. But the Spirit was working even there. As suddenly as unexpectedly she invited us in to see the woman on the kang—and a part of our prayer was answered.

The husband had preceded us and in brute anger had worked his cowardly will. In a little dingy room, full of flies, a wan face peered out from under a malodorous quilt. There were unmistakable welts on face and neck, and new ones. She could only whisper, but was cheerful. After greetings, and ignoring the fresh bruises, she said: "Tell me about God, the Dyer of souls." "Do you mean this?" And I quoted: "Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be like wool." Then she said: "Tell me what the Holy Book says about how good it is to obtain Christ." And I read Paul's glorious words: "But

what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord : for whom I have suffered the loss of all things and do count them but dross that I may win Christ, and be found in Him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith : that I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death ; if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead." "Ah, that is it," she murmured. "And now tell me about the great God and who shall see Him and how they speak in His palace." And I read: "And I saw, and behold a great multitude . . . out of every nation . . . before the Lamb . . . saying, 'Blessing and glory and wisdom and power to our God' . . . and they shall hunger no more . . . and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." "Yes," she murmured again. "That is it—tell them," nodding feebly towards her persecutors, who had crowded in and who stood wondering and hushed. Her witness, the verses she had memorized, with all else that she had learned at the Bible class, has not availed to date in that mother-in-law's family : but the story of her steadfast integrity in the Gospel, enduring as seeing Him who is invisible, has been a power in sowing the good seed of the Word in many another life.

In another instance a mountain elder, who at such a class got a vision of the Victorious Life in Christ, went home to live a similar one in his own village—even though faced by great obstacles ; and it was used to become a strong factor in turning many members of his clan, heretofore opposing the Gospel, to the confession and service of the living God.

In a land of Christian civilization, where a large percentage of children have the privilege of attending public school and gaining at least an elementary education, it is hard to realize what a Mission school in a heathen land means. To speak of it as a cheering light in darkness is to put it mildly. Imagine our most thickly populated states, like Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania, and New York, with practically no Government schools except in county seats and large market towns. And then imagine the population multiplied many fold until, in some sections of our field, the itinerator may count villages, thirty to one hundred and ten of them, all about him, without schools of any sort—Christian or secular.

The work of sapper and miner is essential in present day fighting to assure victory against enemies ensconced in trenches, and equally vital is the work of the Mission school in the villages. The local Christians provide a building in which the school is to be held, and for the initial year in which the school is opened provide at least one-third of the teacher's salary, being supposed to increase their proportion each succeeding year. The room furnished is usually small and dingy—dirt floored and fireless, its rough mud walls not only without kalsomine or paint, but black with smoke and grimed with filth; while from the corn-stalk ceilings often depend cobwebs, heavy with dust-stalactites of filth. Should one apply a lighted candle to the wall, he would be apt to find its cracks alive; these denizens of the cracks, though regular in attendance upon school, hungering for something else than human knowledge. The windows on the streetward side of the room are apt to be high in the wall, being thus made so that thieves may not climb in, and often bricked up as an additional precaution. Facing the yard may be two windows lower down and larger. The wooden slats of these are pasted over with paper through which

opaque light enters. The tables and backless stools are of crude workmanship. There are usually no pictures unless provided by the missionary, nothing æsthetically attractive. The pupils begin early in the morning preparing their lessons in a unison of din, each apparently trying to outshout the other as he attempts to pack the knowledge of the book by layers into his memory chamber. Sitting during the winter day in such a cold damp room is assuredly no picnic. Nor is it more delectable during warm weather, when the air inside is heavy and fetid. Practically ventilationless is that room; small and cheerless is the mud yard; as yet with rare exceptions the teacher of such a school is not apt to be very capable in leading calisthenics—if at all, he usually does it at the end of the afternoon. Studying from early in the morning till breakfast time, the boy's intermission is only sufficient to go home and eat breakfast; to return and study till noon recess; time taken out for dinner (plus nap, if weather is warm); to return and study and recite till supper-time; and finally return and study till bedtime. The fact that children survive this process is another of the many instances of the tough physical fibre of this race.

According to some modern educational theories as to the omnipotence of environment these schools ought all to have failed miserably. However, the Bible is in them supremely honoured; it is taught as part of the daily curriculum; chapel is held morning and evening, at which time its chapters are read and expounded; great chunks of it are memorized through a series of years; and the pupils become men of God grounded in the Word.

One of the miracles in connection with the Bible is that where it is reverently studied it creates an atmosphere of sound learning and Christian character. This is quite contrary to the spirit of Chinese heathenism which is

bowed under a burden of unusable learning and which gropes in the shadow of moral unreliability.

Thus names often given to these village schools, though flowery, are an index of their real nature: "Ming Liang" (bright light) and "Dei Hsing" (character progress), as over against the half-bakedness of many an official school. Again, a Chinese proverb speaks of Chinese character, the fruitage of Chinese heathen learning, as "rotten wood," adding significantly: "Rotten wood cannot be carved." How, in marked contrast to the fruitage of heathen village schools, they infuse gospel grace and strength into that character-building which is the only bulwark of a people—for righteousness alone exalteth a nation—is seen in many a little life story, in many an episode, in which a Christian child figures prominently. Here is one.

Late in the afternoon I reached a village where I was to conduct a communion service. When we entered the church—the typical primitive "church in the house"—it was packed. The audience had been waiting patiently more than an hour for our arrival, spending the time in singing and exhorting one another. After the service many of them would have to walk several miles in the dark. More persons would have been present had it not been for the fact that one or more from every household has to stay at home when the others leave, and act as "kan men ti" (gate keepers), guarding the family yard and property against thieves. All arose and bowed and indulged themselves in hearty greeting, and then the service began.

Until one faces such a service, set down in the midst of raw heathenism, he may be surprised to see how much of a part adventitious aids have played in his conception of what are necessary surroundings and conditions, in order that he may decently and in order participate in the celebration of the Holy Supper—soft cushions, a comfortable

temperature, carpeted floors, a dignified community outfit, noiselessly moving ministrants, exquisitely beautiful music artistically rendered. In the catacombs outside of Rome, where for very joy the early Christians partook of the feast, the visitor to-day fails to find any suggestion of fitting æsthetic accompaniments—paid choir, pipe organ, orchestra, clustered Gothic columns, rose windows, private pews. Conditions here would doubtless have shocked the "proper" home communicant. In front of the pastor stood a rickety old table grimed with filth. No spotless linen of sacred home memories covered it; nothing covered it. What preparations had been made had been the work of the elders; for, while the pastor helps with suggestions, the responsibility is theirs, and the only way to learn perfection is through imperfect attempts.

On the table was a foreign beer bottle containing native wine, coarse plates with whole Chinese biscuits upon them, and several dirty, cracked bowls. Over them was thrown a towel not exactly clean. The minister groaned inside; but it is ticklish business to wound the sensibilities of ignorant, untrained leaders with whom one works, and who are doing the best they know how. Here was not the time nor place to remove the bottle or to rebuke the elders. So with a prayer for grace the minister began his sermon. In the midst of it some naked boys standing just in front of the communion table called the preacher's attention to a big-lettered poster printed in English and Chinese on a newspaper which hung across the paper panes of the window sash: "Pabst Beer is Always Pure!" Extraordinary accompaniments of a communion service! Incidentally, I might add that the enterprising American cigarette and beer firms have, by their advance agents, penetrated to the far confines of the Republic and "posted" many of the supposedly inaccessible nooks of the outlying sections.

In the homeland I had never celebrated the Lord's Supper at eventide. But many a time here I have met with God's people around His table by a flickering candle or a dingy bean-oil wick. And it has helped me to a sense of nearness to the Lord and to a reality of experience with Him to recall that on that night wherein He was betrayed, as He celebrated that last Passover awefully changed into the first Eucharist, possibly He also, by some faint light, looked upon the shadowy faces of His friends, that humble group gathered around the table; and, with no external aids to worship or to bolster up the solemnity of the occasion, He also with them drew near to the throne of the ever-living, ever-adorable God, pure Spirit, to find strength in time of need, and to pledge anew deathless fealty to Him with whom we have to do.

Under these crude surroundings here—often in a half-donkey-stable half-storeroom, or what looks like a junk-shop—one gets down to reality. And I am always amazed, much though we teach that God is no respecter of persons, to realize that, despite the sweat and dirt and the smell, despite the simplicity of humble folk and the half darkness of soul out of which they are struggling—despite every hindrance and drawback—the Holy Spirit is there in the midst, again and again, and in power to convict and to energize, as on that first great night.

I have always felt a profound sympathy with Martin Luther, who trembled, sometimes well-nigh fainted, as he led in the celebration of the Eucharist. The responsibility is as fearful as blessed. That night I felt it more than usual. Hard hearts were there, baptized but unprepared for blessing. I could feel it as I preached. Those who had presented themselves for examination were ignorant of the step they professed to take. And I was heavy of heart, not only at inability to receive them, but at their utter failure to understand their privilege; and because there

were no candidates, as expected, from the school group at this place.

The little room in which we were meeting, like many a schoolhouse-church-and-family-residence one in which we frequently met, had a half partition across it in the rear which made one end of the "kang" (brick platform used as bed); and on this, farthest away from the minister and where they naturally were least able to hear, though needing the teaching most, sat the women and girls. The service from their end had been much distracted by the crying and moving of children. Through the dim light the air was murky with dust that rose from the dried dirt of the floor and that sifted from the cobwebs, heavy with the accumulation of years, depending from the corn-stalk ceiling.

Just preceding the distribution of the elements I noticed particularly among the group of schoolboys seated in front a little fellow with a face like a cherub. It should have commanded my attention earlier, as it was both unusually clean and attractive. Though only six years old, he listened intently, occasionally looking wistfully at the elements on the table. As I dwelt upon the love and pity of Jesus, the boy's face filled with distress, and soon he left the room in tears. One elder followed him outside to learn what was the trouble. He answered, "I love Jesus and want to be baptized and join the church!"

Thinking this a mere childish whim, the elder questioned and prayed with him, and counselled him to keep on learning the Doctrine so that he might enter the church when older. Then the lad returned to his backless stool, to sit there listening not many more minutes before he began to weep, this time more intensely. The elder took him outside, talked and prayed with him a second time, and comforted his heart by promising that he would tell the session.

When I had finished speaking, the elder arose and with trembling lips told the audience how smitten he had felt that no adult was willing to confess Christ, and none even of the schoolboys; and that this lad, a Chinese Samuel, had arisen—a rebuke to himself and to them—steadfast in his wish to confess Jesus before all. What should be done? His conscience troubled him till he had spoken out this matter. Could a lad so young be received into the church at once? Was there reason for it? Certainly this was not according to custom.

After a solemn silence, the other elder, a big, dignified man, a Mission-school teacher of many years' experience, arose. Now, in a husky voice, he said: "Let the session here and now examine this little one." Then by way of proof, he turned to passages in the New Testament, and read them slowly and distinctly, that all might hear and understand.

As the lad was put on a stool in front of all the people a hush fell upon the room—and remained. Fearlessly he stood there, eager for the examination, his big black eyes lustrous with love to Jesus. His mother was a school-teacher, young and pretty and neatly dressed, who had been deserted by her bright and educated husband for becoming a Christian. It seemed natural for the mother, quietly and unbidden, to come from the rear and stand with her arm about him, a mist of joy in her eyes. Then his older sister, a baptized communicant, also came and stood on his other side.

This examination was a surprise. It revealed the fact that the boy had long known how to pray; that morning and evening he prayed to God to help him become a minister; that his mother had taught him to sing many hymns and memorize many Bible verses, and that he did both well. Like Hannah, she had given him from his birth to the Lord, and like Hannah, had taught her boy to feel

in his young soul, "Here am I." With keen zest he gave his childish witness, clear and unaffected, excellent and reasonable. I have had some joyous experiences as a pastor in the homeland, training and receiving children into the church, but never had I seen anything so unstudied and artless, and so profound in impression. What joy the Lord must have felt at such simple, transparently sincere testimony as was given that night!

But it did not end there. Seven large schoolboys arose and confessed Christ, and were examined; also the wife of the boy's teacher; also four big girls in the girls' school. They were out of heathen homes, but made a good witness, and knew what they were doing and that it involved persecution. The Holy Spirit manifestly worked. Then a man got up whom I had hoped would meet that day with the session. He was illiterate but influential. More than a year before I had taught him the Lord's Prayer. He was repentant and desirous to learn, but in his ignorance had lacked courage. He feared his family. Having money, they could make it especially hard for him. However, he clung tenaciously to the model prayer, daily repeating it. "And," he added with the ingenuousness of a child, "at its close I always 'ka tou' to Jesus!" And so saying, he then and there repeated the prayer—reverently and with deep emotion—and then got down on the dirt floor and knocked his head three times in the dust to God. I helped him up, gently protesting, but he quickly replied: "I have always honoured the idols thus. Should I do less for the true God?" He laid what he knew of life's glory in the dust for Christ's sake. With tears streaming down his face, he pledged himself before the audience: "I confess my sins. I trust in Jesus to save and keep me; I have been a coward; I now resolve to endure all evil consequences of taking Him into my life!"

Such a sight is strange and awe-compelling—to see the scales lift from the eyes of a blinded soul, and see that soul spring eagerly out of the heathen blackness in which he groped into the splendour of the light that is in the face of Jesus Christ, Lord of Glory.

All these were that night received by the session. It was a blessed communion. So grateful to God were some of the women for what they experienced that night that after the celebration of the Supper they did what we had long been powerless to persuade them, unwilling, to do. They had no money, so they brought their most prized earthly possessions—earrings, bracelets, rings; big, cheap, and for the most part crude and ugly gewgaws, of little intrinsic value, but the best they had—and laid them on the altar towards the salary of a Bible woman, fearfully needed in their midst. This so stirred the men that they subscribed the balance needed.

The people had not wanted special services nor a revival. Now they wanted both; and this Spirit-refreshing opened the way for a series of tent meetings, resulting in a blessing to church and heathen. And the end is not yet. Again has God vindicated Himself, in ways beyond our fathoming. Truly our God worketh wonders, using the small things of the world, the despised, even a young Chinese boy, to break hardened heathen hearts and to kindle with holy enthusiasm the hearts of Christians grown cold. And a mother who had been trained in a village school was behind it all.

Out of such places come men who are the makers of a new China, the true and best makers of it; for out of Christian text-books on "Western learning" they learn something of true patriotism and real progress, of free government and ordered liberty. And they learn it from Christian teachers who turn their backs upon all hope of higher emolument in service of the Government, which bids

strongly for them because utterly inadequate is its supply for its thousands of proposed schools, short of teachers for its scores of millions of potential pupils. And they do this for the munificent salary of $48 to $66 Mexican a year (the equivalent of $20 to $30 gold) and board themselves. Indeed every strong leader of the Chinese Church, whom I know personally, has begun his training in a Christian Mission school, located in some such room as I have described; and he has developed into what he has become out of this humble institution, hidden away in some unknown village. Such a true pastor as Rev. Wang Shu Chwen; such a winsome soul-winner as Ting Li Mei; such a flaming evangelist to city gentry as Liu Kwang Chao; such a gifted and trained elder as Ting Li Sui; successful and godly business man as Elder Liu Shu San; skilled and consecrated school leader as Principal Wang Shu Ching—all known and honoured in this great Province. Many others of like calibre could be mentioned.

Such powerful factors have these schools already become, through the men trained therein, in the life of China; such manifestly important foundations for its future greatness have they begun to lay; that it is a matter of general comment among discerning students. Admiral Oscar Von Truppel, the Governor for ten years of the German Imperial Colony in China, once said to me in a confidential talk at his mansion: "But you Americans have the inside track of us in China." "Why?" I asked. "Oh, because of your numerous village schools. You are stamping your institutions and political view-point upon its youth. But you Americans are rich; your Government can afford to aid them." "Ah, but," I replied, "these schools are not aided by our Government, but are supported by the voluntary gifts of American Christians, many of whom sacrificingly

contribute to help support them in coöperation with the parents of the Chinese pupils." Astonished, he replied: "At any rate the destiny of China, in so far as the good influences are moulding it, is in the keeping of these country church schools." And who can prove that he is not right? A million such schools, instead of the pitiful hundreds, and China might in this generation be won for Christ.

VII

Salt and its Savour

A Study in Steadfast Witness-Bearing

VII

SALT AND ITS SAVOUR

NO one who has taken the pains to investigate the facts longer doubts that the Christians of North China in 1900 were Petrine, founded on the "Rock Christ Jesus." Some 20,000 native Christians in North China, many of them in the first generation out of heathenism, deliberately chose to lay down their lives rather than deny their Lord. And the denial was made possible on such easy terms. All they had to do was to burn incense sticks before the idols, or to sign a paper that they had recanted the Foreign Devil Doctrine, or merely to draw a cross in the dirt and spit on it.

The testimony of missionaries on the ground and of persecutors and neighbours and relatives, all goes to show that during that fateful year almost every part of Hebrews 11 : 35–38 was again fulfilled. In addition to the martyrs, many thousands more had their homes and property destroyed, being destitute, afflicted, tormented. In the case of city riots, both missionaries and converts were stoned and hacked, if not sawn, asunder.

"Children even confessed Him. The Boxers of Tung Chow themselves related the story of how two little lads of thirteen and fourteen years of age met their death. They suspected the children of being Christian scholars, so they asked, 'Are you believers in the foreign faith?' 'Yes,' replied the children quite boldly; 'we are followers of Jesus.' The persecutors brought out cords to bind them, with a view to dragging them to the Boxer altar. 'There is no need to bind us,' said the boys;

'we will not try to escape. Every step that we take towards your altar is a step nearer to heaven.' In a few moments their lives were sacrificed by the Boxer swords." [1]

Bonds and imprisonment were constantly resorted to in cases where instant death was not resolved upon. Yet they were faithful under torture.

"A Christian, called Yen, had his house and property burned by the Boxers. Then he himself was caught and killed. One of his sons was then caught; and, because he would not betray the hiding-place of his family, he was tortured. His hands and feet were tied behind, and the pole, by which he was suspended, passed between. Still refusing to reveal it, burning incense was placed upon his back and stone placed upon that!" [2]

All were tempted in every way both to deny the Lord Jesus or merely to renounce their religion "for a time"; and in both cases were begged by friends "just to bow before the idols whilst remaining faithful at heart." But, in spite of every temptation, many were tortured, not accepting deliverance. Others were jeered at in the moment of their death by fire or sword yet steadfastly endured the trial of cruel mockings and scourgings. I knew of an old Christian who, given the option of recanting or being immediately plunged into a caldron of boiling water, chose the latter.

There were also cruel mockings.

"A Christian, named Ho, was examined in order to find out the hiding-place of the missionaries, but he refused to tell. He was beaten, and the yamen underlings ridiculed him, saying, 'Doesn't it hurt? You'll soon be in heaven.' He was beaten with over a thousand strokes, and then, when nearly insensible, thrown into prison,

[1] Bryson: "Cross, Crown."

[2] Edwards: "Fire and Sword in Shansi."

and fettered hand and foot. Another Christian, also in prison, attended to his few wants; but he was only able to take a little water, and the fourth day happily put an end to his suffering!" [1]

Not a few were men who had formerly lived bad lives but were out of weakness made strong.

"Wang was well known in the city as having formerly been a gambler, opium smoker, and, in fact, a regular blackleg. The genuineness of his conversion was manifested by a complete change of life. Early in July he was set upon and seriously wounded. They then bound him and held a mock trial. Many of the people said, 'We know you were formerly a bad character, but have now reformed. Only leave the foreign sect, and you will not be killed.' He replied, 'I have already left the foreign sect (referring to Buddhism), and now follow the Supreme Ruler, believe in Jesus, and worship the true God.' He was soon taken out of the city and barbarously killed." [2]

And yet, though that crisis of 1900 brought forth its solemn and irrefragable testimony, many people in the homeland seem to believe that China's Christians are of the "rice" brand, those who, sordid and low-motived, are in the Church for what they can get out of it. This devil's lie about the quality of Chinese Christians everywhere persists. The missionary on furlough is amazed by weird conceptions current and the garbled stories believed concerning them. Unless one has itinerated over the United States in the interests of missions; heard even the pillars of the churches (intelligent business men) ask him in all seriousness if he really thinks the Chinese have souls; been ex cathedra informed that converts are bought at two dollars a head, and positively assured that they

[1] Edwards: "Fire and Sword in Shansi."
[2] *Ibid.*

don't stick—unless one has had this experience, and has realized that nine-tenths of the people do not believe that missions are necessary or worth while—he could not credit that such notions of straw are still in 1916 stuffed and stood up, to be knocked down before an assenting public.

From whom are constantly emanating these distortions and slanders with regard to China's "rice Christians"? Especially do rich, worldly-minded globe-trotters claim to know them—they who engage the most elegant state-room suites on ocean palaces, and put up at the most fashionable and luxurious hotels, and rarely inquire for a Mission Station or a convert while their steamers are coaling and provisioning in port. Equally do many ship captains and officers claim to know them—they whose lives are rebuked by all that the "rice Christians" have been taught. So also do the foreign inmates and keepers and frequenters of the haunts of vice scattered all up and down the China coast—these who hate the mission movement that everywhere confronts them. So too do many high society people of the Far East—these who take pride in teaching Chinese merchants how to use Western wines at foreign banquets, and how to bet in foreign fashion at the spring and fall races, always held on the Sabbath. And so also do many white merchants—these who, having accumulated their piles, are almost ready to return to their native lands, but who, though living fifteen, twenty, even thirty years in the land, can converse with Chinese only through their English speaking head Compradores, themselves knowing little of the real life and thought about them.

The fact is, as witnessed by those who know conditions, that the sufferings which came upon the Christians in 1900 were greater only in degree than those which to-day are often visited upon Chinese who boldly come out to

confess Christ. Our station field stretches through five counties, with a population estimated by the Government at some five millions of people. It is my privilege to itinerate up and down through these multitudinous mud villages of the peasants. I understand some of the conditions that obtain in some of those villages. I know personally many of the Christians dwelling in them. I believe that, when a man decides to-day, no less than in Boxer days, to become a Christian he gets, humanly speaking, the small end of the bargain. And I know very few "rice" Christians; but many who have endured hardship for the Lord Jesus Christ, as good soldiers.

There are few things more pathetic, few things that tug harder at the heart-strings of a pastor-spirited man, than the spiritual isolation of a single Christian or a family in a heathen village. Though in closest physical contact with kindred and neighbours, the elect one is often shut out from their sympathies and lives as completely as Holland's sea-dykes separate ocean from land. The multitudinous aids to righteousness afforded in our home-land, the adventitious moral helps of church institutions, the encouragement of noble Christian friends and of the beloved home circles who pray for our growth in grace, the very spirit of our public life and social intercourse, which is charged with a thousand blessings brought by Christ and which the people of a country where Christ is known breathe in as unconsciously as they do thanklessly —all these are, in the case of most Chinese Christians, lacking. When the Chinese start sweet-potato slips for planting, they coax them into vigorous growth by planting them on the kang, the brick platform used as family bed and warmed by flues from beneath. The outward stimulus to Christian living that the ordinary Christian gets from the environment of his village life would be

comparable to "forcing" sweet-potato slips in an ice-house.

Parts of my field, though a peasant population, have over two thousand people to the square mile. And there are hundreds of heathen villages, practically untouched by the Gospel, that I have never yet been able to enter even once. With a parish the size of mine the itinerant missionary can hardly make frequent pastoral calls. But when he does arrive, how unfeignedly glad they are to see the "Shepherd," to welcome him with a prayer of gratitude for safe arrival, to perform with alacrity the simple offices of host; and how loth to have him depart, escorting him sometimes far out of the village upon his way, and parting only after a prayer of benediction upon him and his plans, which often includes petitions for safety from perils of rivers and roads and robbers. And then the converts have slowly retraced their steps village-ward, often to face—a little hell.

The membership of some of the sixteen churches constituting our station parish is scattered through scores of villages. Few in the Home Church can realize what it means to these humble, lonely Christians to have the missionary enter their cheerless mud huts and kneel on their dirt floors in prayer with them, and expound the Scripture in their yards to them and their neighbours. How hungry are they for spiritual sympathy and strength! And how much their pitifully narrowed lives need it! And what these starved souls love most of all is the Holy Communion. I have never elsewhere so entered into the mysterious depths of God's love and into the sweet comfort and cheer of the religion of His dear Son, never elsewhere so seen the naked power of the Holy Ghost, as in that service amid conditions of squalor and grinding poverty and the odiousness of heathenism with the lid off. Then, communing with ignorant, isolated brethren, the

ugly millet bowl (often cracked) seemed transfigured into a chalice, mystic, wonderful; then, as we together ate the coarse, unbolted bread, by faith there was brought to us the thrilling ineffable realization that we, even we, were part of His body, the holy catholic Church, and participants with Him in His glory.

Whenever a man, by his prayers and teaching and exhortation, has won several members of his family—enough of them to control the situation—he starts "the church in the house." It becomes the seat of local worship, and, in turn, opens the way for the planting of a Christian village school, acorn for the potential oak, the future church. But all this is usually accomplished only after hard labour on stubborn ground. Frequently he gains nobody, and stands alone for years, the single Christian in his village and neighbourhood.

When a man becomes a real Christian, the break with the hateful past has to be so complete that he inevitably concentrates the venom of heathenism upon himself. Its temptations, its hoary customs, its blasphemies, its inevitable sins—gambling and lawsuiting, cheating and reviling, concubinage and slavery, ancestor worship and witchcraft, superstition and demon worship, adultery and geomancy, and the vile power of priests—all rise up to smite him—smite him not only from without but from within; for, as one trusty Chinese elder, who knew soul travail as well as bodily torture, told me: "Please, in my stead, salute your Christian friends in America and convey to them this message: 'You have been born in a country where there are no idols; you have not been defiled by them as we have been: their defilement has gone into us *like dye into cloth.*'" The Christian and his house, while they become a beacon of light for sin-tossed men, become also, by the very fact of their conspicuousness, a target for the diabolism of Satan and his minions. And

in withstanding their onsets "these little ones" illustrate what Li Hung Chang recorded in his diary as a curious fact for which he could not account: "This Christianity makes poor and lowly people bold and unafraid."

What is the daring of the Christian's stand and what its challenge to the powers of darkness can be realized only by knowing concrete cases. Those that follow are taken from notes in my missionary diaries, and throw suggestive light on the varied experiences connected with the pastoral duties of an evangelistic itinerator. The plain narration of these incidents constitutes the argument of this lecture, the proof of my theme. These are all common, every-day sufferings, endured for the sake of The Name. Not all have happened to the same person or in the same village; but they are among the ordinary methods that are employed to make a Christian, in the expressive language of the Chinese, "eat bitterness." And these multitudinous sorrows that are born out of the myriads of villages will never get recorded in a book of martyrs; curious visitors can never see them, nor Board secretaries know them. Each missionary-pastor has his own set of cases; and their inarticulate cry, while it ascends to God, is lost on the sea of the woes of heathenism.

First, there is the persecution that originates in the family. And this perhaps is the bitterest of all. During the Revolution that established the Republic, some men, not Christians, in North China cut their queues—not many. But it was noteworthy that even before the Revolution many Christians cut theirs as a sign of being Christians. One day I emerged unexpectedly on the street of a village, a village with one Christian, and saw ahead of me that identical young man crying and limping. He held his neck sidewise and stiffly; his face, clawed fiercely by finger nails, was dripping blood; his eyes were blackened; his finger joints were swollen; and he later showed

me great welts on his shin bones. He had returned home from a queue cutting-bee with a queueless head, his badge of discipleship; his mother and wife and sister, feeling the family disgraced beyond measure, and the spirits of their ancestors irretrievably outraged, had risen up in the might of their wrath, and with sticks and clubs laid to upon his body with such vigour that he required weeks to recover.

Again I baptized the oldest of four sons; the father had protested to the son at the contemplated step. Soon after the father "fen kia" (divided his inheritance). By the custom of that district the oldest should receive much more relatively than the others. In this case he received nothing for himself and wife and children, though he had done his share in earning the common family living.

In one village a mature son for confessing Christ was disinherited, and, penniless, had to leave his ancestral village. In another, a heathen son and wife drove off the old father and mother, thinly clad—and out into the winter storm, to die. The children had decided to bend the wills of the parents to recant the Jesus Doctrine or to break them.

In another village the only Christian was an elder. For a long time I did not know he had a brother—an older brother, a giant in stature—fierce, overbearing, brutal, garrulous, impervious to reason. Years ago for general wickedness and blasphemy he had been excommunicated by a senior missionary. One day I arrived unexpectedly in that village and found the church building (which stood on land given by the elder and family, and which had been built largely through them) full of straw and grain and wickers of peanuts and dried sweet-potato vines, hog-feed, and otherwise desecrated. It had been put there by the older brother to chagrin the elder and to dare me. Then it came out how this older brother

—rough and insolent and sin-hardened—had been carrying on for years a systematic harrying of his smaller and younger brother, hounding that church elder nearly to death.

Another Christian, a useful evangelist who went to South Africa to preach to the coolies in the mines there, was an influential man in his village, and secured the consent of the village elders to turn out the idols from a neglected temple and to use it for a Christian school. His heathen parents, incensed at such sacrilege to the gods, went to the county magistrate, and from him demanded an official destruction of their son. And he consented; for there is an old custom or law of the land by which, in virtue of parents' power of life and death over children, they can so demand and not be refused. However, before the magistrate could execute the decree, the son had been warned and had fled for his life, leaving his wife and children to great distress in the parental home.

At one of our market towns an inquirer was distracted by the continual petty nagging of his wife and brother—persecution that is comparable to the plague of flies, frogs, lice and boils—until he decided to leave home and hire out in a neighbouring county. After some weeks he returned home to be told by the neighbours that horror of his sacrilegious step in becoming "a second degree devil" (as converts are called—the missionary being the first) had so preyed on the mind of his wife that she had died of "worry and fright."

Imagine this scene, part of which I saw: a wife tugging at the coat-tail of her husband and, the entire length of the long ambling village street, reviling him before a jeering crowd of heathen onlookers; and for three mortal miles (Chinese) she hung on, cursing, and attempting to pull him (crazy as she believed) back from the hated foreign worship, till he arrived at "a church in the house"

of a neighbouring village where he was to meet with fellow Christians. Then the wife turned and fled precipitately, lest some one bewitch her with one of the "Jesus pills" of cursed magic.

In another village a widow was persecuted long and relentlessly because she would not renounce Christ. When I came to know her, she was seventy-one years of age, none to take her part, still tormented by the sons and daughters-in-law of her own household because she would not "shao tsi shao hsiang" (burn ghost money and incense) with them to the shades of their ancestors.

On the 23d of October, 1913, while examining mature candidates for baptism, their parents stalked in, and threatened on their return home to commit suicide if the candidates did not at once renounce their interest in a foreign religion. Committing suicide is in China an accredited kind of protest, as common as emphatic. When committed on account of the Jesus religion, it is "to spite" the renegade member of the family, and to discourage others from becoming thus foolish and impious, converts to strange doctrines. Common methods of suicide by the women peasants in my part of the world, in protest against the male members of their families joining themselves to the Jesus Devil Sect, is to jump into the village wells, drink sulphur soaked off the heads of Japanese matches, and destroy themselves with the cabbage knife. It is a consummate triumph on the part of the suicide, because it achieves double-edged success in two worlds at the same time. The immediate advantage to a suicide of this mode of procedure is explicable in the light of the Chinese belief and proverb: "He who arrives first at the yamen [with his bribe understood] wins the case." The spirit of the suicide hastens ahead and prefers charges to a judge of the infernal regions before the opponent can arrive. On the other hand,

manifold and continuous embarrassments for the living victim of the suicide are at once set in operation. He is often looked upon as a murderer, and lives the loathed object of contumely. Well do these Christians know, in relation to their own family: "To you is granted not only to believe in Christ, but also to suffer in His behalf" (Phil. 1:29).

The tricks and devices of fellow-villagers to embarrass and humiliate and torture a Christian neighbour are numberless. A man is refused the use of the village well; and many a tragedy occurs at night when he attempts to steal out and draw water from the old place or fetch it from another. Sometimes he is not allowed to grind at the mill shared by several families on the street. It is crude but effective, two-stoned and propelled by donkey or daughter-in-law; and it is a serious business to get bread without flour.

For unwillingness to conform to blasphemous heathen customs, companies of villagers have made the body of many a Christian neighbour smart, and have reduced him to penury. He refuses to burn paper in worship to his ancestors, and he is despised as unfilial, a moral pariah. Likewise he refuses to burn spirit money to supply ghosts of the departed with good food and warm clothes for winter, and he is contemned as a niggard, a miser, dishonouring them. And some morning he awakes to find a hole dug through the mud wall of his yard, and his donkey pulled through it. Search is useless. Doubtless it has been butchered and sold on the market. Or he wakes up in the night to find his yard wall pulled down (and no one can well get along without his wall); or he finds his meagre stock of brushwood (so laboriously cut and gathered and carried on his head down the mountainside) stolen; or his crops lugged off, or his ox driven away, or his straw burned.

Stilt Walkers at a Funeral Festivity

He refuses to make a contribution to the expenses of the debasing peripatetic theatre, intimately linked with the temple and its abominations. Its local appearance has been arranged through the priest, who gets a rake-off for his pains. The use of his tools in preparation for the spectacle is ostentatiously demanded by his heathen neighbours. Such a test case having in one instance convinced the villagers of the acquired perverseness of their neighbour, they seized the man refusing them, an intimate friend of mine, bound his hands and hung him by his arms to beams on the theatre platform opposite the village temple; and there they made him a gazing-stock and, taunting, said: "You say your God is better than our gods within! Now ask Him to make you come down!"

On the consistent and repeated refusal of two brothers in another section of my field to pay that theatre tax, their fellow-villagers decided between themselves (and carried out the decision) to seize and divide among themselves fourteen out of sixteen shares of land on the mountainside that belonged to the brothers. On their appeal to the magistrate, the seizure was confirmed as justified.

In cases where Christians have preached to fellow-villagers they have suffered many kinds of violence. One of our best preachers was run upon by a gang of village bullies, who mauled him and hauled him around by his queue, and pulled out some of his hair. Not far from that village two Christians were selling Gospels and tracts, as the law allows, when the head village-elder not only imperiously ordered them to leave but kicked part of their supply into the dust of the street, had the boys throw some into the village pond, and gave away the remainder to the crowd to be used for shoe-soles. One day I was scheduled to arrive at a certain village; the heathen

there knew it, and in order to humiliate the one resident Christian man they stole his barrow with which he was to forward my stock of Bible portions, food box and bedding. This vehicle for a peasant of North China is a piece of property of considerable value and quite indispensable. It never was found. In another village, another Christian's saddle-mule, when it became known that the animal was rented for missionary itineration, disappeared in like mysterious manner.

How often have I received from harassed Christians letters of this tenor: "When our village learned that we had planned to open a Christian school here, they seized five acres of our land and four of our ponds." Or this: "Village roughs found out that my son was carrying money for our school-teacher, and they attacked him on the road, stole the money and his big fur coat and hat and girdle, and beat him nearly dead." Or this: "I refused to profane the Sabbath with them; and on my return from the field last night they had broken the doors and windows of my house, burned my goods and outraged my wife."

In one village a company of men, wild with New Year's excesses, and drunk with home-brewed intoxicants, went to the homes of the three Christians of the village—humble, inoffensive men—seized and bound them, and nearly ran them through with knives in vain attempts to terrify them out of their confession.

One of the most appalling things that the itinerating missionary ever sees is the enactment of the "ma kiei" (the reviling of the street). Usually it is done by a woman who, habitually cowed and dishonoured, has endured abuse till her outraged womanhood rebels and breaks like a whelming flood against a dam. Wild and frenzied, she rushes out into the street, there, in the presence of the neighbours, fast gathering for the specta-

cle, to relieve her mind in one awful typhoon of vituperation ; and, because heathenism has no gods worth cursing by, she likens the object of her wrath to all the lower orders of creation, big and little, quadrupeds and vermin. With her locks dishevelled, and tearing her clothes, her arms waving in frantic energy, and beating her breast, she reviles all the ghosts of her outrager's ancestors and all his posterity to the nth generation. She curses every home on the street, up one side and down the other—until she falls frothing, often a physical wreck for life, or permanently blind as a result, or with a blood vessel broken. In her blind fury she has buried the village under a lava-stream of malediction mountains deep.

I arrived late one Saturday night to worship over Sabbath with the only real Christian of that village. He was a fine old man and an elder, mellowed by sorrow and trial. A cunning scheme was worked up by the village to humiliate him in the presence of "the foreign Shepherd." Newly dug peanuts were sunning on the threshing-floor of a next-door neighbour. A man sauntered up and began to accuse the elder's wife, a heathen woman, of stealing several peanuts off the floor. As he taunted and vociferated, accomplices joined him, the din of shouting and recrimination increased in fury, until the young bucks had the old woman wild in uncontrolled and uncontrollable rage, performing "ma kiei" (reviling the street). Her raving was perfectly awful to see and hear. Before the climax of the spectacle was reached the whole village apparently had assembled ; the narrow street was jammed with an excited crowd, gesticulating and noisily commenting on the spectacle, common enough, but interesting now because of the foreigner. And as she collapsed from sheer exhaustion and a broken blood-vessel, the gang of heartless mischief-makers, leering, moved nearer her house and shouted to the gray-bearded elder : "This is

the self-control and love of the 'er-kwei-tsi gia'!" (second degree devil's family). "This is the power of the Jesus Doctrine!" But the power of it they never knew. They thought he was a coward, afraid to come out and become a part of the lava flow of inflamed vocal filth. But inside he was on his knees, and pouring out his soul to God, agonizing for strength to love them and show them a good example.

Many members of the Catholic Church in China are village roughs and bullies who had grudges to pay; also lawsuit promoters, who seek power and prestige before the magistrate in pressing cases that priests of the Roman hierarchy are willing to back with all the might and energy that European Governments are accustomed to display in China in the interests of their nationals. Many of the members are unregenerates who, appearing for examination before Protestant missionaries, were recommended to more study; and, in pique and umbrage at what they termed "loss of face," in not being received at once into church membership, hastily offered themselves to the priests for baptism. I have examined a number who did not know who Mary is, or even who is Jesus. But such were speedily baptized by the priest and entered at once upon interesting careers of zeal for the Church; only their zeal took the form of maliciously harassing and tormenting Protestant Christians.

Repeatedly with clubs they have broken up our religious services; once with guns, one of which was accidentally discharged by a rowdy into the arm of a pal, thereby causing the gang to accuse of attempted murder a mild and innocent worshipper in that service. Six months he was confined in prison before the truth of his innocence leaked out. He was pitched on because he was, relatively speaking, well-to-do; and the yamen creatures would be sure of blackmail for their trouble.

Where these bogus converts have dared to do so the policy has been to terrorize humble, inoffensive folk. For example, a poor woman whose husband had died, and who was childless, was the only Protestant Christian in a village of one of our churches, where twenty families had suddenly become Catholics in order to push a lawsuit successfully against a rival clan. They threw all her chickens into her well, and committed a series of like outrages —petty to us, but great to her. In answer to her request to know wherein she had offended them they wrote: "Nothing, but we want you to know that we are 'li hai' (fierce), and you had better clear out!" She did, leaving her small property to her spoilers. In another village soon after visited by me, a gang of Catholics had sought to drive out a single Protestant family there, burning its harvested wheat and house, and lighting fires under its plow-ox.

The magistrate in a county near Tsingtau was in bondage of fear to foreign priests there. He did whatever they demanded. They entered upon a systematic plan, not unknown to some Governments in these "enlightened" days, to use this official and their own rowdies in order to frighten our Christians into recanting and joining their ranks, or else move out of certain desirable villages, in which our Christians had for some years been settled and thriving as a Church, before the Catholics appeared. Our services were repeatedly broken up, the leaders carried off to the yamen where they were imprisoned and bambooed and otherwise repeatedly tortured by the yamen henchmen for blackmail.

Well do these Christians know that in relation to their neighbours it is often only through tribulation they enter into the Kingdom of God. They endure, and without repining. Take the case of Han Wu, cited by a missionary friend. Waylaid outside the village by his

heathen neighbours, he was beaten until insensible and left there to die. Kind Christian friends, hearing of the outrage, gathered him up, and as they were tenderly laying him down on his brick bed, one of them asked: "Are you suffering much, Brother Han?" Faintly came the response: "Nothing like my Lord suffered for me."

For many years the officials have been powerful and fierce enemies of Christianity in China. To the national antipathy towards a strange religion coming in to usurp the place of the old has been added some things of which they knew more fully than the people—foreign aggressions, the forcing of leases and concessions by Governments, and the political indiscretions of the Roman Catholic priests. They have usually felt that, in the language of one official, "Christians are rough necks, who need shaving with the heavy razor" (that is, the headsman's sword). Even Li Hung Chang could once say: "I hated the foreign religion more violently than all other scourges in the world; and I prayed and hoped that not alone would the Taipings be destroyed, but that earthquakes, eruptions of mountains, and terrible fevers would make the Christian nations without a man, a woman, or a child." A great Viceroy wrote: "Christians are rats of disease caught from the leprous missionaries of Canton, and they would run into all the holes of the centre and north, and spread their vile malady. The lingering death of one thousand slices should be applied to all those who have countenanced this foreign doctrine. If my own arms were not so lame during this season from rheumatism and other ailments of the blood, nothing could please me better than to take a place as executioner of the vermin."

Apart from the fact that Christianity was for them a trouble breeder, it has seemed utterly absurd to the Confucian Literati and officials of China. "Christ crucified,

to Jews, stumbling-block; to Gentiles, foolishness." As Li Hung Chang put it: "It is a part of the Christians' teaching that their Heaven Father let His Son come to earth and die for wicked people. Such teaching! If they would say that He came and died for the good people, it would sound sensible, even if the rest of their doctrines are too absurd for a man with brains to give a serious thought to. If the gods are good and want men to be good, will they allow members of their families to be killed like criminals for the sake of criminals? It has been long intimated that most of these foreign devils are crazy, and I am beginning to believe it. But it is strange that they should be able to draw any of our people away from the old religion and old philosophy. I cannot understand how it is, but I am sure this crazy fad will die out." The officials have had numberless methods and opportunities to try in the dark, and without fear of exposure, to make it "die out." The authority of each magistrate in his district is practically absolute; and few Christians who might be brought before him would think of being so rash as to oppose his will.

Often the persecution by fellow-villagers is intimately bound up with that by officials, because the latter can so powerfully abet and crushingly complete (if they be so minded) what neighbours have begun. For instance, in the case of refusal on the part of one of our Christians to pay a share or subscription towards a temple show—a subscription exorbitant and arbitrarily assessed him, but which he would have repudiated even had it been smaller—the village elders sued him on the charge of impiety and sacrilege before the magistrate, who made him pay heavily, and had his feet bambooed for good measure.

These unfair discriminations extend from the most trivial affairs to the most serious. The young son of one of our Christians cut grass over the boundary line of his

neighbour's patch—by accident, he claimed. The regular fine for such transgressing was five tiao, but the village elders fined him ten. Immediately after two heathen were caught in the same misdemeanour and they were not fined at all. In one village, a heathen stole twenty-five tiao from a Christian. The amount of money, the time and the place and culprit were all known to the official; but because the robbed was a Christian, the magistrate would do nothing for him. In another village we had two families wretchedly poor, whose men needed all their time to earn food. The roads were kept up well there, because in German territory. The Chinese road-master so allotted the work as to make the heads of these poverty-stricken families work on the roads, each man more than six months. By an equitable arrangement their share of road-tax, worked out in time, would have been a couple of weeks. They were made to do the portion of several heathen families—who escaped with no service and were not required to pay for substitutes. In a certain village some of our members started a Christian school; the magistrate himself would not start an official school in that place, yet fined and punished them because they started a better one than his would have been.

More serious cases are frequently told. Roughs of a certain village organized themselves into a "Hei Yie Hui" (Black Night Society). Disfiguring and breaking the smaller idols of the village temple, they strewed them, armless and headless, around the temple yard; also threw the larger ones on their noses in the dirt. They then went to the county official and accused a fellow-villager, a Christian, of being guilty of the sacrilege. Whereupon the Christian who—mark it—was well-to-do, was ordered to pay all costs of the lawsuit, and a fine of five hundred tiao (which went into the mandarin's pocket). He was also ordered to repair the temple, and

bear the expenses of village theatricals (that is, of bringing a troop of travelling players), thus adding insult to injury.

This sort of procedure is called by the Christians "coughing up the squeeze," also "rubbing in the salt," the latter characterization in reference to an ancient custom, still extant in the yamen, of not only bambooing an innocent man till he pays blackmail, but in addition rubbing salt into the raw and lacerated flesh.

Incidentally the officials understand perfectly their legal right to deal with Chinese subjects as they please, which right they usually exercise like despots, and from their decision there is little hope of successful appeal. Since the establishment of the Republic the Chinese are instructed no longer to "ka tou" before a magistrate (that is, knock the forehead three times on the ground to him). But what frequently happens may be known from the following.

On the 27th of October, 1913, one of our Christians was hauled on a false charge before a county official, who ordered him to "ka tou." He refused. And as he stood and bowed, he said: "I prostrate myself only to Jesus Christ, my heavenly Master!" For his temerity he was imprisoned and bambooed four hundred strokes till his flesh was pulp. Also the magistrates can now with better face than formerly resent interference from foreigners. Such interference often results in more pressure brought to bear upon the persecuted one and those close to him. Realizing the unwisdom of meddling in yamen processes, the policy long ago adopted by Protestant missionaries—hard as it has sometimes seemed to the Christians—has been that of concentrating their efforts on praying with and for the unfortunates, and on instructing them in the Scripture attitude, and in exhorting them to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

During the Revolution the situation in Shantung Province was peculiar. Fourteen or fifteen of the Provinces to the south were practically solid for the Republic. Shantung Province and those to the northward were filled with Yuan Shi Kai's German-trained Manchu Regulars and other troops loyal to him. Not only was there little chance for the Republicans to gain much foothold in Shantung, but the Manchu troops in small bands infested the countrysides, dominating the villages and market towns. The soldiers, in these small bands, removed from the eyes of their superiors, raided and looted, and burned, and raped, without let or hindrance. And the Christians were often the especial objects of their rapacious brutality. They suffered in silence, as there was no way to make their voice heard even had the authorities been willing to listen to such "trivial" matters.

A certain "general" with his troops was quartered in one of the walled cities of our field. I visited him and politely called his attention to the fact that even our young schoolboys, assuredly innocent of crime, were, at that moment, contrary to a proclamation guaranteeing religious liberty, manacled in a low, filthy den inside the yamen. He smiled incredulity. I knew they were there, for I had earlier visited them in their prison. Some of their mothers were nearly distracted with grief, sick from fear for their boys. His reply was: "We are after only the 'tu fei' (robbers)!" And all outrages, purposely and definitely committed against Christians, as Christians, were explained away on that ground.

One of our country leaders was known to have money. He with his aged parents was taken before a military official, and made to face this terrific ordeal: the parents were threatened with death unless he recanted. Chinese heathen opinion would expect him to renounce

any profession he had ever made, as the condition of shielding them, on pain of being looked upon as their murderer. What would you have done? The man said he remembered: "The servant is not greater than his Lord. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you." He prayed; and money—not recanting—purchased relief.

It was a sight during those days in East Shantung to see Christians brought into and through a town tied to the tails of horses; to see a band of troopers dash up to a railway station, and on signal enter the train and haul out a man and execute him on the spot; to see headless trunks hanging outside city gates, and the heads in the moats nosed around by starving curs. The same kind of men scourged our Lord and mocked Him on the Cross and parted His vestments.

The killing of native Christians was much hushed up; but in December, 1913, several provincial Governments proposed to make inquiries into cases where Christians had been killed during the Revolution, "with the intention"—mark it—"to compensate relatives of those who were killed owing to their adoption of Christianity."

Those who read the vernacular papers in China, or are in touch with the foreign journals, cannot fail to be impressed with the condition of chronic anarchy and terrorism due to organized bands of bandits that obtains extensively in some section or another all the time in China. The names of many of these societies and bands are significant—names like "Black Tiger Society" or "Strong Ox Society," suggesting their object as being to oppose Western learning and new methods (which are rendering the Classics, their use and teachings, obsolete) and to oppose Christianity. To this end they make a specialty of harrying and persecuting Christians. Many a countryside has during the last year been terrorized by

such proclamations as the following, posted June 24, 1913. It sounds like a second cousin to the Ku-Klux Klan or the Black Hand.

"Black Tiger Faithful Righteousness Society, Proclamation of Ng

"Because of the Government's persecution of the people this society has twice during the last year fought against Sienyu and has won, but there is a class of people who are destroying the idols and the ancestors and therefore in constant opposition to our society. Our society has now collected a large number of men and will first destroy this class of people and then will cross swords with the Government.

"Be it known to all people in this region, that if I make a night attack anywhere, and you separate yourselves from this class of people, you will escape all injury. Stand aside and watch. If you do not do this, it will be difficult to distinguish one from other, and all will be destroyed. I therefore issue this proclamation that all may know.

"Proclamation issued this day of the 5th month of the 5th year of Hsuan Tung."

There is no doubt whom he has in mind when he refers to "a class of people who are destroying the idols," etc. This bandit leader does not mean that the Christians are literally going about breaking up idols, for they have not done that. He means that the doctrines preached by them are breaking down faith in the idols and in ancestor worship. This proclamation is illustrative of the present program of many rebel societies.

There seems everywhere to be understandings between brigands and soldiers; for repeatedly, when soldiers have returned from harmlessly raiding these lawless bands, the robbers have come out of their retreat and made a specialty of attacking Christians. Many cases could be

cited from the recent depredations of the bands of White Wolf, ranging through several Provinces. On this subject there is an embarrassing riches of illustration. Take this: "On one occasion the rebels, who were in hiding not far away, seeing the soldiers leaving, came out and began to attack the Christians. They seized two women and a child. They also caught and severely beat a man. The home of these four persons was robbed and the crops in their fields and orchards were entirely destroyed. The two women and the child succeeded in escaping from their captors and reached safety. A few days later the homes of seven men who are members of the church were also raided and plundered of all that they possessed. Their orchards, fields, and gardens were destroyed, they themselves with their families barely escaping." In other places, the robbers not only took all the supplies of the Christians, live stock and grain, and not only killed women and children, but took Christian men, and put them in the front line of fights to draw the fire of soldiers; if these conscripted, unwilling fighters tried to flee, they were shot by their captors. These men would rather release Barabbas than a Christian.

It does not sound so terrible when these cases of persecution in many villages are taken in the mass, as it does to look at a particular concrete instance. Here is one in these piping times of peace in China. One might suppose it occurred during 1900. It sounds as if it came out of the Neronian persecution.

One night a gang broke over the wall of this particular Christian's yard, stormed the door of his hut, seized him and his wife, tied hands and wrists, and, stringing them on poles, carried them to the village temple, dropped them on the floor and gave them permission to recant. A cross was drawn in the dirt and they were ordered to spit on it. Refusing, they were taken to the bank of the

precipitous village pond and given one more chance to recant. For answer they began to sing: "My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine!" "Pei!" shouted the leader. That word gathers into itself all that the user can conceive of disdain, contempt, impatience, anger and hate—hurling it as a bomb of malediction against the person for whom it is designed. "Push them in!" he shouted. With ankles bound and bleeding, they, helpless, rolled down and in, under the water,—for the sake of The Name.

But there is a persecution that in extent and sustained intensity exceeds all the foregoing: It is the hidden horror of heathenism. It is called by the Christians "Burying alive." It refers to the immurement of Christian daughters-in-law in the families of heathen mothers-in-law.

A baby girl, while her parents were yet heathen, has been betrothed into a heathen family. In the course of time her parents become Christians; she is given a school education, and grows up, trained and winsome, with the laudable ambition to make her own home a real Christian home. But her parents dare not break the contract, and she is tied for life to a peasant boor—uneducated, unsympathetic, coarse and brutal. He has never seen her, possibly is considerably younger, perhaps at marriage is still a boy. It is a living death—the steady, relentless pressure, glacier-like, of nagging and contumely. The young wife is supposed to have swallowed a "magic Jesus-Doctrine pill," and the only way to get it out is to pound it out. This the family set themselves, through drudgery, abuse and violence, to do. Often all the members have a hand in the process, even the younger female relatives.

A woman, converted in one of the meetings I was conducting, confessed there with agonized weeping that for

ten years she had made life as nearly unendurable as possible for her oldest sister-in-law, who was one of our best Bible women. A charming young woman in one of our churches,—an unusually good teacher she was,—on her marriage, was repeatedly threatened by her husband. Daily brandishing a knife before her, he daily vowed that he would cut out her heart if she did not recant. Finally, because of her inflexible determination, he divorced her—an unspeakably disgraceful and helpless condition for a woman in China. Another girl in nobility of spirit silently endured the curses and scorn of her adopted family. She came at night, when her father-in-law would not know it, to be strengthened by her lady missionary friend in her purpose to serve Christ. And at the end of the fifth year she was still holding out against the most violent opposition and persecution. When asked the secret of her strength she quoted God's promise to Joshua: "I will be with thee; I will not fail thee!" Humanly speaking, it would seem as if the lamp of faith of these girls—unbefriended, abused, hated,—could only feebly flicker, to be ultimately snuffed out. Few other situations so remind one of a doomed man, caught in quicksand and inexorably sucked down, slowly sinking out of sight—and yet these rarely go under.

On one of my recent country trips I made a détour to go up a lonely mountain valley, in order to see a woman who was baptized before I went to China. Never since that baptismal Communion had she been allowed to meet with Christians. Now she had somehow got through to us a request to come. Her mother-in-law had with special viciousness abused and tormented her. And just before our arrival, in rage at her desire for a Christian service, the husband had beaten her with particular severity. She longed for the Communion, and on her kang partook of it. Later she died. She had endured as seeing Him

who is invisible. And as her soul took its flight, she murmured the words long before taught her, and to her unspeakably precious: "To him that hath no might He increaseth strength."

These are some of the daily tragedies among unknown, humble, Chinese folk in witnessing for Christ, whom having not seen they love.

Many illustrations of the saving savour of the salt could be given from the lives of Chinese of world-wide reputation, notable for unusual achievements as men and as Christians. But I have chosen to speak of the common folks, out of the mud villages—unknown to fame and with no way to reach the public ear; and for the reason of the marked effect that their witness makes upon those around them. Even the officials, though persecuting, are favourably impressed. We know of schoolboys who, alone out of many schools in their city, when parading and ordered to enter the temple of Confucius and, alone with their Government school-fellows, worship the image of the Sage, refused to obey the magistrate's command. They expected to be bambooed for their courage. Instead they were presented by the magistrate whom they defied with a silken banner in tribute to their courageous adherence to convictions.

We have had Christians outraged, through the designs of wicked men, and humiliated before their neighbours; yet through prayer receiving justice in a marvellous way from the officials. Mordecai-like, power unexpectedly has swung their way, and then they have pleaded for mercy for rascal persecutors,—for the remission of their fines, and the lightening of their punishment; and their attitude of Christian charity has opened up villages and market towns to the Gospel.

To endure persecution for righteousness' sake and to reward good for evil is, as a principle and as a phenome-

non, strange to heathenism. And while the heathen utterly fail to understand the reason for this attitude, they yet respect it. It was this attitude that, during Boxer days, caused tormentors to cut out the hearts of martyrs in order to look for the secret of martyr-courage. It is that which to-day has caused officials to say to our Christians: "We know no Gods who are worth suffering for!" "Ah," but our Christians have answered, "we know One for whom we would gladly die!"

Because of the gulf fixed between Christianity and heathenism, and of the apparent impossibility of a man escaping from the down-drag of his hateful surroundings, it is wonderful to see a soul break through the environment that coffins it, and become a new creation in Christ. But there is another miraculous work of the Holy Ghost in a man equally wonderful to see; and that is the making of his soul to bourgeon out in richness of life in Christ, and the taking on of—rather, the growing into—the graces of the Spirit, through trial and persecution.

One member of my parish, of unusually keen mind, was, before conversion, a gambler and medicine fakir —the latter just because he had what is called, in Chinese as well as in English, "the gift of gab." He had a marvellous faculty of persuading people to buy his wares, and had talked down many a turbulent crowd at many a heathen fair and festival. He was the youngest of three brothers, and the whole of his clan and village were against him. But his intensity of conviction, his strong crying to God with tears, arrayed his family, one by one, on the side of the Lord. I received them all into the church except his second brother, a man of strong personality who used such physical violence on the family, because of their forsaking the old ways, that all were in terror of him. With them I worshipped repeatedly in a donkey and ox stable. Blinded with rage against the

Jesus Doctrine, this man had vowed that if they dared meet for worship in the house he would kill them. At last I baptized that "li hai" (fierce) brother, subdued of the Spirit. I also had the joy of seeing the day when the villagers welcomed me gladly; when they turned over the village temple to us for a Christian school. But *the* joy was to see the development of that young Cornelius. He had learned a truth that had transformed a life: "If ye ask anything according to His will, He heareth."

I have in mind a young mountain-village elder, timid, unlearned in books, lacking initiative, and fearful of the opinion of others. Incidentally, he was the only Christian of his clan; incidentally, his prayers prevailed over their persecution, winning some forty of them to the Gospel; incidentally, though desperately poor, as veritable serfs of the priests whose pine branches on their mountain property these peasants gathered for the merest pittance, they built a church and had their own school. But *the* point is his own wonderful development in Christ. In the teeth of appalling opposition and discouragement, this man made a series of decisions that for moral heroism puts him in the company of God's choice spirits. They culminated in his taking his life in his hand to discipline members of his church who, under horrible circumstances, had had a criminal part in the murder of a fellow-member. And in four short years he has, by a Joshua-like fidelity to God, become one of the pillars of the Church throughout all our region.

One characteristic of the Chinese, that is to say, adaptability, has been much lauded. But perhaps this is only one phase of their supreme trait, the power to persist. And when they function religiously, one is sure to see this same trait crop out, despite the fact that in the East, and particularly in China, the clan quite overshadows the individual. The real Chinese Christian hangs on

amid the most discouraging circumstances—alone. He is spiritual kin of Noah, who built and voyaged alone; of Abraham, who wandered and worshipped alone; of Daniel, who dined and prayed alone; of Elijah, who prophesied and wept alone; of Jesus, who loved and died alone. It is this power to endure—this steadfastness in the Faith—that is so powerful a factor in winning the converts in China.

How this works out is well illustrated in the case of one of the Christian women of our country field. A young Christian bride, she was immured in a heathen family. Her husband soon informed her that he was going to whip her once a week till she renounced "foreign doctrines." Each week as he lashed her she wept for pain, and prayed in an agony of spirit for him. At the end of two years he approached her, to inflict the weekly beating, and in a terrible voice announced: "Now this time, if you don't recant, I'm going to kill you!" With ferocity he rained the blows; then suddenly—threw down his whip, and laughed—a strange, hard laugh, exclaiming: "It's no use; I've been trying all these weeks to make you 'seng ta ki'" (literally, "beget a great anger"), "just as the other women, whom I know, do. But I can't make you!" And, in that instant, the Holy Spirit, honouring her faithful witness and real prayer-life, convicted and converted him; and he and his wife, helped by the Holy Spirit, began forthwith the winning of their clan to Jesus Christ. The source of her endurance, I later learned, was Psalm 50:15, repeated and prayed many times, claiming the faithfulness of God: "I will deliver thee; and thou shalt glorify me."

The Chinese village Christians know well that "through peril, toil and pain we climb the steep ascent to Heaven." And they also know, as did Raymond Lull, that "he who

loves not, lives not; and he that lives by The Life cannot die." Therefore they do not hesitate to put the desirableness of Christ literally before father or mother or wife or children or houses or lands; gladly denying self, and taking up the Cross daily, and following Him.

And they are no boasters. Well has Dr. W. M. Hayes spoken the feeling and conviction of many a veteran missionary, when, out of long experience, he said of Chinese Christians, such as these: "Humble minded, I have never yet heard one who endured these hardships boast of his trials, but I have seen the tears quietly steal down the faces of strong men when a tale of persecution has been told on the floor of Presbytery, men realizing that they themselves, their wives, or their children any time might be called on to endure similar trials. When I think of what numbers of them have endured and of the Christian sanctity of some of our Chinese leaders, unworthy as I am, I can only pray that

> "'Numbered with them may I be,
> Here and in eternity.'"

VIII

"It Shall Not Come Nigh Thee"

A Study of the Power of Prayer

VIII

"IT SHALL NOT COME NIGH THEE"

IN a glad and busy year of furlough one thing distressed me—hearing ministers deny that God powerfully intervenes in behalf of His people. This lecture on the Prayer of Faith is a humble testimony from our Station Parish to the fact that God can and does hear and answer the prayers of those who are His for deliverance in crises.

It is a moving spectacle, the spectacle of a Christ-dominated village in the midst of a sea of heathenism. Whoever has happened upon Petra, to the east of Palestine, on the edge of the Arabian Desert, that city of classic beauty, magnificent in its ruins, is filled with wonder and amazement. The sandy wastes about it only render it the more impressive. It is with some such sensation that the thoughtful Christian worker from the West, who knows something of the horrors and repulsiveness of the heathenism of the East, views the heroic witness of a few Christian families and the miraculous experiences that happen to the village and vicinity dominated by them, as the result of that witness. Such a clan is the Ting Clan, and such a village is their village, Da Hsin Tan of our station. The heathen cannot account for the happenings therein; and to them that village is known as "the village with a charmed life." The following narratives reveal the mercy of God for the sake of the righteous few; His hearing their prayer in crises for the welfare of themselves and of the many unrepentant wicked in their midst.

And first, the story of a holocaust of Christians—almost. And how the flames were quenched.

I had walked over to "the village of the charmed life" to see one of our Christians who was sick there—a young graduate of our Union Medical School. In patriotic energy he had nearly blown out his eyes experimenting in the manufacture of bombs to use against the "Manchu Tyrants." While there I was the guest of his uncle, a dear friend of mine, the leading man of the village and elder of the local church, Ting Li Sui, the head of the Ting Clan. Through his efforts and example many of its members have come into the church. Few men do I love or honour more. He is a fine type of the Chinese gentry; elegant in dress, grave in bearing, but with a keen sense of humour; his face and life gracious and winsome. He has the urbanity of manner and gracious politeness of the ideal Chinese gentleman, along with the attainments of a scholar in Western learning. After being long a college professor, he has repeatedly declined flattering offers of Government positions of honour and relatively high salary, in order to devote his time and energy, without pay, to organizing and managing and teaching in our Girls' High School located in his village.

He is the kind of man in whose presence beggars, believed to be demon-possessed, who rave in helplessness before and threaten the heathen from whom they ask bread, at once calm down, saying that the demons in them have no power before him to render them violent and tear them, because this is a "friend of the Jesus God," in whom His spirit is and before whom the devils torturing them quail.

As we were at dinner Elder Ting remarked: "These revolutionary times are not as dangerous for us here as were the Boxer days." And he added with a humorous twinkle, "You see the German troops are known now.

In those days they were not." This put him in reminiscent mood, and over our bowls and chop-sticks and tea in his private reception room and study he told me a tale that is worthy of a place in church history.

The human factors of that miracle-story were an old flint-lock musket, a troop of German soldiers, Chinese Christians doomed to a fiery furnace by infuriated Boxers —and prayer.

Be it remembered that Elder Ting's village is heathen, but his own clan there resident is Christian. Though its members have the brains and education, the acres and the money, the push and the grace, they are but a handful. Perhaps because of this fact they, during the early days of the Boxer movement, were marked by mean and envious men for destruction. There was no other village safer than their own to which they could flee, as every Christian was well known, and all the countryside was alive with Boxers. Everybody, apparently, had become either a "Big-Knife Society" brave on the war-path, or an active, spying sympathizer.

Under such circumstances it seemed necessary to the German Government, in the interest of law and order in and near their "Gebiet," to send out a punitive expedition into the surrounding villages. On the approach of the troops to this place, the Boxer warriors, rendered fatuously reckless by their incantations and magic aprons (which were supposed to render them bullet-proof), mounted the dilapidated village mud wall to annihilate the "Black-bearded Barbarians." Their weapons of offense were bows and arrows, spears and clubs and swords, and some primeval muskets.

When but a few rods from the wall the German captain, who understood some Chinese, heard the command given to fire. Instantly he ordered his men to lie flat on the ground in position for sharpshooting. Just as they

dropped, the venerable guns on the wall, accompanied by the clatter of a choice miscellany of mediæval weapons, banged harmlessly at them. The Boxers, seeing the row of soldiers prone and motionless, thought their foes killed to a man. With the temerity of "know nothing, fear nothing," they forthwith sprang to their feet, capering about in wild jubilation at the destruction of the "foreign devils."

It was one of those errors of heathen superstition—irremediable. Their bodies, silhouetted against the sky, were perfect targets for a much-practiced soldiery. Every form that appeared above the parapet fell dead or wounded. Survivors and "pals"—robbers and thieves all—were captured and held for official public execution. And the heathen were disgraced by seeing the idols in which they and the Boxer defenders trusted hauled out of the temple, buried in the temple yard, and flung into the village pond—"face" lost beyond recovery.

But that was the beginning of trouble for the Christians. Boxer avengers sprang up like armed men from Jason's sowing. The secret edict went forth: "The second degree devils" (the heathen designation for Chinese Christians, the missionaries being "first degree") "must all die, and their church and houses be burned and their land divided up." So one black night, when all was prepared, a band of men fit for black deeds crept forth to wreak vengeance upon the little band of faithful and apparently doomed followers of Him whom they traduced in posters, representing a pig on a cross.

Suddenly out of the darkness the flames of the burning house of God—the largest in our field and built by the Christians themselves—began to creep and crackle and curl themselves skyward, as if flaunting defiance to the God whom they ignorantly hated. The Christians hastily left their houses and fled to the walled yard of their leader,

my host, Elder Ting. It was death for any Christian to appear, and they knew it. So they all gathered together inside the flimsy barred gate of wood—and prayed. Outside, in the lurid glare of the fire-crumbling church, figures more demoniac than human danced in a frenzy of satanic glee. Confident that the innocent victims upon whom they expected soon to wreak their vengeance were inescapably theirs, one gang of wretches lingered and gloated over the charred ruins. Another, like a band of Apaches surrounding an emigrant wagon, ringed in the devoted company; and, having howled and reviled them to their heart's content, proceeded to business.

At a given signal kerosene, as by magic, was produced from somewhere—there were not lacking fellow-villagers zealous to abet the raiders from outside—and simultaneously it was applied before each Christian door. The doors and the thatched hoods leading into each yard were as dry as tinder. And what a pretty blaze the houses inside would make, covered as they were with sun-burned straw. These deserters of the ancestral deities, these followers of the hated foreigners, forsooth, would be roasted in their homes like rats in a hole!

The flames had begun to lick the door-lintels when something happened. Indeed, something had already happened. There was, as has been said, no sense in trying to flee—the country was alive with Boxers on the still-hunt for Christians, immediate producing cause of the foreign invasion, as the Boxers maliciously asseverated; neither was there hope in armed resistance. So the believers locked inside the elder's yard, like those in the fiery furnace, prayed—prayed desperately. Some knew the promise of God through Isaiah, and they pleaded it: "When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee; for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One, thy Saviour!"

As they prayed, one of the clan felt irresistibly drawn to take down and fire an old-fashioned weapon, such as the better-to-do keep on hand for shooting into the air as evening approaches, to warn thieves that a gun is inside. What overt act could he commit to put them in more fearful straits? So he quickly poked the muzzle over the wall. Outside, a jeering, taunting mob of enemies whose faces were lit up by flames of their own kindling. He pulled at a venture and fired into the darkness.

The student of campaigns of armies needs no corroboration from God's Word to understand what could happen. In view of the facts of secular as well as sacred history, it is not difficult to conceive how the Almighty can use a very little thing to "panic" a body of men—even such harmless utensils as lamps and pitchers. The bullet that was aimed at a venture by the hard-pressed Christian had struck the invulnerable Boxer chief, even the one panoplied in an apron of magic characters. He reeled. Followers leaped to him. But the man was dead—shot through the heart. The braves were too scared to use their weapons. Instantly through their minds there flashed a thought that froze their blood: "Horrors! There must be German soldiers inside. Who can forget them? Sharpshooters! Who knows how many? These devils of the second rank have cunningly concealed them there! Treachery! No villager could shoot like that! We are all dead men!"

But the thought that at first numbed their limbs now unlimbered them. Not even waiting to rescue their bleeding fellow, they went pell-mell down the narrow, dirty streets, shadowy now with new terrors. Their gait increased. They "hit it up" to a dead jump. Who knew but that the entire German army was after them! None stopped to investigate.

The flames were soon extinguished. The Boxers came

not again. And from that day no man dared touch them. And thereafter, throughout the days of fierce alarums and fiercer deeds, the Christians of the "village of the charmed life" rested in a security and a peace that was the marvel of all.

And read the story of the plague: how prayer defeated the death-stalker.

Again, a few years later, it was winter, and there was a cry going up all over North China: "The Christian's God protects from the plague!" In the presence of the appallingly long lines of corpses of non-Christians, that cry was impressive. In some places the dead were unburied because the ground was too hard to dig; in others, because money could not hire people to approach the contamination; in others, because the coffin material had long since been exhausted; and otherwhere, because fuel failed for these awful holocausts.

In the homeland one used to hear, without understanding its meaning, the phrase: "Avoid it as you would the plague!" In China one understands. "The Black Death" or "Pneumonic Plague" attacks its victims with something of the sudden ferocity of the man-eater. It tears out his lungs. In two or three days the stricken one, spitting blood, dies in awful agony. No known remedy. Disease one hundred per cent. fatal. Can catch anybody. Terror reigned among the heathen.

Its ravages were severest in Manchuria, where some of the greatest pentecostal experiences of recent years have blessed the Church. Alarmed by the progress of Christianity, officials and gentry and priests had there banded themselves together in the aggressive "Wu Shen Huei" (No-God Society), to fight Christianity to the bitter end. And the hand of the Almighty was heavy upon them. Russia and Japan were threatening to step in and clean up things, their ostensible reason being rows of plague

corpses a mile long—not rumour, but consular reports. And the Christians were not among the dead! Small wonder the heathen in fear and amaze remarked: "Che si ke da hsi ki di sir" ("This is a portent"). And they began to question if the vast sums spent on their hideous idols of mud and the temples housing them were worth while.

In those days the Ninety-first Psalm was precious to Christians:

> "Because thou hast made the Most High thy habitation,
> There shall no evil befall thee,
> Neither shall any plague come nigh thy tent.
> For He shall give His angels charge over thee,
> To keep thee in all thy ways."

Alas! The heathen did not realize that many present, concomitant blessings follow in the train of accepting Christ—among them, that He brushes superstition out of their hearts; drives away the demon of distrust and doubt of the good intentions of all foreigners; and that He creates a willingness to coöperate with intelligent and skilled and sympathetic physicians. And the greater pity was that as heathen they could not know these things.

While the heathen were sowing the lie that the "foreign devils" had poisoned the wells—therefore this slowly but relentlessly creeping death—the Christians were studying our plague posters, burning garbage, cleaning up yards and rooms. While heathen roughs were industriously striving to stir up riots (because of the inconvenience of an effective quarantine), and expecting to snatch some gain out of the general confusion caused thereby, the Christians were spreading the reasonableness of the precautions suggested by their foreign friends. Often when a doctor had quickly buried a plague corpse, the heathen

relatives, the clan *en masse*, came and in hot displeasure unburied it, gave it a "proper burial," saved the corpse's "face"—and all died themselves for their trouble. While heathen officials let the victims fall over in the streets and lie there, or fester in their houses—to save their own "face and place"—the Christians warned the brethren how to be careful. While heathen went out and cut off the queues from the dead, to swell the false hair industry of the United States, adding to their coffers and, in the process, adding themselves to the dismal list of the coffined, the Christians stayed away from the plague districts, did not go to the big markets, did not attend the heathen theatres arranged during that "vacant" winter season by priests and village elders. While the heathen journeyed to visit relatives and friends, the Christians kept off the "big roads," much travelled, where the plague stalked daily a man's journey farther, sowing death.

The case of the Christians in "the village of the charmed life" is in point. They bring to us a striking illustration that will suffice to indicate the courage, the good sense, the freedom from superstition, the cheerful foregoing of personal convenience for the general good, the sense of responsibility for the public safety, the contempt of danger, even risk of life, in order to save men, and the prayer of faith that Christ brought in this crisis to some of His Christian disciples.

Near this village is another, larger, more prominent, a market town. The two are only eight li apart (not three English miles); but in spirit they are separated many leagues. In the former, the home of the Ting Clan, many have really accepted Christianity as the religion of their households. In their midst stands to-day rebuilt the largest and best constructed church building of our entire station field. And they have their own native

pastor. The other place, the market town, is located conveniently for evil men on the boundary of three counties. In it many roughs reside; to it many thieves resort. There many robbers have their dens, so that peasants of the surrounding district like to give it a wide berth when the afternoon shadows begin to lengthen. We and our evangelists have often preached there, and as persistently have the people there hardened their hearts.

When the plague swept from Manchuria into Shantung this place had soon lost eighty people. And in the vague fear of who next would be taken, horror like the blackness of darkness brooded over them. Even the post-office had closed its doors, and when I went there to ask for mail there came from within a gloomy voice, hoarse from fright, ordering me off. The stupidity, along certain lines, of unenlightened peasant heathenism is beyond comprehension. At that time, in that place, a donkey died of some disease. The neighbours thought, whether correctly or not, that it died of the plague. The family who owned the animal knew that it died of disease, but nevertheless made a feast—and the feasters all died. Then one of the village fathers slowly and solemnly ventured the sage pronouncement: "I have for some time had my doubts about the wisdom of eating animals that have died of disease; but now I am quite sure that it is a trifle risky!"

Contrast with all this and its hateful implications the attitude of mind of the Christians in the "village of the charmed life," they to whom, as in the case of many other followers of the Lord of peace, had not been given the spirit of fear but rather of a sound mind, and who were to be marvellously delivered from the present pestilence, as well as from the bondage of eternal death.

The entire Ting Clan was home for the all-important New Year's Festival. A heathen in their village, feeling

sick, went to the other village to get some senseless concoction that a heathen medicine shop sold. While there he contracted the plague. Two days later he was dead in his house. Immediately on learning of the case, Elder Ting and two of his nephews, both physicians—all three men educated by our missionaries—took charge of the situation. As earlier hinted, Elder Ting had for many years been a professor of mathematics and science in one of our North China Mission colleges. His training had not been favourable to superstitious fears. One reason why for the last ten years he has not only been giving his time and energy, but also considerable money, towards supporting our Girls' High School in his village, is his desire that these girls may be enabled to found Christian homes in our midst where the deadening heathen fear shall be unknown. I rejoice to pay him this tribute: that he is looked upon as one of the solidest elders of the church in Shantung. Dignity, sound judgment, benevolence, and a thought for the public good, are almost an instinct with him. The last named quality was certainly not learned from heathenism about him, but from Him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister. And so it was that while the Christians gave themselves to prayer in this crisis, he, panoplied of the Spirit, gave himself to the task of solving the problem in hand.

The narrow alley on which stands the house of the plague-victim he at once closed, and set a guard of trusty clansmen at each end. The two doctors, his nephews, scientifically protected, entered the yard, soaked the place and its inmates with disinfectants, and sent the family away from the village. Then, at considerable expense, they hired four beggars. Properly protected, they entered the death room, and carrying a big cloth soaked in disinfectants, they, with the doctors, wrapped it round the victim, and, quickly carrying him outside

the village, buried him in a place apart. That was the only victim of the plague there, although Elder Ting later wrote me: "The plague is west of the water and east of the river"—his way of saying that it is in all the villages round about.

Our Christians with grateful hearts and opened minds went to the Bible as never before for added instruction and comfort. They found new meaning implicit in Moses' law of cleanliness in the presence of prevalent leprosy, smallpox and plague; and to this day they are thanking God for their new light on the truth that the Scriptures are profitable for the life that now is, as well as that which is to come. Theirs was a new inspiration to trust God from their realization of the reality of the promise of God to His people as voiced in the Psalms:

> "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night,
> For the pestilence that walketh in darkness.
> Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.
> A thousand shall fall at thy side,
> But it shall not come nigh thee. . . .
> There shall no evil befall thee
> Neither shall any plague come nigh thy tent."

Once more, consider how God in answer to prayer held back the waters from whelming the "village with the charmed life."

In the midst of flood conditions exceeding in duration and violence anything for forty years, it had a deliverance little short of miraculous, so the people affirmed. To the Westerner, familiar with the relatively well-wooded streams that run past farm groves and through virgin forests, it is not easy to conceive the significance of the prophet's question: "What wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" But to the dweller in those sections of the Far East, where for centuries the hills have been practically bare, skinned of large trees and

denuded of soil, and the river banks are a wide waste of sand or alluvial overflow deposit, the fury of the river in flood is appalling. The stream becomes a living creature, raging in relentless fury, a monster unleashed, tearing and rending, taking an appalling yearly tribute of human life and treasure.

For four months it rained almost daily. At last the rich, flat soil of a large part of our field became sheets of mud. Every river of China, to the extent of its unregulated power—not merely the Yellow River—is "China's Sorrow." When the annual summer rains begin, it spreads sandy desolation along its treeless length. As the river waxes "li hai" (fierce) in its swelling, it overflows its banks, attacks the foundations of the mud houses, sucks them into its ravening maw, leaving whole villages broken and spent—toppled into ruins.

Siao Kou Hwoa, the river that flows past our village, raved this particular year without let or hindrance—except in one instance. It, as the Chinese say, "opened its mouth" (broke its banks) in eighteen places within six miles of Da Hsin Tan; but never harmed *it*. Villages everywhere on both banks were whelmed. What this means may be imagined from the fact that the villages in this level region are peppered so thick that by merely turning one's head from right to left one can count from thirty to sixty of them.

The river hurled itself with great fury against seventy li of railroad embankment, strewing it all over the peasants' farming plots, and changed its course—a trick of Chinese rivers. In the process it broke the German bridges, culverts and river masonry, wrecking the best work that the foreign engineers had done—all near the "village with the charmed life." But that village was spared. The more is the marvel because directly across from Da Hsin Tan the river crept far out of its course to

eat into a big village located on higher ground than Da Hsin Tan, which, like the towns of North Holland, lies snugly behind its dyke, a few yards from the water, and lower than its surface.

Incidentally, here is a significant point. The heathen elders of that village for some distance along the bank of the river on which Da Hsin Tan is located had, in their communal capacity, some years previously asked the Christians to take charge of the embankment repair. Why? Because they had learned, in daily dealings with them, that they were reliable; that they could be trusted with the honest administration of the funds of other people; and that they were sponsors for solid work undertaken for the public. Consequently, in the day of the swelling of Siao Kou Hwoa, honest sweat and toil, directed by able and consecrated brains, had their innings.

But even more searchingly—how can such a deliverance be explained? Are spiritual forces of no consequence as assets in the day of physical testing? Is it nothing that in the midst of heathenism this village had four generations of Christians, and its own church building, pastor, evangelist and Bible woman? Also that our Girls' Middle and High Schools, the hope and prayer-focus of many a Christian family throughout our field, is there? This Ting Clan had repeatedly and signally stood for the Lord in the face of opposition, loss and persecution. They realized that all their hopes are bound up in the true and living God, and they are committed to His service. They had experienced marked deliverances before, which had bulwarked their faith, and which were now to them earnests of God's grace in these troublous days of flood that faced them.

They took God at His word; they conformed to the conditions laid down in Psalm 32, and they found God faithful to perform His promise of saving and keeping:

"I acknowledged my sin unto Thee,
And mine iniquity did I not hide;
I said I will confess my transgressions unto Jehovah;
And Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sins.
For this let every one that is godly pray unto Thee,
In a time when Thou mayest be found:
Surely when the great waters overflow
They shall not reach unto him."

And the flood stayed at their very doors. Once more the prayer of the godly was heard. "Thou shalt call unto me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me."

What that deliverance meant we later realized more vividly when, plunging around through the flooded lands on horseback in relief work, we saw the other villages thereabout in heaps of muddy ruins and deserted by their strongest indwellers. All who could get away fled their places as from the plague. Beggars, who were shortly before self-sustaining farmers, had gone out of these villages in swarms. The smell was awful. Lazy flies lay around everywhere by the thousands, feeding on the filth. Flood-fever was raising its spectral form. The water had drowned out the wheat, beans and gaoliang. Peanuts and sweet potatoes, the standard crops and winter food of our people, had all rotted in the ground.

In many villages, where the houses were on higher ground and better built, one saw the "water-mark" eight feet or more upon the walls, still foul and oozy with damp. Such a height of water meant that the people had stood on their kangs (brick beds) and helplessly watched the flood creep in and spoil their food and wash away their belongings, and often topple down their houses, in whole or part, upon their heads. There were instances where mothers had died upon their kangs, holding children up in their arms. The corpses were

found thus—ghastly, realistic pictures of flood-fury and of mother-love that even heathenism cannot quench.

Let us observe a typical man of prayer behind it all,—the Rev. Ting Li Mei, Evangelist of Students, and how prayer was used to save him from being done to death.

But even more, forces were at work and things happened in connection with that village and the flood, which have not yet been hinted at. I have said that the Christians prayed. Of course they did. But there was one whose home is among them who, like righteous Noah, walks especially close to God, and who knows the power of prayer. That man is the Rev. Ting Li Mei, nephew of Elder Ting, whose house in the same street stands only a few yards from that of his honoured uncle.

Something more at this point needs to be said of the Rev. Mr. Ting, wonderfully used all over China among students and gentry, officials and literati, no less than among country Christians and church leaders. His calling card reveals the nature of the man. It reads: "Lord Jesus' Blessed Doctrine Disciple, Ting Li Mei." Of him J. R. Mott says: "In recent years he has influenced the largest number of students to devote their lives to the Christian ministry ever secured by one man during the history of the Church in Asia. Those who know him best will tell you that the dynamic secret of his life is the central place which he gives to intercession. The last time I saw him he had recorded in a book the names of many hundreds of individual Christians from all parts of the world for whom he prayed day by day. In travelling with him from Shanghai to Dairen on our way to the conference in Mukden, I observed that he spent hours alone, either walking the deck, or seated with book open in his hand. Mr. Brockman says that the Student Volunteer Movement of China is the result of this man's prayers."

It can now hardly be said of Pastor Ting that he is a

"prophet without honour in his own country." The story of his life has been carried to foreign lands. In the spring of 1907 he was made a delegate to the World's Christian Students' Federation Conference at Tokyo. Later in that year he was one of the secretaries for the Pan-China Presbyterian Union which met at Shanghai, and an honoured guest at the Centenary Conference. During the fall the Federation of seven different missions of Shantung, assembled at Tsinanfu, the capital, elected him their president. In 1909 he was a delegate to the National Christian Endeavour Convention at Nanking, where he proved to be one of the two most largely used speakers. In the midst of his early friends he was "the Apostle of Shantung," being made pastor-at-large for that great Province by the Presbyterian Church there. Yet his many friends and admirers felt that this parish was not large enough for him, and insistently called him to labour in regions beyond. At last he has become what the *West China Missionary News* styles "the most widely useful Christian of the Republic." He is the founder of the Chinese Students' Volunteer Movement for the ministry, which was organized to include students in various Provinces of China, and he is now the first travelling secretary of this movement. In the year of 1910–1911, preceding the Revolution, he was blessed in leading some seven hundred students in Mission and Government general schools and colleges to enroll in a Volunteer Band, pledging themselves to give their lives to winning their fellows to Christ. Ever since then this movement has been gaining momentum, going forward unobtrusively and with power.

However, the important thing is not the honours but the man behind them, not the place of prominence but the spirit in him that causes prominence to seek him. He is a modest, quiet, humble, gentle man. His is a smile

and a persuasive grace that insinuate themselves into every one's heart. His demeanour and the atmosphere that he creates is such as one might imagine to have been characteristic of the Apostle John, or of Browning's resurrected Lazarus.

As Dr. Mott said: "Famous as an evangelist, he is even more so as a man whose attractive character and conduct constitute a convincing evidence of the life of Christ in man." The immediate source of his strength is his assimilation of Scripture and his talking to God. Impressions of him from West China corroborate those from East and North and South China. "Pastor Ting's own life is nurtured by the Word of God. Twice each year he reads the Old Testament through very thoughtfully, the New Testament four times annually, and the Psalms every twenty days. He is thus saturated with Scripture and speaks with authority. His message to believers and non-Christians alike is the presence of sin, the surpassing love of God, and His power to forgive, and, through His Son, to save abundantly. Individual work for others is winsomely set forth. In enlisting students for Christian service, he does not make the task appear an easy one; instead he issues a challenge to faith through an appeal to conscience. His illustration of life, as being the warp of the Lord's weaving (which would be useless without the woof of our prayers) suggests his personal attitude; and his statement, 'I trust the Lord to save me, He trusts me to save others' is the basis of his increasingly fruitful career." Thus strength goes out from him. Thus every place that Evangelist Ting Li Mei visits feels the power of his personality and message; many young men turn to Christ, and large numbers enter the ministry.

In his own Province he has been used of the Holy Spirit in a remarkable manner. One spring he went to

Weihsien, where is located the Arts College of the Shantung Union Christian University. Rumour had it that for several years no student had decided for the ministry. Even more discouraging—that the influx of the sons of rich heathen, seeking English for money-making purposes, had quite wet-blanketed the religious life of the institution. God so planned it that the foreign missionary pastors were in the country. Pastor Ting went quietly to work. Soon students were praying in little groups all over the campus. One by one men, smitten of the Holy Spirit, began to volunteer for the Christian ministry. In a few days one hundred and six men, the flower of the classes, including a gifted Chinese professor, had renounced their earthly ambitions and decided for the ministry. When asked as to his methods, Pastor Ting simply replied : "I have no method but prayer."

From Weihsien he went to Tsingchoufu, the seat of the Theological Seminary of this same Union University. Here, not only were the students stirred to extraordinary preaching and heretofore undreamed-of witness-bearing ; not only were the older believers, men and women, from the city and surrounding country, roused to renew their grip on the blessed God ; but a company of unbelievers—some three hundred, even including officials of that proud, old, exclusive city of the Ming dynasty—became inquirers and new creatures in Christ.

In every place visited, whether the centres or small villages, the Christians have been mightily moved to newness of life during his progress through the Province. "Judgment must begin at the house of God." A quickening among the chosen, he believes, is the prelude of the heathen turning to the Lord on a vast scale, as in Korea. When that day arrives, he says that China's millions will experience the mightiest Sychar-upheaval of the ages.

In I Chou Fu, described by one of our missionaries resident in that walled city as "the hardest and most unpromising of our stations," under Ting's leadership in special meetings there, one thousand, three hundred and ninety-eight inquirers were enrolled, among them members of a wealthy and haughty gentry.

Power not only accompanies him but follows in his wake. Even now from far-off Szechuan Province come reports of "evangelistic bands organized in the wake of his triumphing progresses." These "Scatter the Truth" workers go out book-selling, preaching, and tract-distributing. In the towns flags and a notice stretched across the street attract people to their meetings. Thousands of Gospels are sold and more thousands hear the Gospel orally proclaimed. Incense pots are being emptied and idols consigned to the flames amid the sounds of prayer and praise and the solemn reading of the Scriptures. Prayer for those who have heard the Truth are answered in most remarkable ways, reminding one of the sure word of promise, "While they are yet speaking I will hear."

The permanent results of his work among students is suggested by the following facts. As travelling secretary for the recently established Student Volunteer Movement among educated Chinese whose objective was the devoting of life to Christian services, he has organized over thirty bands of volunteers in an equal number of institutions, beside starting numerous prayer-circles and groups of girl-workers. He is particularly interested in the latter, for the reason that he attributes to lady missionaries the most helpful influences exerted over him. Therefore, he is affording his own daughters the best educational advantages in Germany and China, in the hope that they will be to others what these two Christian women were to him.

If signs mislead not, Ting is a Spirit-filled man; and,

like the apostles after the resurrection, he does not trust to the infilling of yesterday to perform the tasks of to-day.

But how in the beginning did he get this spirit of empowering, this eagerness to pray and to trust? What circumstances moved him "to let go and let God"? Every true child of God experiences spiritual crises, designed of God to be testings of love and faith-beckoners, that lead him out into the light of intimacy with Christ—if he will. And this illustrious disciple had two veritable turning-points in his career, which, in the goodness of the Father, revealed to him the secret of power in God. As such they bear directly on the theme of this lecture. In them he learned to know God immediately, rather than mediately through a missionary acting as a sort of a confessor-priest; to trust God directly, rather than the foreigner's powerful Mission and what it can furnish of cash, plant and equipment. And we are proud and glad that, as Ting often affirms, the human agent most used of God in one of these experiences to open the eyes of his soul to see God, whom to see is to love supremely, was Miss Vaughan of our station.

Now, because the weakness of God is stronger than men, the Almighty is continually using a humble, unexpected means or instrument to attain a great object. "God chose the weak things of the world that He might put to shame the things that are strong." In this particular case the "weak thing" that the Lord used to mark a turning-point in Pastor Ting's career and thereby seal him in a strong faith was a humble "Women's Bible School" established in one of the villages of our field, begun on faith, without any money, by Miss Vaughan, Pastor Ting and Elder Tsiao. Burdened with a realization of the crass ignorance, the unspeakable wretchedness, and the appalling lack of provision for giving the young married women and particularly the cast-off wives and

abused widows even a reading knowledge of the Bible, this consecrated trio made a desperate throw of faith, and opened, so far as I know, the only Bible School for married Chinese women that was founded with the idea of being financed and operated by the Chinese Christians. At first unbelieving workers scoffed at the idea and tried to laugh it down. But Pastor Ting and his prayer-supporters persevered and the money came. The school has, from its inception, prospered; indeed, it has been a blessing to many. It has now graduated six classes of young wives and women, all of whom have creditably completed the three years' course and become teachers or Bible women or the makers of Christian homes—all without a cent of expense to the Mission.

The other pivotal episode in the Rev. Mr. Ting's career was staged, not in a mud village, but in two walled cities of East Shantung. He who was a child of the covenant, a Christian of the third generation out of heathenism, who has loved Jesus from his youth and had early decided for the ministry, had at twenty-eight years of age become a pastor—the dreadful Boxer year, the storm not yet burst. And one day he found himself in the yard of a magistrate's yamen, at the mercy of the "Ya I," the official's henchmen, from long practice expert in murdering folks in many ways.

When Ting was brought before the magistrate and asked, "Are you a Christian?" he replied, "Yes." Two hundred blows with a bamboo rod that hissed through the air failed to weaken his faith. Again he was asked the same question, again the same reply, and two hundred more blows were inflicted on the weakened, lacerated, pulpy body. Skillfully the Ya I dealt out their doses of torture. They knew that after the victim had passed the writhing and groaning stage he could stand little more; he was near death. Then the obstinate

follower of Jesus, "devil of the second degree"—the missionary alone being of the "first"—was remanded to prison, a hole so foul and loathsome that Americans can scarcely imagine such a place. With returning consciousness he, like Paul in prison, preached the love of Christ to fellow-sufferers.

With Ting was a promising young Christian physician, also a graduate of Tengchow College, who likewise, stripped of his garments and placed with his face upon the ground and held down by four men while two others beat him a hundred blows, refused to deny faith in Christ. This torture by miserable opium-eating harpies alternated with the torture by flies and vermin and filth in this squalid dungeon during the dog days of an unusually hot summer.

While Christians, caught and hustled into yamens, were usually in those days executed at once, it was reported that in this instance the officials had determined to torture these two promising young men as long as possible before doing them to death. These were to be played with as mice by cats. A senior missionary reports that Ting "was beaten, half-starved, burned, pinched, had needles driven under his finger nails and was strung up by the thumbs." And he had none to call upon and trust but God only.

How long he could have stood being thus slowly worn down no one knows; but something happened. God had foreordained to save this young "martyr"—in the inner Greek sense of "witness-bearer"—for a larger usefulness. Many Christians were praying for him, in particular the fellow-clansmen of his village; and the Lord had prepared for him a way of escape.

Not far from Tsingtau is another ancient city, to whose magistrate, in those troublous days, a German officer thought best to pay his respects. Ordered there with a troop of cavalry, he was expected to get a needed under-

standing with the magistrate. The episode that resulted would be comical if it were not so pitiful as a revelation of overweening rashness, of impotent arrogance, of self-deception and servility of spirit, of lack of wholesome self-respect and of the utter moral rottenness that characterizes heathenism, untrained in Western knowledge and Christian virtue.

The German captain halted his men outside the city walls and attempted to send in messengers to the magistrate, asking him to come out and "talk it over." It was "market-day" and the city was packed with Boxer sympathizers, supposedly in dangerous mood. When he essayed to pass through one of the massive portals, which pierced the walls, teeming with hostile men, the great spiked gates were shut and barred in his face, and the ambassage was foolishly shut out.

The dander of the Deutschers was up. In sarcastic play on the words of Savonarola to Lorenzo Il Magnifico, the captain with an oath muttered fiercely: "You shall come, but I shall stay!" Then to his soldiers: "Fetch me that magistrate!"

First, however, they fetched dynamite and disgraced the city beyond measure by blowing up the gate and connected tower. Then, to show their contempt for Boxers and Boxer-sympathizing cities—and in their daring lay their safety—a handful of these doughty Deutschers chose to enter the city, not through the big jagged hole they had made, but by scaling that grim, sheer wall, though its top was more than fifty feet above the moat.

It is an interesting sight, this modern exercise of soldiers of foreign governments camped in China—climbing the sheer walls of cities hoary before these foreigners had powerful governments. In the face of the amazed onlookers, and using long poles and ropes borrowed from a near-by dyer's shop, and with wonderful agility and close

team-work, clinging to each other and the cracks like Bedouin guides to the stones of the pyramids—they mounted to the top. The magistrate—luckless fellow—who an hour before had refused to come out and parley, had excused his declination on the threefold ground that it was market-day, that the city was full of strangers of anti-foreign spirit, and that the presence of Germans in the city would be dangerous to the Germans! In the meantime he had fled in terror to the inner precincts of his yamen, disguised himself as a beggar, and got his runners to rig out a fake magistrate in his official robes. But the soldiers had brought along a shrewd Chinese guide and interpreter who knew the real official. Through that sullen, silent crowd they ploughed their way, and into the yamen itself, where in an inner court they found and seized the terror-stricken "host." Cringing and protesting, he was mercilessly pulled out; and, like a whipped cur, was hustled through his own city streets jammed with country folks in for the market. The escort, with rifles at ready, pushed swiftly right through the seething mass of people, and went out of the ruined gate that they had so promptly and contemptuously blown up in the face of their enemies.

The climax of humiliation was yet to come. If there is anything that the ordinary land-lubber of North China hates it is water in quantity, and especially in the form of a ducking. The troopers with gusto and in grim horse-play dragged their victim through the stream answering to a watered moat that flowed outside the city wall, and then flung him, crestfallen and ill-disguised, at the feet of their leader, who received him on horseback—another bitter humiliation. If there ever was a bedraggled, dignityless magistrate, he, clothed in his hastily borrowed, dripping rags, was that man. Supposing that such boldness, implying corresponding power, could fore-

token only beheading, he fawned and whined, pleading for mercy. As the wretched official knocked his head on the ground the officer thundered: "Next time a gentleman wants to call on you don't forget to treat him like a gentleman."

Then, when the magistrate had promised what was wanted—which significantly was not to kill Christians, Catholic or Protestant, on pain of puissant Germany's hot and heavy wrath—he was allowed to slink away towards the city—his city—his people filling the walls, excellent bleachers, and anxiously watching the comedy, his tragedy of pride and loss of face. Before them all he capered back through the stream. Scarcely believing that he would not be regrabbed and hauled back, he never looked behind, but churned the waters. In the meantime his runners had arrived on the city side of the bank, and there deferentially awaited him with his official sedan chair and umbrellas. Clad like a beggar—oh, nameless humiliation!—but riding in state, he disappeared from the sight of his derisive visitors—hailed by his own with joy as a conqueror, returned from the jaws of death!

The point of this episode is that fear of the daring Deutschers, fear of condign punishment at the hands of their imperial Government which would stand no trifling and brook no treachery within reach of its mailed fist, spread fast and far. From that day forth no magistrate within reach of German rifles, dynamite and machine guns in East Shantung had much stomach for torturing native Christian leaders.

The magistrate of Hwang Hsien—in whose yamen prison Ting Li Mei was rotting—soon heard the startling news of how resistless foreign troops made short shrift with the dignity of Chinese officials; and Ting Li Mei was safe—freed. Some say that he owed his life to solic-

itous missionary friends pleading with the American Consul who telegraphed to Yuan Shi Kai, who ordered his release. But the Christians affirm stoutly that God ordered it, through their prayers. Cannot both be correct? Joseph, in audience with his guilty brethren, said: "Ye sold me hither; for God did send me before you to preserve life." Individual experience and history testify to the reality of the two mysteries inextricably interwoven.

At any rate, Ting Li Mei came forth from his experience a new man, having learned to know God immediately, and to trust Him directly, this realization being even clarified and intensified by the other later episode, to which reference has already been made.

Now we have a background to understand the delivery from the flood. Ting Li Mei knew how to intercede; and, when his village and clansmen were threatened, there was a great intercessor on hand wrestling with God —and prevailing. For Ting Li Mei was home on his summer vacation for a needed rest. The need for that rest may be better understood when I explain that on one of these annual home-comings it had been necessary for me to hide him away here in a German retreat where neither Chinese nor foreign friends could learn his whereabouts, and so could not get at him for interviews or speaking engagements. So much is he in demand. Only thus could he rest.

This friend was not only not too tired to pray; but all who knew realized that he was praying and mightily. Repeatedly during those black, stormy nights of flood the angry waters, filling the river channel, rose level with the bank; repeatedly gusts of wind and spurts of rain sent it hatefully crawling and wriggling, serpent-like, over the edge towards the village nestled helpless below; repeatedly patrolling watchmen out of the darkness (their

paper-covered lanterns useless for the rain and wind) raised the appalling cry that the embankment had sprung a leak. Nevertheless the flood was stayed.

The might of his prayers was manifest not only in the delivery of the village, but in Ting's attitude of pity and courage towards those in need in the surrounding villages. Imagine this picture: When the land became thus flooded, he, rather than anybody else, volunteered to sally forth, facing the rampant waters alone, in an attempt to reach us and tell us of the relief work needed. What he experienced of horror crossing those miry, flooded fields to reach the railway station none will ever know. Even when he reached the unbroken section of the railroad embankment, he had to grope his way along and hang on to the steel rails as the waters surged fiercely around him in the darkness. It was a magnificent effort and it succeeded in its purpose.

Needless to say that as he made that fearful journey he prayed with intensity to the God he knows experimentally. He reports that during those toilsome hours he "held the Ninety-third Psalm in solution in his heart," claiming the victory of God's faithfulness:

> "Because he hath set his love upon me,
> Therefore will I deliver him.
> I will set him on high;
> Because he hath known my name.
> He shall call upon me and I will answer him;
> I will be with him in trouble;
> I will deliver him and honour him.
> With long life will I satisfy him;
> And show him my salvation."

Again the prayer of the righteous had prevailed and the clan of the village of the charmed life and its illustrious member once more had borne to them witness as to the present-day truth of this precious Psalm.

IX

The Promise in Its First-Fruits

A Study of a Typical Parish—Tsingtau

IX

THE PROMISE IN ITS FIRST-FRUITS

YESTERDAY Tsingtau was unknown; to-day it is the cynosure of the nations. Its investment by the Japanese made it leap overnight into a world fame that its remarkable record of steady progress was more slowly but surely bringing it. So far as I know there is no parallel anywhere in Mission lands to the record that this section, Germany's Imperial Chinese Colony, was making along two lines: in the combination of business prosperity (immense traffic with the vast *hinterland*, plus sea commerce with many trade centres all over the globe) and the progress of self-governing, self-supporting, self-propagating native churches. And in a twinkling, on receipt of the ultimatum from Japan to Germany, because of war between England, Japan's ally, and Germany—both Christian nations in Europe—this whole prosperous movement, commercial and religious, in Asia, has been thrown into inextricable confusion, even ruin—at least for the present.

Shantung Province is the Pennsylvania of China. By a unique and hoary history it binds the Provinces of the North and South together—a veritable "Keystone." This Province, of commanding importance because of its religious and political preëminence, and with a third of the population of the United States, reaches out into the Yellow Sea eastward, as if to greet Korea, Japan, and America. Under its shoulder lies a great bay on whose inner (*i. e.*, its northern) side is situated an ancient

walled city, Chinese administrative centre of all that section, called Kiao Chou. On the coast near by (*i. e.*, southward) is the still larger city of Tsingtau also spelled "Ching Tao" (Green Island), beautiful for situation and laid out in unusual attractiveness. This strategically located metropolis and port of the Kaiser's one-time Asiatic possession nestles on a well-favoured, seaward-facing peninsula. From the open ocean one's steamer passes into an outer bay, commanding an entrancing view of the city set up on and in its hills; and on through a narrow entrance, something like that of the Golden Gate, to emerge on the north, into the inner bay, said to be one of the finest in the world, land-locked by encircling hills. This bay, thirty miles across, is capable, as the Germans affirmed, of holding the navies of the world.

Here again German science and skill supplemented the art and power of nature, and made advantage doubly advantageous by converting into good land and by covering with great government brick and stone warehouses and customs buildings, many acres that not long before were swamps or salt water.

After fourteen years of labour and the expenditure of many million marks, German brains, industry and perseverance constructed out over the shore-line of this converted land a "Kleine Hafen" and a "Grosse Hafen" (little and great harbour). These two triumphs of engineering skill with their walls of concrete and stone and iron—the Kleine, for Chinese junks and other small craft; the Grosse, for the large ships of war and commerce—were perfect refuges from the fury of the storm king.

Within the shelter of those walls a gigantic dry dock was built, the only one in the leagues of Chinese coast. At the mechanical school, connected therewith, great

war-ships and merchantmen could be expeditiously cleaned and thoroughly repaired. In the inner harbour were built great granite quays, such as up to that time the Far East had not seen. Alongside these, through-from-Europe steamers discharged their cargoes directly into freight cars drawn up on double tracks. These were one web of a well-paying railroad, which the Germans, with keen foresight, had built across the whole length of this east-and-west-lying peninsular province, with daily trains to and from the great provincial capital of Tsi Nan Fu, three hundred miles in the interior—that capital being the natural political, business, and educational centre of some forty-five million people. Not only was this railway linked with the great trunk lines running north and south, ultimately to reach from Canton to Mukden, but the boast was that Tsingtau was only two weeks by rail from London.

One is surprised at the rapidity as well as the thoroughness with which the Germans effected their revolutionizing changes. In November, 1897, their cruiser-squadron sailed into the harbour and took possession of the unknown Chinese village. It soon became the cleanest, healthiest, most attractive and most beautiful city of the Far East—a veritable triumph of sanitation, skill, science, industry, efficient management and military astuteness. Money was not spared to develop it. In nothing is this better illustrated than in the road-making which was carried out with enthusiasm and with the imperiousness of the Romans; no difficulties or expense balked the execution of the plans—hills were cut and levelled, great ravines were filled, mountains climbed and chasms bridged. The result was well-nigh perfect roadways such as the traveller sees in the Swiss Alps—and that in a land that may be said to be devoid of roads, or whose roads are bottomless. Each of the principal roads

had four divisions: a part for pedestrians, for wheelbarrows, for carriages, and for horseback-riding.

In like manner, not the city alone, but its environs for miles were beautified by a very able and ceaselessly active forestry department, that planted millions of trees on the hillsides; established numerous and extensive model gardens; orchards of luscious fruits; groves of indigenous and foreign trees; encouraging the Chinese to buy slips sold at cheap rates. Nor only so, but the railroad territory was beautified at each station across the whole length of the Province, and all its embankments anchored with tree groves. The proverbially skinned Chinese mountains were, throughout the German concession, in successful process of reforestation—an object lesson of incalculable value for the governors and viceroys of vast treeless, flood-cursed sections of China.

The only place in China—possibly in the Far East—where the pneumonic plague was successfully combatted, where not even one case crept in, was the German-leased territory. In the face of the inability of the Japanese, the Russian, the International, and the British settlements, and of the Chinese Government promptly to fight down that dread disease of the Far East, the Germans warded it off completely. To accomplish this the Government used the full strength of its elaborate military system. At the outset it spent an emergency appropriation of over $100,000, and went on to practically a war basis in fighting this foe. It was kept out from the land-approach by rows upon rows of barbed wire and cavalry patrols, and quickly installed field-telephone stations, triple lines of infantry sentries, a large and efficient medical staff conveniently located on the boundaries, as well as by detention wards which were great government outpost barracks—clean, heated, well-equipped and provisioned, and converted for that use; and it was kept out

from the sea-approach by patrols of cruisers and torpedo-destroyers and search-lights.

It was likewise a tribute to the advantage of such a government and of such a system of modern civilization that great numbers of Manchu mandarins and Chinese ex-officials fled, at the outbreak of the Revolution, into Tsingtau. They brought with them their fortunes and families. Their money was invested in land and in the erection of great brick and stone buildings, entirely new sections being added *en masse* to the city. It was natural that, under such favouring conditions, Chinese business men, who are proverbially keen for good openings, should also swarm to the German territory from all parts of China; likewise Japanese, and merchants from India, had come and were all doing a thriving business. And the irony of fate is that until August, 1914, Tsingtau was generally looked upon as the safest place in the Far East, both as to immunity from disease and flood and famine, and as to freedom from the ravages of insurrection and war, which latter two, with their consequent anarchy and distress, had been distracting and terrorizing other parts of China.

Heathen superstition is very expensive, both of time and energy and of money squandered, as well as of souls wrecked. Its outworkings always grind the face of the people, making it financially difficult, and in many sections impossible, for them to build railroads, aside from the fact that the mutual suspicion and distrust engendered by heathenism greatly hinders the undertaking of large public works. With characteristic thoroughness the Germans had built their finely ballasted railroad from their seaport into the great *hinterland*. This opened up a new world of prosperity for the Chinese all along the line, and even to the remote corners of the Province. There being now a market and means of transportation for

produce, instead of the crops rotting on the ground where raised, an era undreamed of had arisen in the Province. The missionaries, it is true, had helped the Chinese in Shantung to a knowledge of new and profitable crops and to markets for them; but these markets became available largely through the German railroad. For example, the missionaries introduced the Irish potato among the Chinese Christians who formerly were in extreme poverty, with no sale for what they did raise, meagre as that was. Now on the railroad they were shipping potatoes and walnuts and bean-oil and brooms and many other products by the carload to Tsingtau. As one result of their first shipment some Christians of a far western district were so grateful that they began to tithe; and in addition, as a thank-offering, they erected a church building. That was the beginning of a tithing system to which many American Christians are strangers. Even in the winter of 1911–1912, in the worst days of the Revolution, when business all over the country was conceded to be dead, the peasants of the Presbyterian Mission-field around Tsingtau shipped into that place for the world-market fifty thousand tons of peanuts, the original planting of which was one of the many interesting and valuable by-products of a certain missionary's life.

Multitudes of people, both in Europe and America, have for a series of years been wearing straw hats made from braid woven by the peasants in the remote villages of Shantung—another incident of this railroad. This trade also was suggested to the Chinese by a missionary. And over this road hundreds of thousands of tons of this material have rolled in to Tsingtau for the world-market.

The people of Shantung have been afraid to mine their stores of coal and iron, because, forsooth, to dig in the earth would have been to prick the Venerable Dragon,

and rouse him to fury, causing him to visit appalling calamities upon them. So, for fuel they have burned corn-stalks and raked the grass off grave mounds, and picked up stray leaves, and dug bean roots—while the riches of anthracite were beneath their feet. The Germans, at enormous initial expense, opened the mines; and, because of the railroad, coal speedily became usable in multitudes of peasant villages and market towns and cities that were fed from the railway stations. Incidentally, at the outbreak of war, the mines were ruined, flooded by water, and the costly machinery destroyed, lest they should profit the Japanese—and an army of Chinese miners are now jobless, hungry and desperate, ready to swell the hordes of robbers, professionals because that trade apparently is the way of least resistance to a living.

Not only has the development of all these industries and businesses meant new and better and greatly diversified employment for hundreds and thousands of Chinese, but it has meant a steady increase in wages and in the scale of living. Eight or ten years ago in this section men were employed by Chinese, not by foreigners, as cheaply as at one to two cents a day for unskilled labour. Tsingtau came to mean the employment of vast numbers, also the development of skilled labour. German brains, capital and science had, in the way of material civilization, performed prodigies for the Chinese, things which the paralysis of heathenism made it impossible for them to accomplish for themselves.

Yet in all their prosperity-giving to others, the Germans had also come in for their full share. Situated midway between Shanghai on the south and Tientsin on the north (two great emporia of the Orient)—with Korea and Japan on the east, and the immense *hinterland* of China on the west, the natural advantages of Tsingtau's location, from the standpoint of large and increasing commercial pos-

sibilities, plus the plans of a far-seeing, powerful Government, had combined to make this place in seventeen years grow from an unknown fisher hamlet to a city of 90,000 people, a remarkably prosperous port and sea outlet for the interior. This was witnessed by the fact that in five years it had risen from twenty-second place in the amount of money that its customs receipts turned into the Chinese Government (after having subtracted the twenty per cent. retained by the German Government) to fifth place —exceeded in its business, as indicated in this unique record, only by Shanghai, Tientsin, Canton, and Fuchow.

It is not my purpose here to remark upon how Germany came into possession of this strategic place. Nor is the recital of the remarkable achievements of the Germans in developing so interesting and so successful a centre in Asia to be misconstrued as taking sides in the world-war. "Just as a church historian might show that the famous roadways of the Roman Empire in the first century made it possible for Christian Missions of that day to accomplish a work which, humanly speaking, could not have been accomplished without those roads, so the author is merely intending to show that the temporal work of the Germans in China has afforded certain opportunities which the Christian Church there has been quick to take advantage of. It is remote from my thoughts or purpose that the material civilization of the Germans has anything to do with the merits of the present war."

Suffice it here to say that, following the dramatic developments of the Chino-Japanese war that so startlingly made history in the Far East, Tsingtau, with a near-by *hinterland* (styled by the Germans Kiautchou, the German spelling of the ancient walled city on the inner side of the great bay) fell to the German Government. That Government began to create a capital city that is unique,

a revelation to a vast, ill-governed, unsanitary, non-progressive section of what centralized authority, using plenty of money, technical skill and expert knowledge, unwarped by graft and blackmail and wabbling policy or no policy—all applied to civic welfare—can accomplish.

Shantung Mission of the Presbyterian Church soon came to feel that it would be strategic to have in this city a centre of operations for this part of its field, especially since the country work could be easily reached, at least in part, from the stations along the contemplated railway running to the interior from Tsingtau. Previously it had been feasible to shepherd the groups of Christians of this region only from Chefoo on the northern coast of the Province five days of hard riding away.

Accordingly in 1898 the Mission appointed Drs. Corbett and Bergen a committee with power to act. And the result of their investigation was the founding of Tsingtau Station, with Dr. and Mrs. Bergen as pioneer members. The legend runs that they began their far-reaching work here temporarily "housed in a piano case." In our field, the name of Dr. Bergen, since translated, no less than that of Dr. Corbett, still with us, is one to conjure with.

It is an interesting fact in connection with this parish that the person who revealed Tsingtau to the world and who may in some real sense be called its founder was never a member of this station—the Rev. F. H. Chalfant, D. D., of Wei Hsien, one of the American Presbyterian Missions located in the centre of Shantung, an able, consecrated missionary, loved and honoured by all who knew him. In his itinerating he came to know of this wonderful harbour, and he sent sketches of it to the Shanghai papers, urging that the place be developed. During the Chino-Japanese war, 1894–1895, when the

missionaries from the interior were forced to flee for their lives because of the ignorant prejudices and groundless hatred of the Chinese populace, it was difficult for the missionaries' wives and children to make the dangerous journey over the hilly country several days away to the city of Chefoo on the north side of the Province. So Dr. Chalfant sent a message to the American admiral, asking him to come to the harbour of Tsingtau, then a small fishing village, and there take off the women and youngsters. The admiral replied that he knew of no such harbour. Dr. Chalfant sent him maps of the local littoral. The cruiser came and found it as the missionary had said. Thus in its finding and founding the place is missionary ground.

Given such a centre of such promise, of such natural advantages for work and business, it was inevitable that in the general influx of enterprising men the Christian Chinese also in numbers would flock to it; and in the Province where the Presbyterian Church is especially strong it was also inevitable that a local Presbyterian church should be founded. Such a church was sure to have educated men in it; for wherever a city is prospering, men of good parts and high character will go to it. Shortly after the battle of Gettysburg the late Dr. C. W. Mateer began in Tengchow a boys' school, continued by his younger colleague, Dr. W. H. Hayes, who with his senior colleague is justly honoured. The school developed into the most noted school of higher learning in that section of China. Shantung Province is full of graduates who passed under the spiritually fruitful moulding hands of these missionary teachers.

The opportunities at Tsingtau were so exceptional, demanding well-trained men along all lines, and giving them high wages for their work, that many able Christian men of the Province gravitated there as naturally as

the needle seeks the pole. The leaders of this church were almost without exception graduates of our Tengchow College. How much the founder of that school meant to them was strikingly illustrated when Dr. Mateer died in the Faber Krankenhaus, the City Hospital of Tsingtau. These men—pastors, elders, deacons and various members —"Dr. Mateer's boys"—begged the hospital and Government authorities to allow them the unprecedented favour of having his body in their midst for a farewell service, at which they sang out of the hymn book he had helped to prepare and read comfort from the New Testament he had helped to translate. Later they escorted in a body all that was mortal of their beloved teacher to the ship for the sea voyage.

Naturally these men and members of their families back in the country, who also had tasted the advantages of Christian education, would have their children educated; and as our Mission in this section was unable to give them anything higher than the village school primary work, they sent them by the hundreds to the German Mission schools here. Many of these pupils were taught by some of our strongest Christian men and women in the employ of the Germans; and thus an additional link was forged binding this constituency to the local church organization.

All these opportunities for advancement culminated in the University, founded and run jointly by the Chinese and German Governments. Although more expensive in board and tuition than any Mission College, its equipment, the thoroughness of its work, and its prestige were such that there were in attendance at it some four hundred students, a large majority being sons of officials and rulers-to-be of China. A corps of able German specialists conducted the departments of jurisprudence, engineering (electrical, mining, and railroad), medicine, and agri-

culture. Students matriculated from all the eighteen provinces of China; among them were many young fellows of promise who had been taught in our Shantung Mission schools. These were out of our Christian families and they too were linked up with this church—one of them being the son of the famous student-evangelist, Ting Li Mei. Thus the church had a constituency educated along various lines. Members of it became real-estate dealers, storekeepers, and importers and exporters, high school teachers, university professors, evangelists, sub-chiefs and assistants in post, telegraph and telephone offices, and in various other German Government departments.

Many Chinese of ordinary ability and attainments also became connected with the church because of the better employment obtainable, with steady increase of wages and the higher scale of living open to them as well as to the heathen who flocked to Tsingtau. Back in the interior many of these men would have been employed by their fellow peasants at thirty to sixty tiao and board a year ($8.00 to $16.00 gold). These men could now, as the veriest coolies, get at least twenty to thirty cents a day for unskilled labour.

A considerable number of country Christians, as cooks, table boys, messengers, clerks, and men of all work in foreign homes and stores and offices, now found a living wage.

Also many men became connected with the church through one of the educational institutions established by the German Government, a mechanical school of complete and modern equipment, a great plant located in the Grosse Hafen near the wharves. From seven hundred to a thousand promising apprentices, many of them sons of our Christian families in our country field, were in this school. They were bright fellows, studying during

the daytime in the machine shops, taking a six years' course as electricians, plumbers, moulders, mechanics, workers in iron, steel, brass and wood. In the evening they studied German, arithmetic and other studies useful for their trade. During their apprenticeship they received an increasing wage. They could do much of the work on any steamer or war vessel that went into Tsingtau dry dock for repairs—"a nautical shave," as it was called. They could even make turbine engines and electrical motors. After graduation they received, as master workmen, high wages.

Thus it was a church whose constituency was also one of every-day useful work; of experience in practical affairs.

One of the most crucial problems of the Christian Church, set in the midst of Chinese heathenism, is the illiteracy of multitudes of men Christians; another, possibly even more serious, is the denser ignorance and vacuity of mind of the wives, due, in many cases, to the quite unrelaxed clutch of superstition upon them. Many churches in China may be said to be churches of men. The greatest opposition and the bitterest persecution often arise from the women-folks. In this parish the case was not so. The leaders described are men who would never be satisfied with heathen wives. In as far as it was within their power they would see to it that their wives and women-folks were educated. Indeed many of them were graduates of one or another of our Mission Girls' High Schools, a considerable number of them from Wei Hsien, which is supposed to be the best Girls' High School in the Province.

It would have been a revelation to any foreigner to step into one of the regular weekly prayer-meetings of the women, or their monthly missionary meeting, or their business meetings, and see the manner, according to

parliamentary usage, in which their affairs were conducted. The wife of one of the elders is the daughter of one of our leading pastors, a graduate of one of our best High Schools and also a physician, trained in Western medical science by one of our lady missionaries. In addition she is principal of a large German Mission Girls' High School. It would also have been an eye-opener to any foreign ecclesiastical body composed of male members, as it was to our Chinese Presbytery, to have this little lady—beautiful of face, dainty and attractive in dress, a skilled teacher, wise and winsome mother of six children—stand before them and expound with cogent and irrefutable logic, as one who understood her subject, the need of certain reforms not only in Chinese female education in general, but in the curricula and administration of our own Christian Girls' High Schools. Nothing could more convincingly demonstrate that the women of China, given a chance, are to be the power in the Church that consecrated, Spirit-filled womanhood can be in any other land.

One of the lamentable things met with in heathenism is the unreliability of men not trained in Christ. The character moulded by heathenism is, as expressed by Chinese sages, "*rotten wood.*" Brilliance of mind or executive ability or great learning—no attainment that the world can give—seems able to cover up this vital weakness. Even Li Hung Chang, great as he was recognized to be along various lines, could not disprove the charge that he was in the employ of the Russian Government in transactions that were damaging, even traitorous, to the welfare of his country.

It is only in Christ that true integrity of character is revealed; and this has been manifested many times in members of this Tsingtau church. One of its leaders who, through sheer native ability and character moulded

of the Holy Spirit, has come to a position of affluence, has long been able to borrow large sums of money at cheaper rates than any other real estate dealer of this section. He is the kind of a man who, having been helped through school by a missionary friend, came to that friend in his day of need and insisted on paying back all that his missionary friend had paid out for him, plus ten per cent. interest. Another business man of the church was so able and trustworthy that, out of many men of this Province—bankers whose ancestors for generations had been bankers—he was chosen by the Government to manage one of its provincial banks. And in the Revolution crisis, when banks everywhere failed, this branch did not. There are men in this church whose word is as good as their bond, and the heathen know it—an unanswerable testimony to the power of God in the presence of well-nigh universal lying.

In the crash of banks during the Revolution some of our Christians here were members of a local bank that failed—through no fault of theirs, as far as we could learn. At their own initiative they made it a point of honour to recover every cent with interest of several hundred dollars that one of their missionary friends had placed with them. All that is only another way of saying that honour and trustworthiness such as Christ alone inculcates are among these Christians.

If one at this date dared to write some of the *sub rosa* facts as to the part the Christians played in the Revolution, it would make an amazingly interesting narrative. No class of people equalled the Christians in their opposition to the rotten, effete, hopeless Manchu dynasty. And it would be hard to find a company of Christians more alive with patriotism than the members of this particular church. Drinking tea with several members, I asked them where they got this Bunker Hill idea of patriotism,

with abhorrence of autocracy. I said: "You know there are millions of people caring not a rap who is in the political saddle." "Ah, but," they said, "when we were boys studying under Dr. Mateer, what he taught us of the Scripture, and the way he taught it, put into us a flavour of hatred of all this injustice, official graft, dynastic prerogative, and irresponsible government!" Surely here was a Chinese variant of Lincoln in his young boyhood, from what he had learned of the curse of slavery, vowing: "If ever I get a chance, I will hit that thing hard!" Long before the Manchu Government had been defeated by the Republican forces, this company of Christians had, on the inside walls of their church building, painted a frieze composed of many "flowery flags of the Republic"—the red, yellow, blue, white, and black facing the worshipper on every side.

When it looked as if Russia was about to make an open, shameless steal of Mongolia, the twelve-year-old son of one of the elders, a manly Christian little fellow, his face suffused with intelligence, suddenly disappeared. He left a note which read: "Dear Father, please forgive me for leaving home unceremoniously. I have gone to Chefoo, where I hope to enlist to fight against Russia!" His action was not strange, in view of the spirit pervading his home. It was Concord and Lexington over again. When, at the inauguration of the Revolutionary movement, it looked dark for the Republic, and when it was feared that foreign nations would interfere to carve up the country, not only were frequent and special prayer-meetings held for the welfare of the cause so near their hearts, but repeatedly various men of the church, with tears in their eyes, came to my study asking me to pray with them for the progress and complete success of the Republican movement.

In this local church Republican leaders from many

sections met to arrange for the printing and distributing of literature, to lay plans for the capture of the important cities in the Province, and in every way possible to expedite among the country people the propaganda for the Republic. Indeed so zealous were its leaders that the German Government, whose sympathies were all monarchical, felt called upon to attempt to break up their propaganda, and came within an ace of expelling from its colony several of our strongest Christian leaders for Revolutionary activity, an activity which, however, is recognized the world over as legitimate in a neutral land.

This action of the German Government so aroused the ire of the young men of the church that it fed into and precipitated the following episode, typical of several such efforts. One morning the "*Deutsche Werft*," the mechanical school already referred to, awoke to find that it was minus hundreds of apprentices. The young Christian men, training with their fellow-mechanics, had during the night mysteriously disappeared. They joined forces with other enthusiastic fellows and marched on several important market towns and walled cities of the Province.

Indeed the contagion of enlistment was strong among the young men at the schools everywhere, not least among the students of the Mission schools throughout the Province.

It is apt to be a sure sign that a man believes in the cause to which he subscribes, especially subscribes out of poverty. The local church, through its emissaries in the Province among many villages, collected considerable sums of money from the villagers, not only Christian but non-Christian. So fiery were their orators and so enthusiastically and earnestly did they present their cause that repeatedly headmen of heathen villages sought me out, saying: "Our village also wants to subscribe to this

fund being raised by the Christians in Tsingtau!" This was an amazing statement, in view of the fact that usually the difficulty in squeezing subscriptions out of heathen country folk for the public welfare is like getting blood out of a turnip. The total subscribed for the cause by local business men interested in the church and by members on salary was a very large sum.

How some of them actually suffered for the cause may be hinted at in a story of the butchery of some of these enthusiastic young volunteers in connection with their taking a certain walled city. It was a magnificent piece of nerve, pure bluff, without much order or leadership, a burst of unrestrained patriotism, a kind of Chinese Boston Tea Party, but with a disastrous ending.

In the night they stole into the city, captured the yamen "arsenal" and money chest, and shut up the yamen runners. Then, with rifles levelled at the head of the magistrate, they demanded that he declare on the spot for the Republic or resign. He did both, and then slipped away in the darkness. Once in possession of the city—the inhabitants indifferent, not caring a flip who was on top so long as their property was unmolested and they not seized for money—the boys held a council of war and deliberated what to do with the white elephant on their hands. While they deliberated as to how to hold and rule a city, the magistrate was guiding a special train load of Manchu regulars to the scene.

While the city slept they stole quietly over the wall, and by the light of a gray dawn the shooting and bayonetting of the boys began. The butchery was soon over; only a dozen captives were reserved as a warning to would-be rebels, for public torture and beheading. The yamen yard was crowded with spectators. Bound and stripped to the waist, the boys were marched in before the magistrate implacable in hate. Last in line was a

young fellow of special promise who was completing his sixth year of apprenticeship. Then a strange thing happened. An old man, whom I later learned had recently lost a son, was filled with pity at the sight of the victims. He stood at the outer entrance to the court and as the last boy passed him, he, in the seething mass and unobserved, cut the cords. The boy squeezed back, the crowd closed in, while he sped down the street. Later a mounted squad was put on his track. For days he escaped them —the villagers hid him by day and helped him on towards home by night. But at last the troopers, before whom dangled the prize of a special reward and honours, rode him down and shot him before the eyes of our Christians. And none of the Chinese dared tell the father. They feared it would kill him.

The son had been engaged to the daughter of one of our Christians. After his murder the girl was soon married to another man, and the father, believing his son yet alive, and sore at the seeming affront and "loss of face," came to me, complaining bitterly. It was the first time I had seen him since the tragedy, and it was my sad duty to tell him the facts. I did it as tenderly as possible; but he sank to the ground, a crushed and broken man. Dry-eyed and speechless he went home and from that day spoke little to any one. On a later visit to him, he kept muttering mournfully: "A dry stick, a dry stick!" Yes, his root of posterity was dead. In repeated instances, between the activity of the German Government coöperating with the Manchu Government, it looked as if leading Christians of Revolutionary tendencies might be ground between the upper and the nether millstones of monarchism.

Indeed so pronounced were the patriotic proclivities of the local church, so well were they known for subscriptions and for Revolutionary activities, that Sun Yat Sen

felt it necessary to go out of his way to pay them a special visit of honour, when he might have gone directly from Peking to Nanking. In the days when he was the national hero (after he had given up the provisional presidency in order to unite the North and the South); when he was invested by Yuan Shi Kai with extraordinary powers; when to him the great sealed gates of the Forbidden City (through which none but emperors have ever passed) were thrown open; when his reception by the leaders of the capital was enough to turn the head of any man; when he was charged with a weighty commission to mature and execute plans for providing China with a complete system of trunk railways and was on his way South to work out that plan—at that period in his career, rushed for time, he journeyed on a special train by way of Tsingtau in order that he might visit these Christians. Incidentally, the German Government ignored him, though the greatest crowd in the history of Tsingtau turned out to receive him. Incidentally, it forbade the local church to complete its arrangements for him to speak before its members and to entertain him at tea. Incidentally, the leaders and elders of the church, in conclave over the matter, decided pointblank to defy the mandate of the German Government, dated on a Sunday and signed by the Governor, Prinz Heinrich and the Chief of Police, and held their patriotic meeting with Sun Yat Sen as speaker and gave their tea. It was one of the few bluffs of the German Government that in international history to date has been called. Incidentally, the distinguished visitor, against pressure, observed the Sabbath.

The patriotism of women and girls in any land is usually displayed indirectly, perhaps most conspicuously through the spirit they put into their men; least of all would a showy, dramatic outburst be expected from Chinese girls.

"The Old Order Changeth, Giving Place to New"

Dr. Sun Yat Sen (Leader of the Revolution and First President) at Taingtan, China, with Family and Leaders of Local Presbyterian Church

However, there was a high-grade "Deutsche Mädchen-Schule" in Tsingtau attended by many of the daughters of our Presbyterian elders and leaders. When this affront to "the Washington of China" occurred, even these Chinese girls were not lacking in a method to indicate their high displeasure. Soon after Sun Yat Sen had passed on to Shanghai, Prinz Heinrich, escorted by an Imperial German cruiser squadron, returned to Tsingtau from Japan where, at the obsequies of the Japanese Mikado, he had acted as German envoy extraordinary and personal plenipotentiary of the Kaiser. With the glamour and éclat that was his, performing such functions, and accompanied by his own princely staff and by the Imperial Governor and his staff—all mounted on prancing chargers, and arrayed in the glory of gold lace, gala uniforms, plumed helmets and flashing sabres—well calculated to overawe ordinary mortals, not to mention bashful Oriental maidens, he one day graciously condescended to visit this school, blessing benighted Chinese girls with *Deutsche Kultur*, in order to give them the privilege of singing German songs in the German language in his awesome presence. Alas! with shocking lack of reverence, they not only refused to sing these songs before his Imperial Highness, but kept him and his illustrious company waiting an unconscionable time, finally to send in word to the impatient great ones that they could not condescend to appear before the ignorers of the noble Sun Yat Sen! When before had the Kaiser been defied by women?

At its annual Mission Meeting in 1913 the Shantung Mission plumed itself, and justly, on taking a long advance step in mission administration along the lines of the much heralded "devolution plan of India." By this plan it began to share the responsibility for the administration of its native work with a committee of native

church leaders. This meant not only the joint disbursement of the funds, but also the joint choosing and dismissal of all evangelists, Bible women and teachers.

However, as an interesting commentary on the influence of the local Tsingtau church, as a by-product, so to speak, of its witness, another fact must be chronicled. Cogitating much on the creditable way in which this local church was administering its own affairs,—calling a better class of workers and paying them higher salaries, and consequently getting the work done by its Chinese helpers better than the station was getting its work done by its Chinese helpers,—we decided to lay before the leaders of our station field these facts for their consideration, in order to increase the efficiency of our field work. Accordingly in the spring of 1909, four years before the Mission took its action, the station, at the suggestion of its senior member, Dr. Hayes, invited the Chinese pastors of our station field to come together and confer upon this matter. This meant nothing less than to plan for the ultimate autonomy of the native church throughout our field. We met for prayer in a little tea house of our garden, which place may in the good providence of God come to mean to our station what a certain hay-stack became to the Home Church.

All present frankly discussed the idea—namely, a much fuller and more complete coöperation of the native leaders with the station—and the plan was outlined for jointly administering the work as already indicated. We were filled with thankfulness over what was manifestly a wise and reasonable step of His ordaining for advancing the Kingdom in our midst by placing the responsibility for its progress and the honour of its development much more largely in the hands of the native church leaders.

We separated to pray and meditate more fully over the plan, again to meet in November—when it was consummated. An immediate and gratifying result was that, not only did this committee of native church leaders, jointly with the station, begin to choose teachers and evangelists of even a better grade, and to supervise their work, but the Churches of the country field began forthwith to take upon themselves an increased proportion of the support of native work, paying, from this date, in all cases, at least one-third of the cost of schools, and in a number of cases one-half and three-quarters; in some instances, putting their schools on a self-supporting basis; in others, increasing the support of their preachers. This step gave the foreigners of the station an opportunity to prove indubitably their confidence in the ability of the Chinese to increase their share in the management of the native church, and revealed the cordial relationships which we sustain with the leaders of the country field.

The expressive Chinese phrase, "the burning heart," has in our section come to take on the meaning of eager devotion to Christ in soul-winning work. It may be thus used by the Christian constituency all over China; but I came first to know its meaning in this local church where its leaders were thoroughly imbued with that spirit. I am thinking of one elder who made it his business to found the Sunday-school; and by the logic of eminent fitness he was year after year elected its superintendent—himself thoroughly committed to the Wanamaker aphorism: "Win a man and get a unit; win a boy and get a multiplication table." Another elder, an able and experienced principal, has confided to me that the underlying thought in his mind, all his life long as a teacher of boys, has been not only to make good students, but to lead boys to a vital experience in Christ.

In our Station Boys' High School, weekly ministered to by the local church, so carefully has the spiritual life of the boys been cultivated that hardly one has been able to be in the school a year and not give his heart to God; and almost all of them have decided to be preachers or teachers in our Christian schools.

An elder of this church is one of the most forceful preachers in this Province. He it was who, with his talented, well-trained wife, went into a certain walled city (one of the hardest fields imaginable), where the people would not receive them because they were the followers of the foreign devils, where they could scarcely buy food and water, where the people were determined to force them out, where during a great fall of snow they nearly perished from the reluctance of dealers to sell them necessities; but finally by his wife's skill as a physician, and by his zeal according to knowledge as an evangelist—their united pluck and perseverance, faith and love—they laid foundations for a church now continued in a remarkable evangelistic and educational work in that city by another evangelist of unusual ability and promise.

In this very church, in the atmosphere that from the very first pervaded it, developed Ting Li Mei, its first ordained pastor, now prince of Chinese evangelists. Some of his finest experiences that opened his eyes to the glory of the Lord, the beauty of holiness and the rewards of faith, came to him here before he became too much in demand to serve in a local parish.

Men who have with faithfulness and power preached in the market, men who have ministered to college students, men who have served as Young Men's Christian Association secretaries and who have been real shepherds of the people—and all at smaller salaries than they could have received in government employ—confess that they

were touched and lifted up to sacrifice by the spirit that they learned in and through this church.

The calibre of the men conducting this church has been such that attention has been attracted to them and positions of influence in a wider Christian circle have been tendered them; also distinctions have been heaped upon them by merchants, by officials, and by the Church at large. One of the elders is often referred to as "Old Reliable," his word being so sure and his character so dependable. Such a man could not escape outside responsibility, and he has become one of the most respected and trusted directors of the National Young Men's Christian Association Board.

The session has become the clearing house for many things of importance. I have earlier said that the Chinese are instinctive democrats; the Christians like a representative governmental system, in religion as well as in politics, such as Presbyterianism stands for. It is of their nature to do things through an arbitrator, a middleman; and thus it results that this session has managed many affairs, both inside and outside of its own local communion, which, though not strictly sessional business, have yet been for the welfare of the Christians and for the development of the church—a fine tribute to men's trust both of their character and their judgment.

The session might well be a heartener to any pastor. Finer elders than constitute the leadership of this church would be hard to find in a Mission land. One of the elders, once a beggar boy, is now the owner of city blocks. By his integrity and remarkable reliability he has made a shining mark; quiet and unassuming, he possesses the respect and confidence of all who know him; and he is well known in North China. He has adopted several children and educated others. His benefactions reach far and wide and are born out of a piety

as simple as evangelical. His faith reminds one of Abraham, his judgment is sound, his devotion to Christ a passion. In a recent real estate deal with a grandson of Li Hung Chang, he made a large sum of money, and instead of using this to build himself a house, he turned it over *en bloc* into the Lord's work, continuing to live in several rooms. He is not only a ruling, but also a providing elder.

Another elder is a professor of chemistry in a German High School. He has done evangelistic work that is now bringing forth soul-fruitage manifold among the Chinese higher classes.

Still a third elder, also trained by able and honoured missionaries, an exceptionally solid man, is principal of a large German High School for Chinese boys. He and his wife are two of the most devoted disciples of Christ I have ever met. As a boy his heathen parents betrothed him to her, then a heathen girl. For years as his wife she in her heathen prejudice was unwilling even to look upon the face of a Christian woman. But his prayers, teaching and example prevailed and now she is one of the most zealous of soul-winners, powerful in intercession, rejoicing to come often to our home for special prayer with Mrs. Scott regarding the work.

The attitude of outsiders towards these men is reflected in this fact: the Governor of this Province has made a gift of land for an "independent church" to be located in the capital; a gift of government land which could not be bought, but which the Governor offered, some twenty Chinese acres in a choice section of the city, because of his respect for and belief in two of the business men connected with the church.

When I cast about for an explanation of the missionary spirit of this church, I think I find its rationale in a prayer-meeting started by an honoured senior colleague,

Rev. L. J. Davies. This prayer-meeting is held every Wednesday forenoon; it is for the church leaders—quite another affair from the church prayer-meeting of each Wednesday evening. It has been my privilege when in town to meet with the brethren in this service. The idea has been for their spirits and faith to burgeon out and take in thoughts of the Church universal; to lift up their eyes and look on the whole field which is the world. They have refused to let their interests be coffined in their local parish. Their purpose has been strengthened in this service to pray for objects outside their own church and its interests, to intercede for men and things of the world-wide Kingdom. And for this attitude of mind and heart it has received a priceless gift—the ability to love people whom they have never seen, people of other races; and to be deeply concerned for the projects of God not within the circle of their immediate organization.

To the disobeyers of the spirit of the Last Commission all this is but as idle talk; they can neither understand nor explain away this stubborn fact—only the obedient understand and rejoice in it—that just in proportion as a church becomes a fellow-sympathizer, fellow-worker, and fellow-sufferer with the Lord Jesus in His purpose and plan and passion to get Himself made known to the humblest person on the farthest rim of the planet, does that church get the capacity to take care of itself and of its own needs increasingly well. The non-missionaryite is constantly engaged in the business—short-sighted and laughable, were it not so pathetic—of systematically and with all his strength cutting off the power of his church to do even for itself in its own parish.

There is a reason why the men of the church for some time were heavily interested in supporting a home mis-

sionary in another Province. There is a reason why the Chinese women organized their own missionary society with fifty charter members, their numbers increasing until before the siege they included practically all the women of the church and even outsiders—a total of some one hundred and thirty members. Many of these tithed out of very scanty coppers; one old half-palsied woman slowly and toilsomely dragged herself on foot from the East Suburb to the City Church in order to save her "cash," that she might have spent for rikisha fares, to put into the missionary box. There is a reason why, with the first news of the floods that one year distressed our field, the members responded promptly and generously, according to their strength, several members each giving fifty dollars and one giving one hundred and fifty dollars. It is because they have with Jesus lifted up their eyes unto the whole field, which is the world. The blessing of the entire circle is sure to be shared with the segments of the same.

One of the business men, as a thank-offering to God for saving him from himself, gave five hundred dollars to defray all expenses of revival meetings held under the leadership of Dr. H. A. Johnston. The church, through its men members, who are leaders in a Home Missionary Society, has been instrumental in raising and distributing hundreds of dollars for preaching the Gospel, both by evangelists and Bible women, through help given in establishing village schools and in providing rent for chapels. The women, many of them out of poverty, pledged themselves to give eighteen dollars Mexican a month to support two Bible women and a school. They built a chapel in the West Suburb and put a school into it. They also established a village school in our church building in the East Suburb, and also contributed to Mission work on the Thibetan frontier.

The simplicity and directness of the prayer life of some of the members of this church would be an inspiration to any Christian worker, and they have had some remarkable answers to prayer. They have prayed for a great variety of things—for the guidance of their members on dangerous roads, for rain in time of drought, for the safety of their family members in their villages on river banks during floods. They have prayed for good crops, for the protection of our country pastors and others, wonderfully vouchsafed; for wayward children, for the recovery of dear ones from the bondage of opium, and from that of gambling, for payment of debts without their suing the debtors, for the warding off of plague from Tsingtau when it was all about them, for the preserving of our station buildings and of their church and Young Men's Christian Association building, and of their homes and business places during the siege—and all of these prayers have been answered. Nobody could convince them that prayer is not a reality.

In the days preceding the siege with its disasters they had learned well the truth that the light that shines farthest shines brightest at home. In its varied and multifarious local activities it has proved this conclusively. It can claim a distinction unique among our stations of Shantung; so far as I have been able to ascertain, it is the only prominent church of this section that has not received financial aid from the Mission with which it is connected; that from the date of its organization has been self-supporting, self-governing, self-propagating.

In regard to its plant and outfit this church has done excellently—buying its own land, erecting its own brick and stone church building, paying high taxes and making many improvements. Growth in membership has twice necessitated enlarging the church building, and once doubling its seating capacity. From the beginning

the Christians have called their own pastor, and they have erected a two-story manse for him. They have built their own Young Men's Christian Association building and part of the time had their own secretary. In addition they have paid the salaries of a local evangelist and two Bible women, and organized and supported their own three schools with teachers, the one in the main church building in the Chinese city having forty pupils and carrying boys through the Middle School that feeds into our High School.

The tendency has been in our country churches to call a theological graduate merely as a stated supply. The Tsingtau church has set an example to the Presbytery by installing its preacher as regular pastor, thus avoiding the disadvantages of stated supply relationship. Other conditions being equal, this relation of permanency between pastor and people should reciprocally be a source of increasing strength.

In the case of all its workers—school-teachers, evangelists, pastor, Bible women and Young Men's Christian Association secretary—the salaries have been higher than those paid elsewhere in our section and the workers have been better housed, re-proving the truth: "Make me a little cake first and want shall not touch you through all the famine."

These churches and their fellows have had a big ideal—the ideal of a national, independent, self-supporting church of Christ. They refuse to be kept divided. The genius of the Chinese is for solidarity.

This church to-day may be called unique, but it reveals what may ultimately be in many centres. It is an earnest of the Chinese Church-to-be, a foregleam of some achievements of the missionary enterprise in China. When, through its city-evangelization project, the Gospel shall have reached the leaders of the great cities, and when

their educated, spirit-filled preachers shall have secured for Christ the minds and affections of their gentry, when the consciences and wills of big-calibred Chinese men of wealth and influence in these cities shall have been gripped by the Spirit's power, then we shall see the beginning of the end of the reign of Satan in this land, the land whose symbol was long, and only too fittingly, the dragon.

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